February 1, 1941

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Collier's

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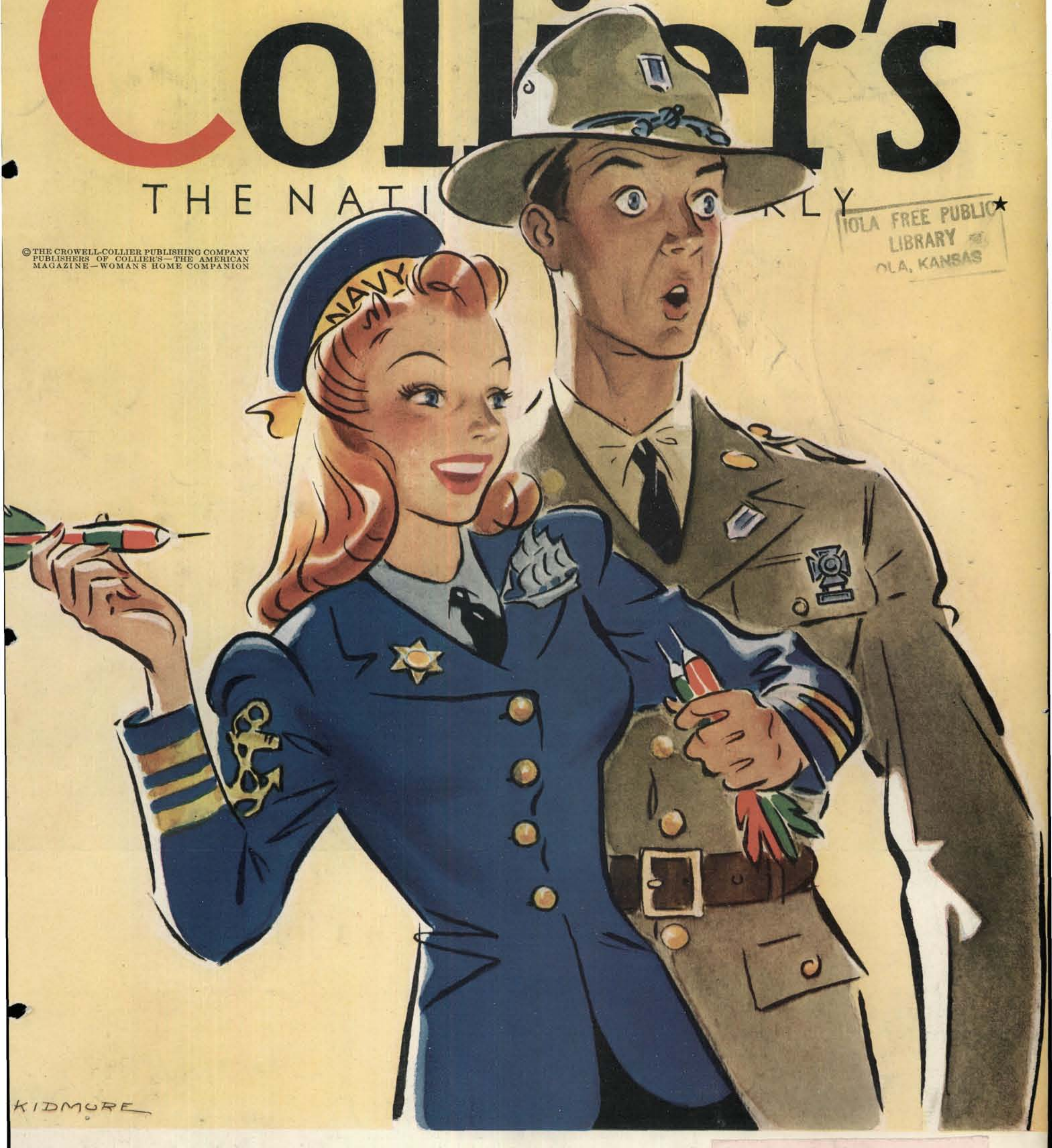
MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



CHINA SKY A NEW NOVEL BY **PEARL**

JOHN H HENDERSON
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS 9AU41
C6C8 18225 17U

The dog that lost his job

A ST. BERNARD'S JOB used to be to trudge through the snowdrifts with his friendly cask to rescue the weary traveler.

Today's St. Bernard sleeps by the fire while weary travelers, half-frozen skaters, benumbed skiers and ordinary tired business men like you and me, hurry in out of the cold to a Four Roses Hot Toddy—the most magnificent Hot Toddy that ever warmed the cockles of your heart.

To make a Hot Toddy such as *we're* talking about, you must, of course, have a bottle of Four Roses in the house. So, make certain you have—then follow these simple directions:

Recipe for world's finest Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (*bruise it gently*) . . . a piece of cinnamon . . . and 4 cloves. Now pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses . . . fill glass with steaming hot water . . . carry it with loving care to your favorite chair before the fire . . . and relax!

And as you sip the mellow, spicy goodness of this warm and fragrant masterpiece, no one will have to tell you that today's Four Roses is a whiskey finer than any you have ever known!

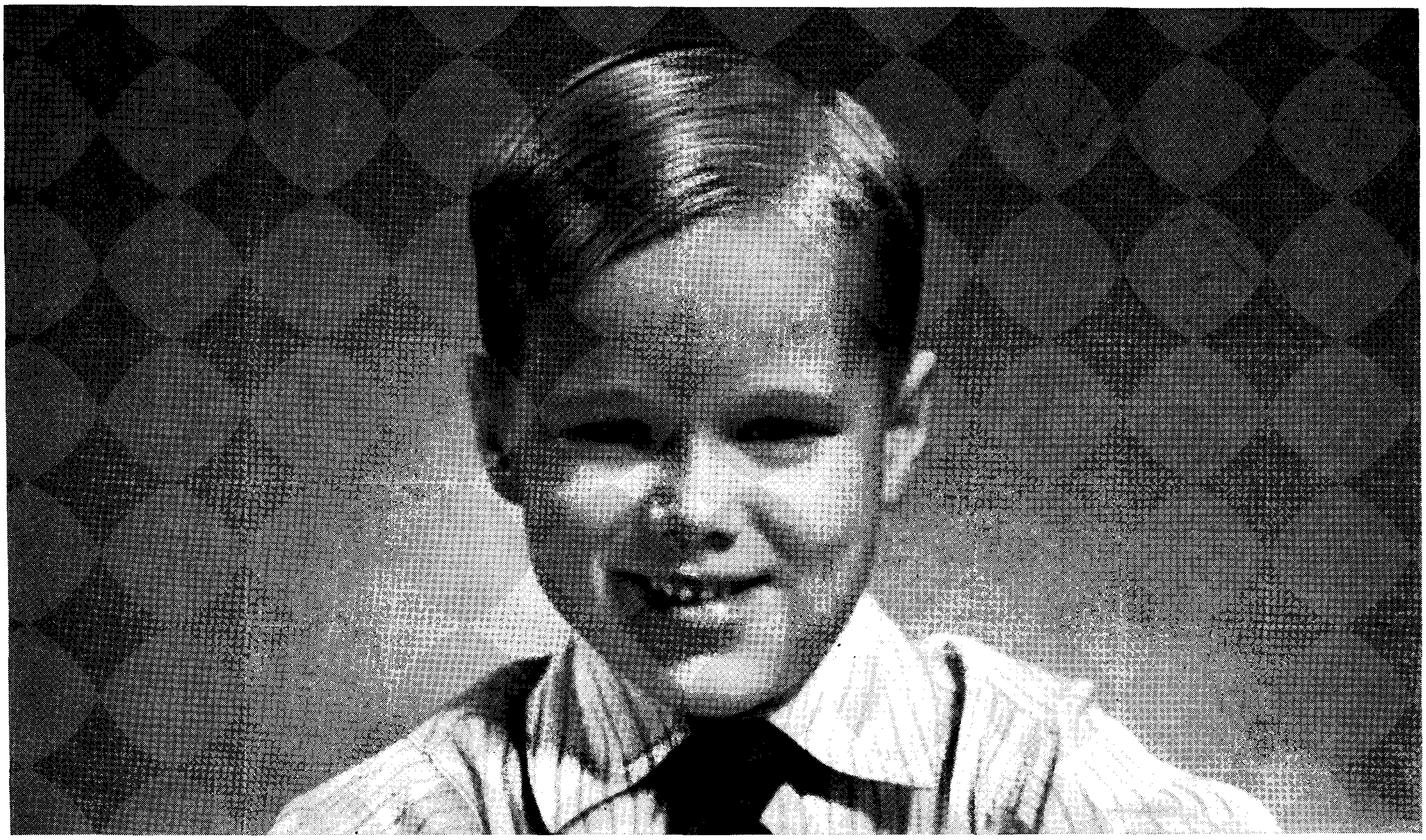
FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

Do you see Young Tommy?
No, I see a Doctor of 1964.

Is he an Able Doctor?
Yes, he's an Up-and-Coming Surgeon with a Growing Practice.

He has a Winning Smile . . . a Smile that might well have come from his Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.



MASSAGE THE GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NET WT.
WHEN USED ALWAYS REPLACE

Don't take chances with your smile! Let Ipana and Massage help you to healthier gums and brighter, more sparkling teeth

Q. *What is there in the habit of Ipana and massage that can help you all your life?*

A. Just this. Ipana and massage helps you not only to have bright, sparkling teeth—but also helps you give your *gums* the daily care they must have.

Q. *Is gum massage so very necessary then?*

A. Indeed it is! For today's soft, creamy foods require little chewing . . . so naturally our gums don't get the exercise and stimulation they must have! That's why it is so important to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Q. *When stimulation is lacking—what happens?*

A. Gums tend to lose their firmness and strength. They often become weak, tender . . . and flash that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Q. *Is "pink tooth brush" serious?*

A. It may be and it may not be. Your dentist can tell you very quickly. Probably, he'll tell you that your gums need stimulation and work. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Q. *How can Ipana and massage help guard against "pink tooth brush"?*

A. In this important way. Ipana, you see, does more than clean teeth brilliantly. For Ipana, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to better health. That's why Ipana and massage is so important in helping to keep your gums healthier . . . in guarding against "pink tooth brush."

Ipana Tooth Paste

Collier's

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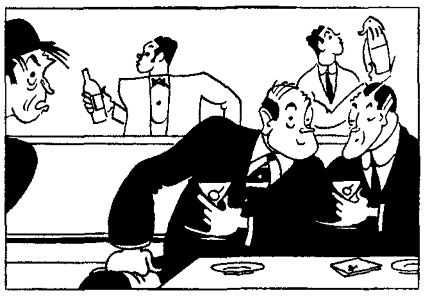
COVER T. D. SKIDMORE

ANY WEEK

AN old-time friend of ours, Mr. Tom Finnigan of Kansas City, Missouri, has just informed us that the world has gone to pot locally as well as generally. In the old days, when it was illegal in Kansas City to be law-abiding, Mr. Finnigan knew his way around. But of recent months he has been content to sit on the side lines observing the wonders of municipal reform. Just to check up, Mr. Finnigan strolled into a haunt of yesterday. When he knew the place and it knew him, it was a trifle tough. You kept your hat on, your coat collar turned up and your head bowed as a safeguard against flying glass. They needled the beer with nitric acid or something like that. Only one barkeep had two ears. Anyway, Mr. Finnigan dropped in. The place was so clean that he felt a little nauseated. The barkeeps were young gentlemen with a drugstore look about them. There wasn't a bawdy picture nor a salty motto on the walls. The place had become a cocktail lounge and they served napkins with drinks. However, at the far end of the bar, Mr. Finnigan recognized a couple of his contemporaries but only after considerable scrutiny. Reform had hit them too. Their hats were off, their neckties on and instead of arguing they were clearly discoursing. Mr. Finnigan approached cautiously. But he left without disturbing them. He got just close enough to hear one of the erstwhile mugs say to the other: "Actually, Frank, the only thing I have against that gentleman is that he wears a derby when he hunts rabbits." Mr. Finnigan bids us, a little heartbrokenly we think, to avoid Kansas City.



AND Mr. Paul Rhodes of Fort Worth, Texas, reports that a slender young man entered a local draft board office with his questionnaire in his hand. Thereon he had answered every question with a meticulousness that aroused considerable curiosity. His living expenses for example. He apologized for that saying that it was incorrect by precisely two cents. From a pocket he drew about ten yards of adding machine paper which showed that his yearly income was exactly $1,373.21. Before the draft board could stop him he produced an even longer paper accounting for the disposition of his income. It came to $1,373.19. "I'm sorry," said he. "I've checked and rechecked. I'm afraid it's the best I can do unless you'll give me more time. I know that the government expects every one of us to be accurate." However, they refused to pin his statements of income and disbursements to his questionnaire and he departed saying: "Well, I hope I'm not blamed if your records are incomplete."

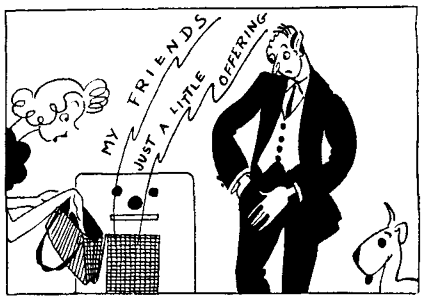
WE think we told you two or three weeks ago that we've been keeping in touch with the personnel of our new Army. One of the lads dropped in the other day and wanted to talk about these new defense bases we've acquired in the Atlantic from England. We're afraid we limped a little as we tried to explain. However, we did say that in the main we thought it was a pretty good transaction and that we thought it was pretty fine of England to let us have them for fifty secondhand destroyers. Our young friend wasn't so sure. "What I want to know," said he, "is how did England get these bases in the first place. What did she give us for them?"

PERHAPS we should have shown him a letter we'd just got from Mrs. Carrie F. Lannighan of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Lannighan had just read Kenneth Robert's Oliver Wiswell and was considerably churned up as a result. "As I see it now," writes she, "the least we could do to repair the fearful wrong we did England in the seventeen-seventies is to plunge forthwith into this war and give her our all —money, blood, steel and food. It may not yet be too late to make amends for the injury and insult we heaped upon George the Third and his Generals Howe, Cornwallis, Burgoyne and Clinton. Let us adopt the attitude of the erring child come home to rescue the parent to whom we did such wrong in our crude, cruel youth. And having done that perhaps she'll forgive, forget and take us back."

NOT that Mrs. Lannighan's views will have general acceptance. We've just learned that the twice-rejected Thirty Dollar Every Thursday movement is to be set up again and offered to the California public as More Money on Monday Morning. To make it timely and to commend it more strongly to an erstwhile skeptical electorate, the revival will carry a powerful antiwar rider. Mr. Jeff Tomassen of Santa Clara, California, is carrying the banner, promoting the publicity. It sounds grander and grander. "Who hasn't been busted on Monday morning?" asks Mr. Tomassen. "What a cure for the Monday blues to have a nice check waiting for you in the mailbox." Mr. Tomassen has but one apprehension. "Let us hope," says he, "that we won't get into the war before we can go to the polls. If we do we'll have to drop the antiwar rider and it may injure the movement as a whole."

THE situation in the Ouichita Forest country is gradually being clarified according to our lower Ozarks agent, Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas. The colonel was driving in the general direction of Missouri when he met Mr. Theo Brimbel. Mr. Brimbel, an elderly gentleman, was driving a span of mules and pulled up to exchange tidings with the colonel. He told the colonel that he'd been up to Noah's where he had heard the alarming news that Congress was fixing to fight Germany. "Most of the boys up at Noah's," said Mr. Brimbel, "say it won't come off because there ain't much excitement fighting the same fellow twice."

THE last we saw of Mr. Carter Quinn of St. Paul, Minnesota, he was on his way to Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Quinn to attend the inauguration ceremonies. Mr. Quinn was going with what he assured us was an open mind. But Mrs. Quinn was going just for the ride, having announced in advance that she wasn't going to enjoy the scene at all. The Quinns are consistent and unflinching Republicans but haven't missed an inauguration since 1916. Mrs. Quinn told us that she hadn't felt much pain in 1933 nor too much in 1937. But it is taking fortitude to stand it this time. She still believes the third-term tradition sacred. "I'm going," she said, "but I do think he'd have had the decency this time to have changed his name at least."



UNTIL we heard from Mr. Harry Burnite of Salem, Oregon, the subject of war taxes has been pretty distasteful to us. All taxes, in fact, particularly after seeing what legislatures do with what we've given them to fool around with. But Mr. Burnite seems to have softened the blow a bit. "The trouble is," he reports, "that Morgenthau and those fellows haven't any imagination. All they do is to stand up and tell us we got to dig down for more taxes to buy guns with. I have written to Morgenthau making a free offer of my latest idea. Instead of hollering about more taxes for more guns, let him or the President get on the radio and ask for a special silver offering to be taken up after a special Fireside Chat, said offering to be devoted to missionary work among the benighted dictators."

NO buttons, please. . . . W. D.

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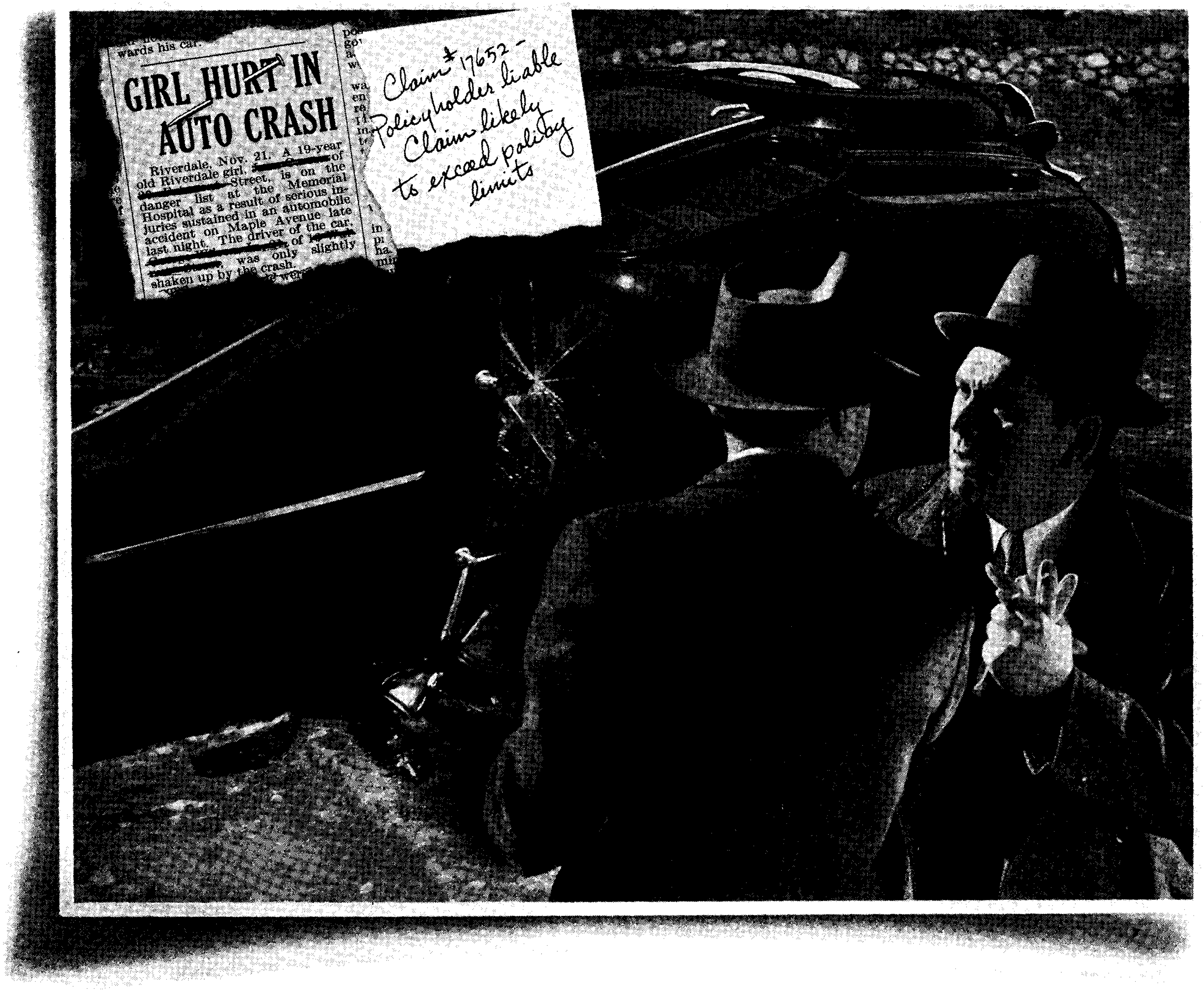

wards his car.

GIRL ~~HURT~~ IN ~~AUTO~~ CRASH

Riverdale, Nov. 21. A 19-year old Riverdale girl, [redacted] of [redacted] Street, is on the danger list at the Memorial Hospital as a result of serious injuries sustained in an automobile accident on Maple Avenue late last night. The driver of the car, [redacted] of [redacted], was only slightly shaken up by the crash. [redacted] were

Claim # 17652 –
Policyholder liable
Claim likely
to exceed policy
limits

"I MIGHT EVEN LOSE MY HOME!"

A worry that you may face some day... and how Liberty Mutual answered it for George Wilson

George Wilson will never forget that night as long as he lives. He admitted he had been driving too fast, and had taken his eye off the road for a fraction of a second too long. In the crash which followed, a girl was seriously injured.

Mr. Wilson's voice shook as he viewed the scene of the accident with the Liberty Mutual claims man. "You must help me. If the case goes to court, I might even lose my home!"

After careful negotiation with the parents of the injured girl, Liberty Mutual offered to settle for $10,000—the full amount of our liability in the case. The offer was accepted. George Wilson was spared months of worry and a dreaded court case.

If you should have an accident, your automobile insurance policy may stand between you and the loss of your home, your savings, part of your salary for years to come. To protect you from such losses, Liberty Mutual selects claims men with unusual care, trains them rigorously in the highly specialized technique of claims adjusting.

One of these experts will be immediately available wherever and whenever you may need his help. He will protect your interests skillfully, settle fair claims against you promptly, work tactfully to keep you out of court. You can count on him as "Your Friend on the Highway."

If you are a careful, responsible car owner, you can qualify for this preferred protection at surprisingly low cost. In most states, automobile insurance rates are generally lower and you may secure special discounts, depending on your driving record and the use made of your car. In addition, every year Liberty Mutual has paid cash dividends of 20% to policyholders, a further saving of one-fifth of initial premiums.

FREE BOOKLET. Don't buy or renew your car insurance until you read the free booklet offered below. It tells how careful drivers are securing full protection at lower cost, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient deferred payment plan. In addition, without cost or obligation, we will send an estimate of the money you may save. Tear out and mail the coupon today!

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BOSTON

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Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet: "How to Protect 4 of the Most Important Things in Your Life."

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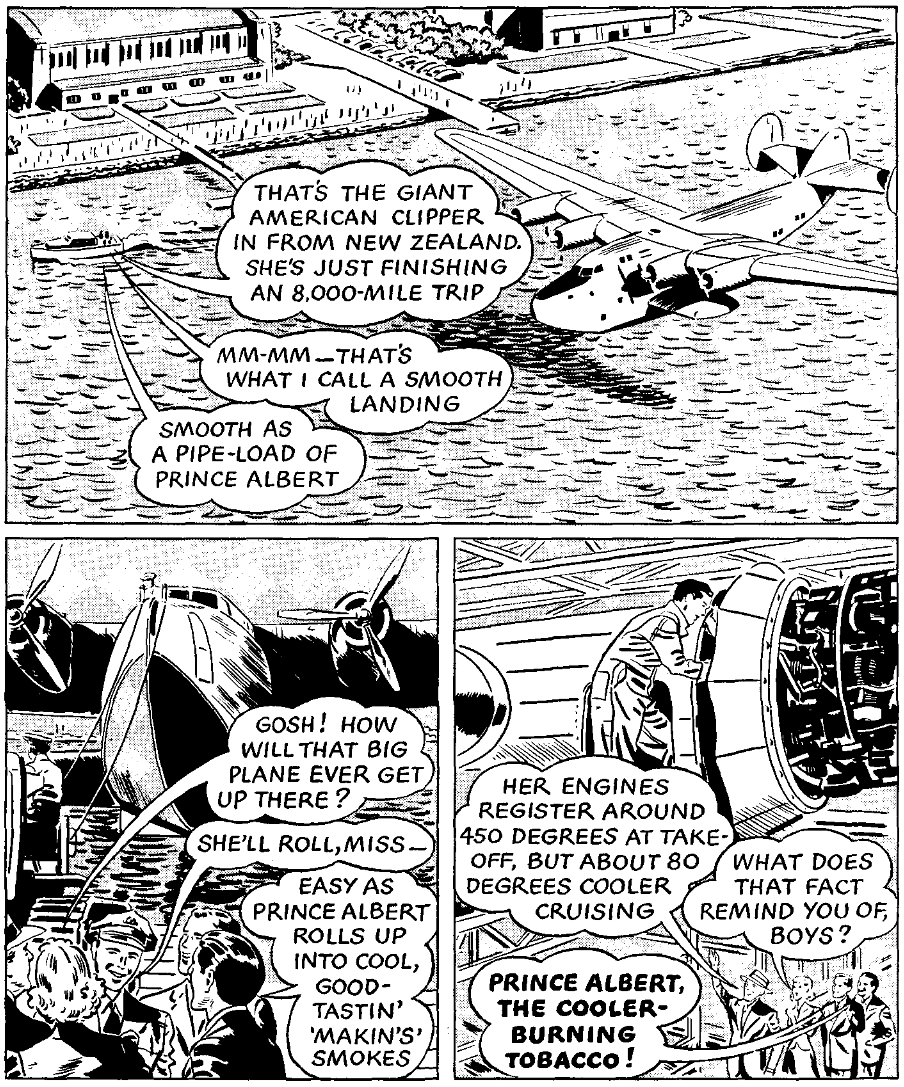
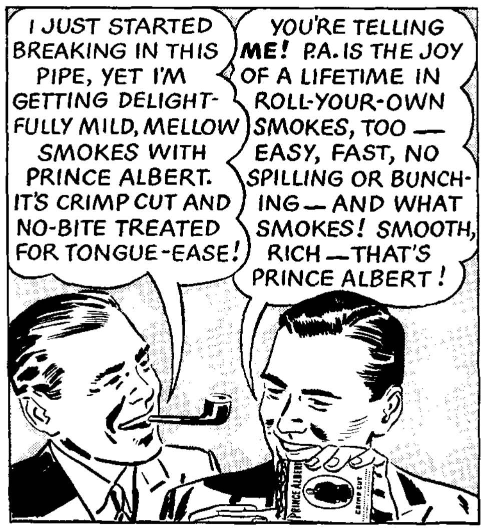

THAT'S THE GIANT AMERICAN CLIPPER IN FROM NEW ZEALAND. SHE'S JUST FINISHING AN 8,000-MILE TRIP
MM-MM—THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SMOOTH LANDING
SMOOTH AS A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
GOSH! HOW WILL THAT BIG PLANE EVER GET UP THERE?
SHE'LL ROLL, MISS—
EASY AS PRINCE ALBERT ROLLS UP INTO COOL, GOOD-TASTIN' 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES
HER ENGINES REGISTER AROUND 450 DEGREES AT TAKE-OFF, BUT ABOUT 80 DEGREES COOLER CRUISING
WHAT DOES THAT FACT REMIND YOU OF, BOYS?
PRINCE ALBERT, THE COOLER-BURNING TOBACCO!

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

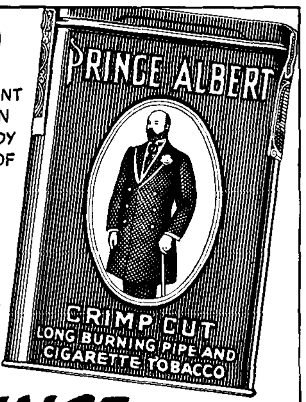
THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

HERE WE ARE INSIDE THE WING. THIS IS THE FIRST PLANE TYPE THAT ALLOWS REPAIRS TO THE ENGINES WHILE THE SHIP'S IN FLIGHT
AND THEY CAN CHANGE 'EM IN 4 HOURS
THAT'S QUICKER'N I CAN GET MY PRINCE ALBERT BACK FROM YOU!


I JUST STARTED BREAKING IN THIS PIPE, YET I'M GETTING DELIGHTFULLY MILD, MELLOW SMOKES WITH PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED FOR TONGUE-EASE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME! P.A. IS THE JOY OF A LIFETIME IN ROLL-YOUR-OWN SMOKES, TOO — EASY, FAST, NO SPILLING OR BUNCHING—AND WHAT SMOKES! SMOOTH, RICH—THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT!

50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Wing Talk

THE UNITED STATES, home of most of the "firsts" of peaceful aviation, has just chalked up two more. . . . You remember, in gentler days when you crossed oceans by steamer, how pleasant it was to look forward to each day's shipboard newspaper? Now Chicago & Southern Airlines present the first and only airlines newspaper.

It differs from shipboard papers in some respects. It is larger, and printed on regular newsprint. It is similar in gossip about passengers, crews and the geography and virtues of its routes and cities. The name and destination of each passenger to whom the paper is handed after take-off is printed on the front page.

Stewardess Josephine Larson becomes the first official flying reporter. She interviews passengers at airports and on ships. And ranges from the Great Lakes to the Gulf in search of items.

If C. & S. don't mind a suggestion from an old globe-trotter, their paper could be given more point, novelty and timeliness if they delayed handing it out until flight is well under way, left a blank space on the last page and had the stewardess type in on each copy latest radio advices received by the pilots. Or at least that much information which he now customarily dispenses undecipherably penciled on a card, to wit: "We are over Roxie, Mississippi; air speed 180, ground speed 200, outside temperature 10, inside temperature 72, landing Jackson 10:18, on time." . . .

THE second of our latest "firsts" is the world's only "Union Station of the Air," now open for business on Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, New York. This is the area known as Pershing Square, which now becomes—with the airlines terminal, Grand Central Station across the street and the Baltimore & Ohio bourn down the block—a transportation center of formidable proportions. Appreciation of this great fact does not yet seem to have staggered everybody, for when the air people with their Hollywood tricks wanted searchlights for the opening they found the only suitable place to mount these was on the other side of the street. The railroads said no.

The undampened airlines, however, continued to perceive "more than the opening of a depot." They saw a monument to the faith of air-travel operators, who for years have been selling tickets in poky converted shoe and haberdashery stores, that aviation is here to stay.

The airlines terminal cost $5,000,000. It is on the site of the famous old Belmont Hotel, in the downstairs bar of which you could get the best hot roast-beef sandwich on earth. After the Belmont was demolished The Mutual Life Insurance Company, stuck with the valuable but profitless hole, readily fell in with the notion of an airlines union station broached by Mr. Floyd Del. Brown of the Bethlehem Engineering Corporation. Mr. John B. Peterkin drew the plans. With all due respect to idea, architect and realization, the aviation industry thinks the greatest achievement was Mutual's success in getting five airline operators to agree about something.

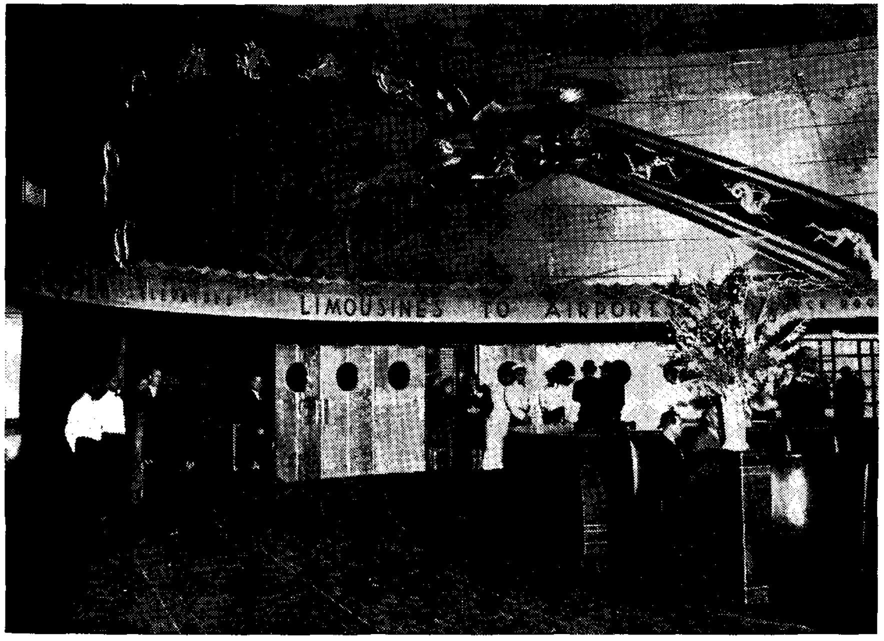
Upward of a million of you will pass through the airlines terminal this year. You will enter a glittering world of crystal and stainless steel and translucent plastic, of symbolism, of vivid colors and ultramodernism. You are escalated to a huge rotunda waiting room that, with adjuncts, occupies the entire second floor. Here are separate counters for each line, with names carborundum-blasted into glass borders. The skyline dome—soundproofed, so that loud-speaker declarations will not offend your ears either with raucousness or unintelligibility—is supported by a 30-foot band of gold-colored stainless steel wall. There are decorations in cast aluminum sculpture by René Chambellan, which include a zodiac sign band and a 22-foot figure who is trying his best to fly right out of the building, abetted by an eagle that "particularizes American achievements in the air."

Elsewhere in the building you can beguile your waiting time in a newsreel theater or a sky bar. The whole six-story building is welded, not riveted, steel: which preserved the good will of the neighbors. More thoughtfulness is expressed in the 200-ton gadget on the roof—an airport-type beacon of fluctuating green and amber lights, demurely shaded and dimmed to spare annoyance.

Anyhow, federal airways regulations wouldn't have permitted a real beacon in midtown. Else you might have unconventional passengers trying to land there.

To avoid the bus trip. W. B. C.

WIDE WORLD


LIMOUSINES TO AIRPORT

The rotunda of the world's first union station for airlines

"I'm paying a fifth of a cent a mile— to travel first class!"
A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE

De Luxe "Torpedo" Six Two-Door Sedan, $874 (white sidewall tires extra)*

"BEFORE I BOUGHT my new Pontiac, I made up a list of the most important things I wanted in a car.

"The first of these was beauty—and, of all the cars I looked at, none could compare with Pontiac's smart 'Torpedo' styled Fisher Body and Silver Streak design.

"I wanted comfort, too—and Pontiac's exclusive Triple-Cushioned Ride was the smoothest and most restful I have ever experienced.

"I also wanted a car that was safe and easy to handle—here again Pontiac led them all. Tru-Arc Steering, Safety Shift, triple-sealed brakes and that lightning-quick engine make child's play of driving even in congested traffic.

"Then, too, I wanted an inexpensive car—and that's where Pontiac gave me the biggest thrill of all. For Pontiac is priced so close to the lowest that, by spreading the slight difference over the time I drive the car—I have it figured out that I'm paying only a fifth of a cent a mile for the extra luxury, prestige and beauty of a Pontiac.

"Is it any wonder, then, that I'm telling *all* my friends to buy Pontiacs? Why don't *you* see your Pontiac dealer today?"

---

* *Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment, accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.*

PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT **$828*** FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE

THE FINE CAR

Pontiac

WITH THE LOW PRICE

Only $25 more for an Eight in any model!

GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD

by Paul V. Barrett

International Correspondence Schools will observe their 50th Anniversary in October, 1941.

These Schools originated in a newspaper column which answered miners' inquiries regarding the prevention of fire damp and many hazards of coal mining. Later, special texts were developed to bring home-study courses to men unable to attend evening classes. Since then more than 4,000,000 ambitious men have enrolled for I. C. S. Courses in 400 business and technical subjects. I. C. S. training has helped thousands of men to achieve leadership in business and industry.

C. S. Ash, President of the Differential Wheel Corporation, Detroit, enrolled with the I. C. S. at the age of 18. Almost every wheel that rolls the ground today has been built under one or another of Mr. Ash's patents.

More than three-fourths of all citizens in the United States earn their living in 100 dominant occupations. I. C. S. has organized adult training for 52 of the 100 fields in which people are most actively engaged.

Four well-trained ground men are needed for every skilled flier. I. C. S., through its authoritative home-study courses, is in a splendid position to relieve the shortage of aviation engineers and mechanics in this country.

A course for draftsmen was most popular during 1940 at I. C. S., but the trend is toward mechanical and engineering subjects.

When I. C. S. student Marvin Pipkin was a private in the U. S. Army, World War No. 1, he developed a gas canister composition that proved to be one of the big achievements of the Defense Section of the Development Division.

Shortage of skilled workers during the past few years has brought about a rapid growth of apprentice training programs. I. C. S. now has agreements with more than 2300 companies covering more than 5000 plants.

An I. C. S. student has at his disposal the biggest, best equipped laboratory in the world—*industry itself!* His course will enable him to do his job better. At his place of work he proves and applies what he learns. He prepares himself for success, as 100,000 other ambitious men, currently studying I. C. S. Courses, are doing.

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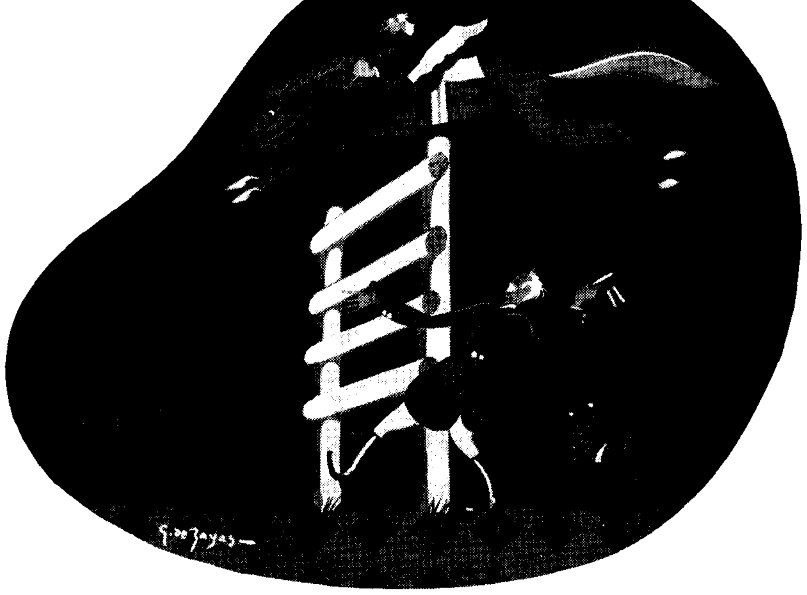

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

America's record high jump for a horse with a rider is held by Great Heart, which cleared the bars at eight feet and 13/16 of an inch at the South Shore Country Club in Chicago in 1927.—*By John Dowling, Seattle, Washington.*

Some alloys such as Wood's Metal, composed of bismuth, lead, tin and cadmium, have a much lower melting point than any of their constituents, while others, such as one composed of antimony and aluminum, have a much higher melting point than any of their individual metals.

During the last fifty years Congress has passed only one out of every thirty-five bills that have been vetoed by the Presidents of the United States.—*By G. W. McRory, Annapolis, Maryland.*

The new 200-inch telescope now being installed in the Mount Palomar Observatory in California, although eight stories in height and 520 tons in weight, is to be so delicately mounted that it will move under the pressure of a single finger. — *By Charles R. Marshall, Washington, D. C.*

In 1933, a group of Danish scientists formed a society with 25,000 members to perpetuate the memory of the mythical island of Atlantis. Today this organization, called "The Principality of Atlantis," even has a monarch, a flag, postage stamps and currency.—*By James W. Mayer, Oakland, California.*

Although ghost writing has existed for more than two thousand years, it has never been officially recognized as an occupation until recently when it was included, in this country, in dictionaries, classified telephone books and the 1940 census.—*By Helen Gray Solomon, Nashville, Tennessee.*

Many of the giant Sequoia trees of California have bark that is two feet thick, a root system that spreads over an area of three acres and contain enough lumber to build 150 five-room houses.—*By Mrs. Vincent Bick, St. Louis, Missouri.*

Tobacco Road was a failure when it opened on Broadway in 1933, was banned later in such cities as Chicago and St. Paul, denounced in the Congressional Record and subjected to thirty-four lawsuits. Yet it has played to 5,000,000 persons in three hundred cities and towns, including some that had never seen a play before, such as Harlington, Texas, and others that demanded six return engagements, such as Columbus, Ohio.

Radio City, New York, has a new exhibit to teach the proper use of color in the home. It consists of five miniature rooms eighteen inches long, and a special optical system with which a spectator standing before the exhibit sees himself, reduced to about eight inches in height, standing in the center of the room.

Many colleges are owned by individuals as an investment, and as many as fifty such institutions have been offered for sale in a single year at prices ranging from $25,000 to $250,000.

No city, town or village in the United States is officially listed with an apostrophe in its name, although many of them, such as Grays Landing, Kings Mill, Martins Ferry and Penns Park, are in the possessive case.—*By Edith Coffin Mitchell, Muscatine, Iowa.*

Of the several churches in the world dedicated to St. Dismas, the "Good Thief" and patron saint of those condemned to death, the only one in the United States stands inside the north gate of Clinton Prison in Dannemora, New York.

The trucks of a coal company in Rochester, New York, have musical horns that sound the first six notes of the song "Keep the Home Fires Burning."—*By Burt Housel, Rochester, New York.*

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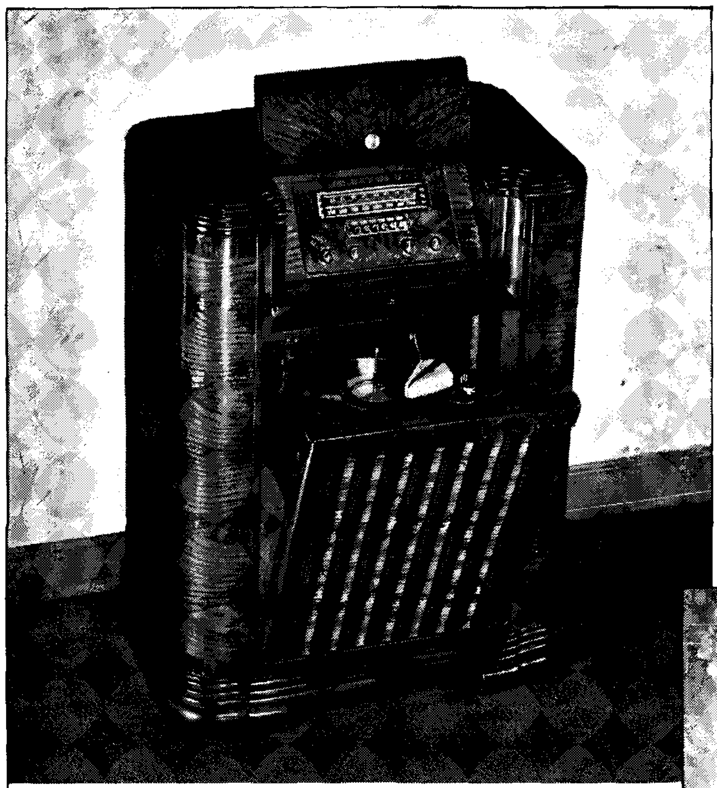

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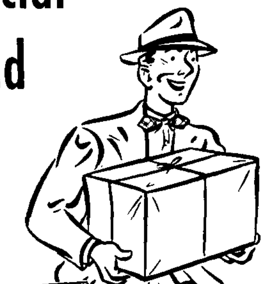

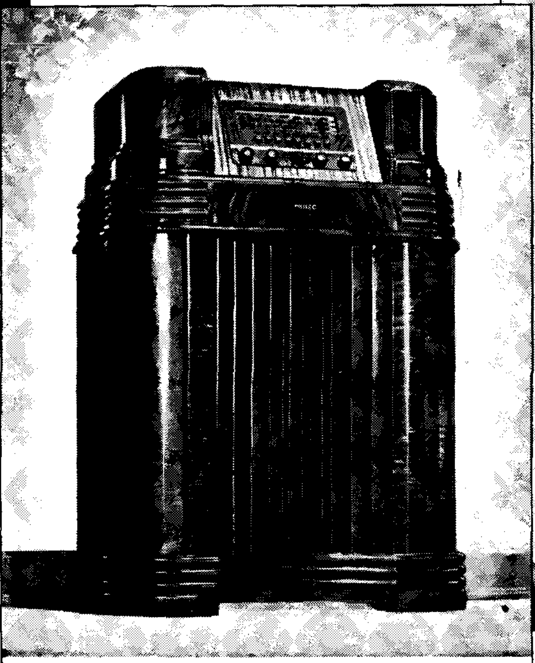

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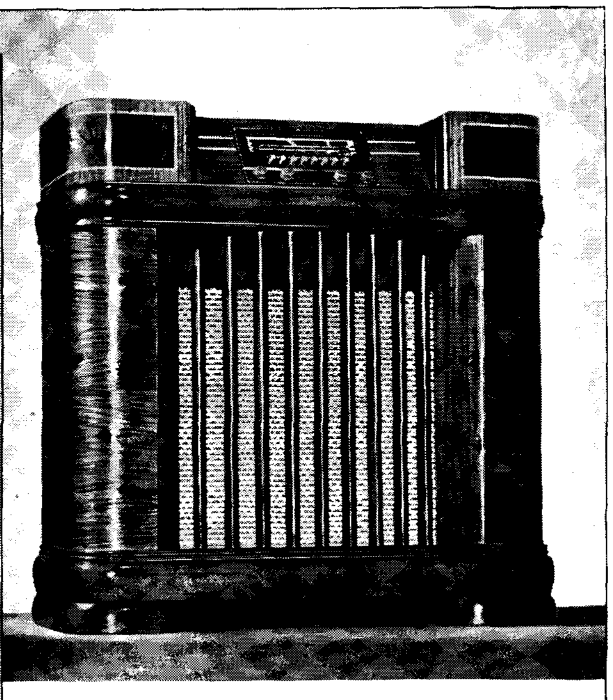

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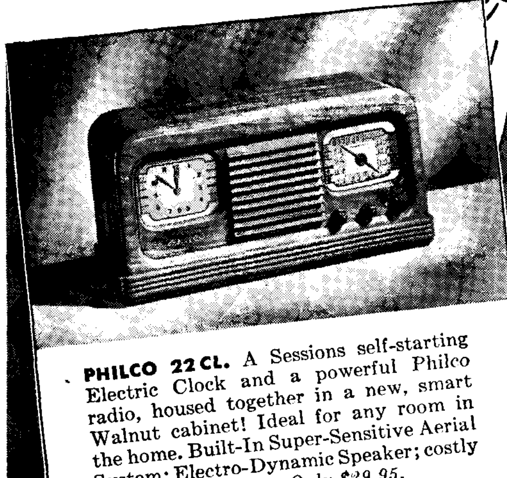

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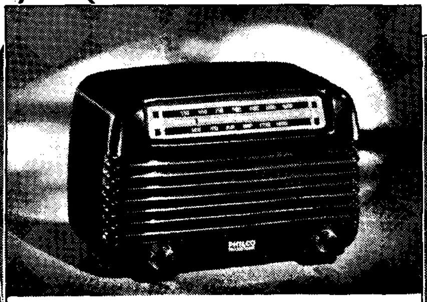

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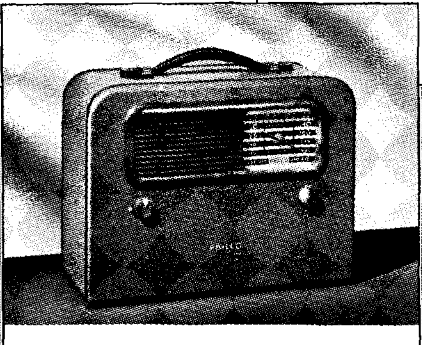

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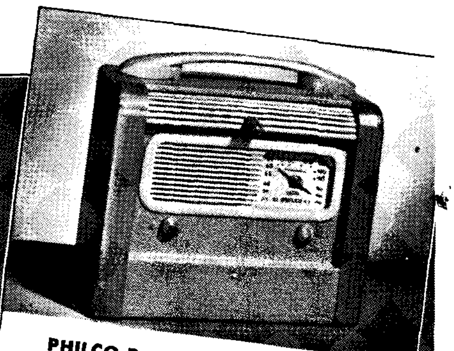
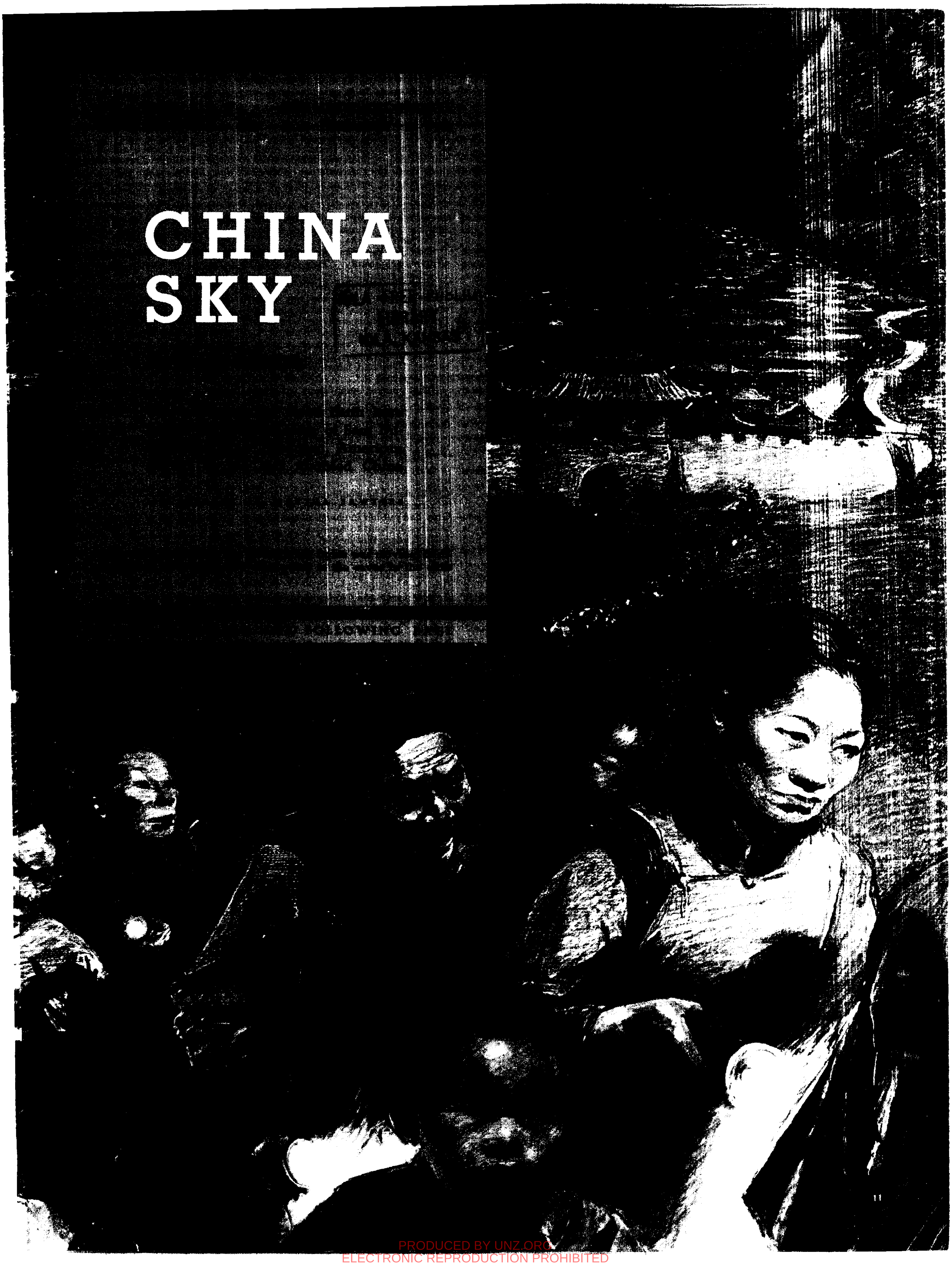


PHILCO Portable 844T. Beautiful solid Walnut cabinet with roll front and beaver grain panels. New, super-powerful *7-tube* circuit. Plays on battery or any house current. *Only $39.95, complete with batteries.*

CHINA SKY



Sara Durand

THE long wail of the first air-raid warning of the night shrieked through the unlighted Chinese city and rebounded from the darkening hills outside its walls.

"Thank you," Sara said to the blue-coated coolie from the cable office. She had been in the women's ward to see a patient upon whom she had operated that day when she had heard her name called from the door and there was this cable. She thrust it into the pocket of her white surgical coat. There was no time to read even a cable—no time, either, to go to the hospital office and open the cash box and get a tip for the coolie.

"You had better go into our shelter until this is over," she said. "The Japanese come quickly these days." The length of the long city lay between the hospital and the cable office on the river.

The man hesitated and then shook his head. "I have a new American bicycle. It will be too quick for those Japs. As for what you are thinking of, do not remember it. Take it for my thanks to you that you do not leave us as many white women do."

He darted off, and Sara hurried to the top floor smiling. She must remember to give him something, all the same. . . . Babies were on the top floor, and the new mothers. They were always first.

"Everybody to his place," she said quietly as she went, speaking to one after the other of the Chinese orderlies and nurses who, as they had been taught, appeared along the corridors. At the sound of her voice they disappeared. Within five minutes all the hospital seemed to be moving down the ramps out into the soft autumn night. Everything was dark except for the enormous hanging moon—"a beacon to the Japanese," Sara thought bitterly, upstairs in the baby room. By the light of a broad moonbeam falling through an open window she lifted one tiny form after another from its cradle and tucked it into a long wagonlike carriage she had designed especially for this purpose. The Japanese had been bombing Chen-li so long that she had had time to invent every means of this sort. Only the sure-to-dies were left behind in an air raid now, those who if they were moved at all would die the sooner.

The second warning sounded. She glanced out of the window. Across the dark and rocky hills a long, thin line of flickering lights was moving, lights as small as fireflies. But they were not fireflies. They were flashlights held by thousands of people from the city who were going to the caves in the cliffs. She had seen them hundreds of times by daylight, mothers with their babies on their backs and, in their hands, baskets of food and little three-legged stools. The floors of the caves were wet from the dripping roofs. But the rock was seventy feet thick over their heads.

"Off with you," Sara said in English to the tiny Chinese babies. Two blue-clad Chinese nurses wheeled them quickly away. But she always packed the babies herself, ever since that awful night now nearly a year ago, when one of them had been smothered. She and Gray had worked hours over that small, motionless mite while bombs crashed around them. It was certain even then that the Japanese wanted to hit the hospital. It had been hit again and again. But they always patched it up. . . . Ah, but she was tired! Five months she had been here alone while Gray was in America getting money to go on patching up the hospital. After the war he was going to tear down the whole patched-up pile, he said, and build an up-to-date, modern American hospital and let Chen-li see what a hospital really was.

If the war ever ended!

"Mothers all out?" Sara asked of a young Chinese woman who was waiting.

"Everybody is out except the eight sure-to-dies you said were not to be moved—and you," the young woman replied.

She stood immobile in her white interne's uniform.

Sara laughed. "Now, Siu-mei, you need not look at me like that, for it is you who go and I who stay. Hurry and catch up with the babies. You must be with them in the shelter."

"No, Elder Sister!" Siu-mei cried out. "If I die, there are others like me, but who will take your place? Thomison doctor is far away in America. We have only you."

"Nobody can kill me," Sara said gaily. The third siren sounded and immediately heavy planes drummed across the sky. "Quick—quick!" she screamed soundlessly. But the Chinese girl did not move. Sara took Siu-mei by the shoulders and pushed her toward the door. It was no use. The girl was strong and stubborn and she turned and clutched Sara.

"Here—in the door!" she shrieked. They stood, their heads bent, their mouths open to relieve the tension of the fearful roar around them. The planes dived downward until it seemed from the noise that they would crash through the roof. Automatically the two women crouched and hung their heads between their knees and pressed their fingers in their ears.

THE bomb fell. There was an explosion that shattered the air and dried it up so that they could scarcely breathe. Then there was the crash of falling walls. Sara lifted her head.

"That's the wing of the men's ward," she said, but her voice was still soundless. Siu-mei pushed down her head.

"It is not over!" she shrieked.

They crouched, waiting. Three times more the planes dived, three times the air seemed dried up around them. Sara put her hands upon her breast to ease it so that she could draw the breath that was sucked out of her lungs. Then she remembered the cable. There it was, still in her bosom where she had thrust it. No time yet for anything except this life-and-death business! But what if it were from Gray? Only why should Gray cable her when he had written his plans out so carefully in his cool, businesslike letters? And everything, he said, was going according to plan. There was no urgency in Gray to communicate with her.

The planes receded somewhat. She leaped to her feet.

"I must see to the sure-to-dies," she told Siu-mei; "now go, you, and see what is happening in the shelter."

She hurried ahead without waiting for answer, her small flashlight guiding her feet. Into the men's ward first—that young Chinese doctor fresh from American medical school was taking Gray's place there, but she could not be sure of him. He was never quite to be found either in his place or exactly out of it. "I don't trust Dr. Chung," she had written Gray recklessly in one of the letters that she tried to make nothing but reports, "and I can't say why."

"Don't go feminine on me," he had written back sternly. "He's come with a brilliant record and recommendations beyond anything *I* ever had."

But tonight Dr. Chung was in his place in the men's ward. A pencil of light crossed hers and his face came into her sight as hers came to his.

"What was hit?" she asked.

"The west corner, Doctor," he said calmly. "Too bad, when we've just finished repairing it."

"That makes you short of beds, doesn't it?" She held his smooth oval face in the light. His black eyes looked flat and opaque.

"Eight men with no beds to come back to, Doctor."

"Pallets in the dining hall."

"Yes, Doctor."

SHE wished he would not "doctor" her so much. He was still displeased that Gray had put her in charge of the hospital when he went to America. Gray had been so angry that he had told her what Chung had said.

"A woman!"

"No, my colleague, Dr. Sara Durand," Gray had replied haughtily.

"A woman," the Chinese had insisted sullenly.

"I wanted to hit the fellow," Gray had told her. "But I didn't dare—not when I've got to leave. Better watch your step, Sara!"

She had watched her every step, ignoring Chung's sullenness and the edges of rudeness in his manner. It was difficult to tell what was rudeness in these modern young Chinese who purposely put aside the traditions of Chinese courtesy as old-fashioned and yet did not know what Western courtesy was.

"Is there anything else?" she asked.

"I can manage, thank you, Doctor." Again the flicker of insolence in the smooth, bland voice and in the long, handsome black eyes.

"Very well—good night, Dr. Chung."

"Good night, Doctor."

She let his face go and turned and was aware of fear. As surely as she could see it she felt the needle point of his light upon her back. He was watching her. Instantly she turned and flung her light at him. He had not moved.

"What is it?" she demanded.

His narrow eyes widened. "I was merely casting my light on your path," he said gently.

She was ashamed of herself as she shut the door between them.

"I'm overwrought," she thought. "I'm beginning to imagine things. It is time Gray came back."

She put her hand to her breast and felt the crackle of paper. When she had one moment—but she had not, yet! Five of the sure-to-dies were in the women's ward and she must get around before the patients came back from the shelter. There would be plenty to do then—people exhausted and needing stimulants and children needing food.

She hurried into the ward where two women lay motionless, a few empty beds between. Were they—no, they were alive. Two heads turned weakly and one of the women put out a hand.

"I knew you would come, Foreigner. They don't hit foreigners, do they?"

"Everybody is safe," Sara said quietly, putting thermometers into mouths. Even as she spoke the siren sounded again for safety. It was over again for the night—for a few hours—perhaps even for a day until tomorrow night. She glanced out of the window toward the hills. Out of the caverns the tiny firefly lights were beginning to waver down the slopes. People were going back to their beds. Her eyelids suddenly burned with tears. They were so brave, these Chinese people, so uncomplaining, so unyielding. Day in, day out, night after night—they endured this horrible life, shifting their hours of work patiently to meet necessity, nobody grumbling, not a word of giving up to the enemy.

"A people worth giving my life to," she thought with that mingling of tenderness and determination which was most herself. "I'm lucky," she thought. "So many have to work for bread alone—my bread is incidental."

She and Gray had talked about that.

"We're lucky," Gray had said. "Every moment here is worth living, and if you die death's worth it, too."

She took out the thermometers. One was dangerously subnormal and she whipped out a hypodermic full of stimulant from the small emergency bag she carried. Otherwise these two were no worse.

"Rice gruel will come in a few minutes," she said. "Drink it and sleep in peace."

"Peace!" one of the women sighed.

"Buddha send us peace!" the other whispered.

"Peace will come," Sara promised. Somehow, sometime! What would it be like to live and work in peace again? Gray must tell her how it was at home, in America.

She visited two private rooms. In one a young woman was already healthily asleep; it was the woman she had operated on this afternoon. She took her temperature without waking her—it was near enough to the margin of safety.

IT WAS only when she went into the last room that she found the woman on the high hospital bed was dead. She was a very old lady who had been brought in a week before, dying then.

"Let me die," she had said when Sara came in. "Why do you make me live?"

"I never let anybody die," Sara had answered, smiling into the small knot of an old face.

"It is time for me to die," the old woman said.

Perhaps it was, Sara thought. She put down now the shriveled claw of a hand that she had taken up. This sort of death was not horrible—only peaceful. Peace! Perhaps this was it. She felt suddenly very tired and she sat down on the bench by the bed. In the bright light the little dead woman looked exactly as she had alive, except for the peace upon her face.

The hospital was full now of soft, slurring noises. The patients were being brought back. She must move on since there was no more to be done here—move on to the living. But Siu-mei would be there looking after them all. She had a moment in which to rest.

And then she knew that all along she had been watching and waiting for the moment she had been too conscientious to take. She wanted it not for rest but to open the envelope in her pocket. But first, let her think—if it was not from Gray, then no disappointment! Gray had written her faithfully and regularly. There was no reason why a cable should come from him—unless he was postponing his return. If it was that—she was simply too tired.

"Oh, you big fool!" she cried to herself. "Go on—open it! Besides, you're

(Continued on page 26)

Down Payment on Empire

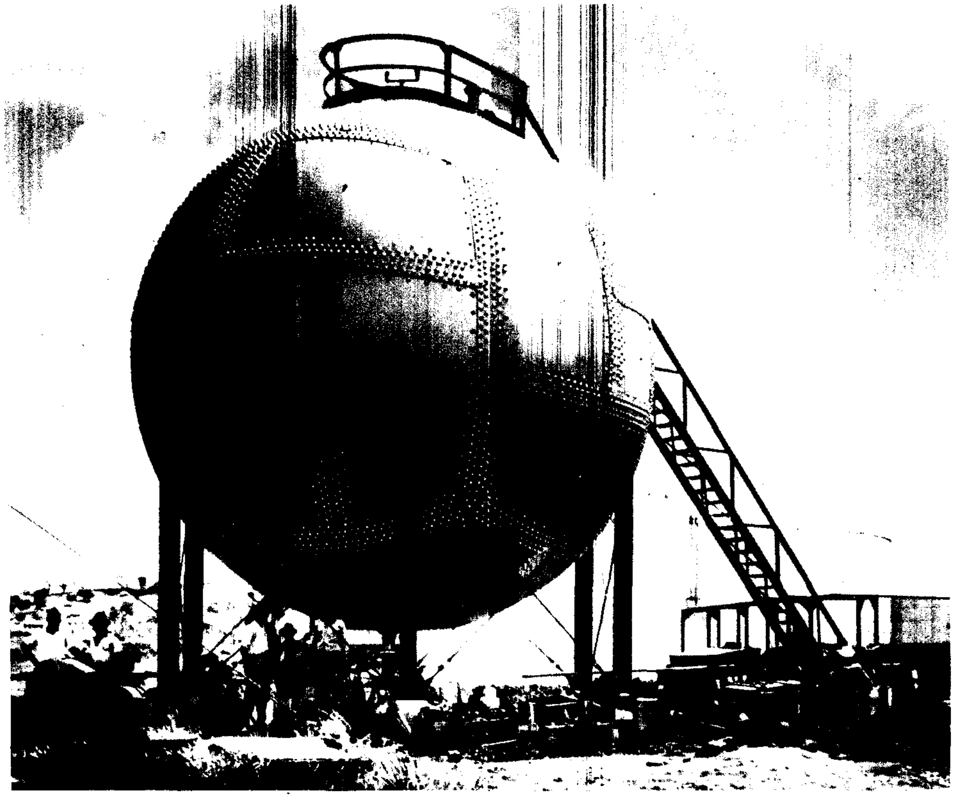
BY FRANK GERVASI

America has no imperial ambitions, but it got an option on an empire anyhow when we swapped fifty destroyers for Caribbean bases. Whatever happens, we are going to build at least $60,000,000 worth of bases in the West Indies. Collier's reporter flew down there to find out how the islanders feel about their new patron. They like the idea

BLACK STAR

Favorite new topic of Trinidad's famed Calypso singers is Uncle Sam and the benefits natives are certain he is going to bring them

IG GALLOWAY



STAR

Symbol of Trinidad's importance as a naval base is this oil-storage tank. Annual crude production of Trinidad is 18,000,000 barrels

IN TRINIDAD the jungle troubadours raise their black faces to the flat, distant moon and sing. In the swing rhythm of the Calypso they invoke the protection and favor of America. They rhyme Roosevelt with liberty, Washington with Lincoln. They make the tropical night quiver with their ballad of thanksgiving to the millions of Americans who voted for Franklin-Dee instead of for Mr. Will-Kee.

"For thus," the minstrels sing, "was the world saved for Democracee."

When the black men of the West Indies say world, they mean, specifically, the one that encompasses the Caribbean. It includes the Bahamas, Jamaica and the Lesser Antilles. In it are located the islands where the United States obtained the right to build naval, military and air bases on leased land in exchange for fifty reconditioned destroyers.

This West Indian world, with a mixed population of nearly 2,500,000 people and a total area almost as large as that of Maryland and New Jersey combined, includes:

Mayaguana Island, in the Bahamas. There, at Abraham Bay, the United States intends to build a naval base and seaplane base as the easternmost outpost of our new sea frontier with a warring Europe and Africa.

Jamaica, lying just inside the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti, at the point that corresponds to the Straits of Gibraltar of this American Mediterranean, the Caribbean. On Jamaica's harbor at Kingston, Portland Bight, there is to be an important base.

Antigua, in the small Leeward Islands, where there is a sheltered bay, Parham Sound. Flying boats and warships are to be stationed here to keep the vigil of the Atlantic approaches to the Panama Canal, the Suez of the Western Mediterranean.

St. Lucia, a lumpy pincushion of an island with smooth water at Gros Islet Bay for our patrol planes.

And Trinidad, a lush, green island rich with oil, at the southernmost extremity of the chain of the Lesser Antilles. Lying within sighting distance of the continent of South America, it is separated from Venezuela by the channel of the Serpent's Mouth, a turbulent body of narrow water, whose currents, affected by the Orinoco and the Gulf Stream, gave Christopher Columbus unhappy moments as he sailed into it on his third voyage, sighted the trinity of the island's peaks, and called it La Trinidad.

All Set for Prosperity

Of all the bases involved in the destroyer deal, with the possible exception of Bermuda and Newfoundland, Trinidad is the most important. The deep, quiet harbor of the Gulf of Paria has only two gateways — the Serpent's Mouth, the Dardanelles of the Caribbean, and the Dragon's Mouths. Here naval, seaplane and military air and land bases are to be built. In most cases the sites of the bases have not been chosen.

There are a thousand details to be worked out, including the question of extraterritoriality for the Americans in the base zones. Land is yet to be condemned. Final surveys are yet to be made. The sum of $25,000,000 has already been earmarked for preliminary work on the bases. When they are completed they will cost at least $60,000,000, but men engaged in the work indicated that the eventual cost—of the bases alone—will exceed that figure, perhaps double it.

When President Roosevelt announced the deal, the natives on the islands knew their world was changing. They didn't

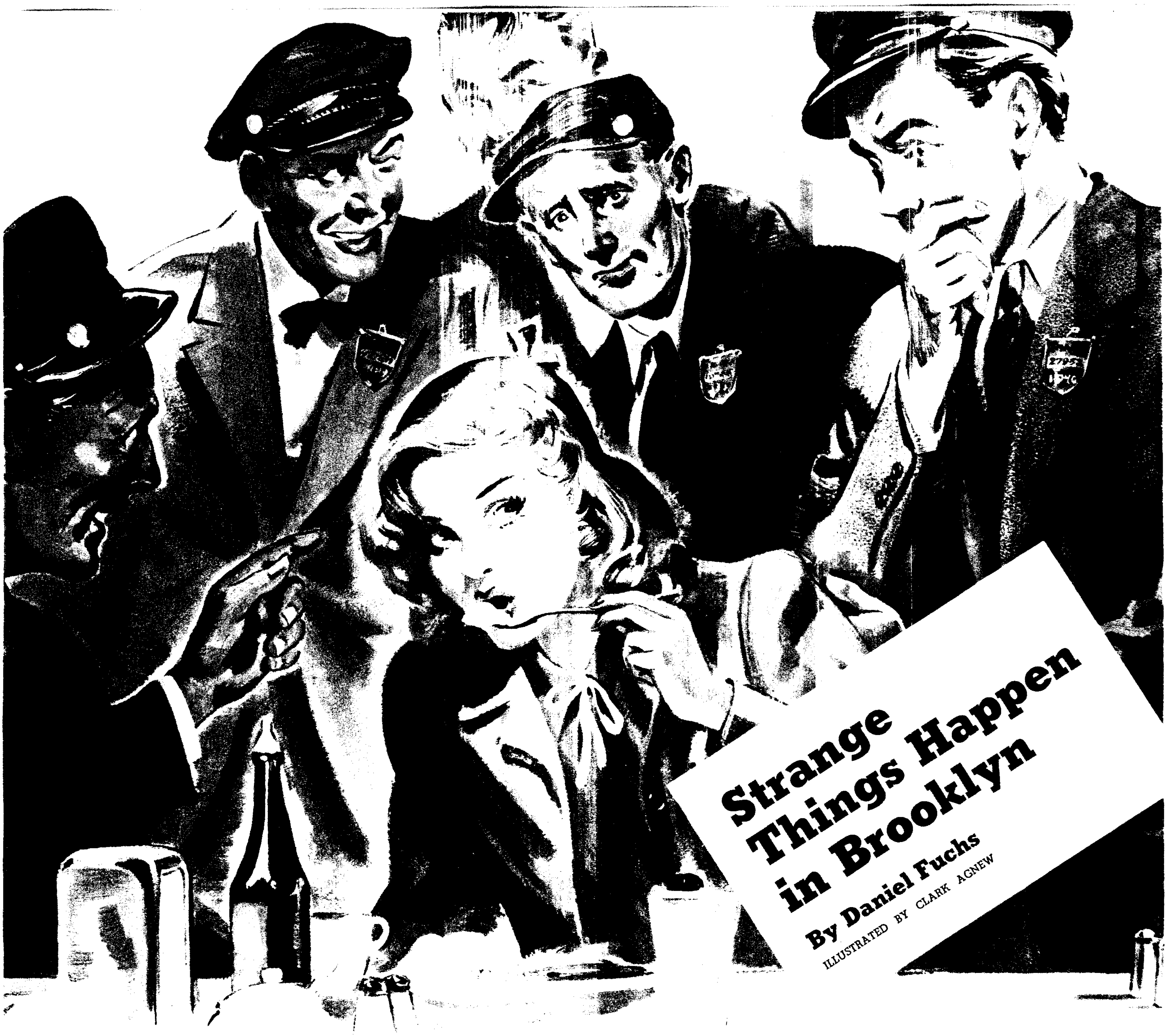
(Continued on page 32)

Negroes and various Negroid mixtures make up the bulk of the population—these are natives awaiting the opening of a market

Strange Things Happen in Brooklyn

By Daniel Fuchs

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW



What troubled Juley was that she didn't seem to eat like a beggar at all

How love came to Joe Juley via Scranton, Pa. A demonstration of the superiority of the heart over the head when it comes to sizing up a fellow citizen

NO ONE laughed. None of the hackies in the diner thought it was funny. Chuncery was big and clumsy. He had a round, homely face and a voice like Bob Burns' bazooka on the radio, but his wife had left him nearly a week now and they could understand how he felt. They were all married men, too—all except Joe Juley.

"That's what you get for looking for trouble," Juley said.

"I didn't go looking for trouble!" Chuncery said, almost bawling. "What did I do? I just got married."

"That's what I mean. Did you have to go and do it?"

"Well, holy smoke . . . what the hell . . . a guy can fall in love, can't he?"

Juley took a good look at him. He swallowed. "Very romantic. They ought to make a movie with Charles Boyer and Ginger Rogers."

The other hackies couldn't keep quiet any longer. They resented Juley. He was the only bachelor, he was some years younger than they were and altogether too hard-boiled and cocky for his age. As married men they couldn't help taking personally everything Juley said to Chuncery and finally one of them, a driver named Spencer, banged his coffee mug on the counter.

"Don't be so positive!" he said. "The man feels low. He feels rotten."

"It's no tragedy. He'll live through it."

"You don't realize! You wouldn't know!"

"Everybody ain't made out of rock like you," a hackie called out.

"Everybody can't live like a hermit," another man said.

"People are human!" Spencer went on. "They got feelings in them! Hearts! There'll come a day, Juley, there'll come a day . . ." He was too indignant to finish. He walked out to his cab in the street and soon the place became quiet.

"Naturally," Chuncery said, grieving to himself again, "being married to a sloppy guy like me, naturally it gets pretty monotonous after a while. So I don't really blame her for getting sick and tired."

"All right, stop crying," Juley said. "I sent Frenchy to her mother's house to talk to her again. I'm working on it, ain't I? Give me time. I'll fix it all up."

"No. You can fix a lot of things but not this. She'll never come back."

"Don't mope!" Juley said. "Put on a tie. Look neat. Take a shave and change your shirt sometimes. If you have to get married, then why don't you accept the responsibilities? . . ." There was a draft on his neck. He turned. "Hey, slide the door back! The cold is blowing in."

It was Spencer, the hackie, who had just walked out.

"Hey, Juley!"

"What's the matter now?"

"There's a girl in my cab! I found her sitting there—a girl!"

"All right. You found her, you keep her. She's yours."

"No! Listen, Juley. She ain't got anything to eat. She's broke. She's got no place to sleep tonight. Juley, we got to help her!"

"She's a phony!" Juley said. "How old are you? Don't you know a panhandler when you see one?"

"With you everybody's got to be a fake," Spencer shouted, getting indignant again. "With you everybody's looking to gyp people."

A hackie came down the counter, his mouth still full of food. "You're a kid cynic—all brains, no heart," he began, and then Juley found everyone in the place piling on him.

"All right," he said. "Lay off. Bring her in. I'll show you in five minutes if she's a phony or not."

Spencer hurried out.

She was a blonde. She weighed about a hundred pounds and she wore some kind of leather jacket with a little hat

(*Continued on page 41*)

Pretty Pat

By Kyle Crichton

Patricia Morison's triumphs have all been on the milder side. But she has survived even the location trip to Lone Pine, so you'll be seeing her

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

WE SHALL endeavor to report quite calmly on an afternoon spent at the home of Miss Patricia Morison in Beverly Hills, California. Miss Morison is a cinematic performer for Paramount Pictures who lives in a nice white house with her father and mother, her brother, a male cousin and a female cousin from London and a dog. This latter adjunct is of the friendly variety which needs a touch of kicking at intervals. The others are friendly and need no kicking.

The cordiality of the combined Morison welcome was genuine and warm beyond question. Your correspondent was slightly unmanned by such attention and sat tentatively on the edge of a divan and broodingly nursed his suspicions.

"You'll have a spot of tea with us, of course," said Mrs. Morison gaily, with the positive air of a lady who knows what bountiful tokens she is conferring. Mrs. Morison was looking at the tray of tea paraphernalia with the rapt gaze of a True Believer and Patricia was edging about with the expression of an early Christian martyr.

"Crumpets!" cried the female cousin from London, aged nineteen. She uttered this with the same voice Captain Sutter may have used at the discovery of gold.

At this Patricia really seemed to go through the Great Agony. Her bulk has been increasing, her employers have been sharp in warning and yet here were the crumpets.

"Oh, I guess one wouldn't hurt me," she said, and then added, "Have one, won't you?" with the obvious intention of including a victim in her crime. The interviewer took one. He also found himself taking a cup of tea and a twig of napkin which he balanced on his knee. It was plain to him now that he was cornered in a small, hallowed sector of the British empire. One bite of the crumpet convinced him that the English are a valorous race who will never be conquered. Jumping from the frying pan into the fire, he took a gulp of the tea, spluttered in a whalelike fashion and ended by nearly strangling to death.

"Maybe he'd rather have a highball," suggested Patricia nervously.

"Yes," said our hero faintly.

"Yes, what!" said Mrs. Morison in an unbelieving voice.

"Yes, I want a highball," said our man, who has been known as a boor for many years.

Mrs. Morison took one step backward and looked at him, without saying a word. Patricia, not wanting to be accused of destroying the Freedom of the Press, went tearing out of the room. From the direction of the kitchen her plaintive cries of "Whisky! whisky!" could be heard in the distance. The niece turned away in sympathy. Mr. Morison looked as if he wanted to come over and put a protecting hand on our hero's shoulder.

When Patricia came back with the drink, he took two quick gulps at it, looked about with a new air and began to ask questions. That is why the interviewer became indescribably tangled up with talk about British agents, counterespionage, Mexican bullfighters, English refugee children, Patricia as a comedienne, Patricia as a glamor girl, Patricia as a singer and a general discussion of the New York housing situation.

The Morison family came to this country from England in 1905. Patricia was born here and had reached the age of two months when the folks decided in 1914 to go over and help end the German menace. Papa was turned down by the navy because of age but Mamma worked with the British Intelligence.

"Not exactly a spy," explains Mrs. Morison. "More a counterspy. Opening letters. Keeping people from blowing up things."

It was pretty exciting business and it has tended to make Mamma suspicious of individuals in wartime.

The family came back to New York in 1920, where Patricia first attended public school and then spent a year in Westchester at what she calls Miss Sniffton's School for Snobs. She came back to Washington Irving High and majored in art. At home she was given to impersonations, which kept the family beside itself, so they sent her down to the Neighborhood Playhouse where

Marta Oatman taught her acting, poise and deportment.

She got a walk-on in Growing Pains and then worked as a model in a department store. By selling twenty bucks' worth of tickets she got a part in a Greenwich Village revue, put on in an old stable known as the Provincetown Playhouse, and sang a naughty song called Naïveté. The thing lasted one night. She played with Lenore Ulric on the Subway Circuit and was then understudy for Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina, the easiest job in the world because if anybody but Hayes had dared to do that part there would have been lynchings in the orchestra seats. What brought her to Hollywood was the notice she got in The Two Bouquets, which is one of the least remembered of Marc Connelly's ventures. Warner's hired her to sing the lead in The Desert Song and then shelved the old chestnut and turned Morison's contract over to Paramount. She arrived in Hollywood, was given a brief going over by the publicity department and dubbed the "girl with the chameleon eyes," and then was ushered into the presence of Harold Hurley, who thrust a gun and a script into her hands and ordered her to get up on both of them. The picture was Persons in Hiding and J. Edgar Hoover had palmed it off on the boys and it set Morison as a brunet menace instead of the amusing dame she featured herself as being.

"I tell them I can sing, too," she says, "but what difference does that make?"

Her success has been steady and by now she is regarded as a property and to prove it the studio sent her on a personal-appearance tour last year. In Seattle they gave her a totem pole. In Brockton (Mass.) they gave her a pair of shoes. In Portland (Me.) they handed her a lobster. In Waltham they gave her a watch. In Taunton, famous for bronzes, they presented her with a statue. She stayed carefully away from Worcester, which is said to be famous for grinding machinery.

After this triumph, she went to Mexico. In Mexico City a handsome toreador became so enamored of her that he followed her around all the cafés. One day at the bullfights, he came right over in front of her box and saluted. The crowd cheered and clapped their hands, shouting, "EEE-hah! EEE-hah!" Miss Morison stood up and took a bow. At the same moment a rather paunchy gentleman stood up behind her and took a bow.

"It turned out to be Señor Almazan—to whom the matador was dedicating the bull," says Patricia, sourly.

The Señor Makes His Point

Her best fun the last year was centered at Lone Pine, the famous movie location. On this jaunt nothing happened except that Richard Dix got shot in the face with a blank cartridge; Preston Foster was thrown by a horse; the same horse ran away with Miss Morison, and she came down with a fever of 103. Some of her associates thought she was shamming and wanted her to keep on working. At this a young man from Montevideo (ah, me, these Latins!), who was playing a part in this sequence, got so mad he took his teeth out and threw them down a ravine. Work was suspended while the crew scrambled down the precipice after the valuable molars.

By the time they had been recovered and wired together with choice bits of the local ore, Miss Morison had regained her health. The Montevidean made his point, whatever it was.

Another Morison experience had to do with Orson Welles, who scared Patricia long before he became the Man from Mars and frightened the hell out of America. She had been told to come to his offices in the St. Regis Hotel in New York to audition for a part with the Mercury Theater. Welles met her at the door, garbed in a flowing dressing gown and with a hunk of beefsteak clutched to his brow. It seems there had been an unfortunate altercation with a taxi driver in which the driver had stabbed Welles with a short left while Orson was reaching for his sword.

"We talked about painting, science, writing, politics, handball, music, diplomacy, sculpture, the WPA, the TVA, the Abbey Players, books and taxicab drivers—but he never did mention anything about the audition for the Mercury Theater."

The lady's full name is Ursula Eileen Patricia Fraser Morison, which seemed to please the various relatives who had an interest in the matter. She probably has her interest in the theater from her mother, who, in the days before she became a sleuth, was considered the image of Maude Adams and had encouragement from her loyal friends on that platform. Mrs. Morison got her comeuppance as an artist when she answered an advertisement for an actress and found that what they wanted was a woman who could hang by the back of her knees from a trapeze and hold a strong man in her teeth. It discouraged her.

Candy vs. Career

As for Patricia, she is a strange one. She has the appearance of oomph but acts singularly unlike it. At the moment she is heart-free and nobody is climbing up the trellises in quest of her hand. Her worst trouble is an appetite for candy and ice cream and the Paramount people have waved a stern finger at her about it. Either sweets or a career, they say harshly; you can't have both. The press department declares she is as trim as a streamliner, which is slightly south of the truth. The only man she was ever in love with was Count de Gueroan Morny but that business is now washed up.

Her main concern is in keeping the family intact and that is harder than ever now that she is helping her relatives. The situation became grave when she met her English refugee cousins in New York and brought them back to Hollywood. She had just been on the aforementioned personal-appearance tour of New England and was out of folding money. She had enough for the train tickets and a few bucks for pemmican and gumdrops but that fund had evaporated by the time they reached Albuquerque.

When the steward, noting their reluctance to get started in quest of fodder, asked if they wanted their dinner brought to their drawing room, Patricia gave him the lifted brow and a bored pat of the mouth, expressing distaste. At this juncture she discovered that a bountiful gentleman, touched by the faint and mousy wails of the starving young male cousin from England, had invited him in to dinner. The ladies virtually dislocated their necks getting in the way of that invitation.

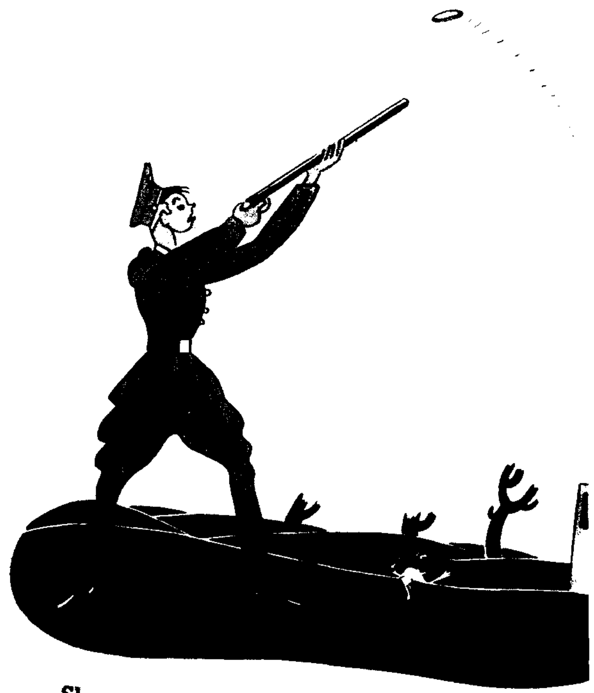
"Just sort of hooked on to the parade," says Patricia.

What this proves beyond the fact that Hollywood personalities eat like mules and go broke regularly is not clear, but for the purposes of history it may be added that Morison was getting her first real break on that location trip to Lone Pine. They were making a little shambles known as The Roundup and she was being starred and her name would be in big block letters and the front office had notified her that if she gained ten pounds more a little man would come around at an appointed hour and shoot her like an overstuffed quail.

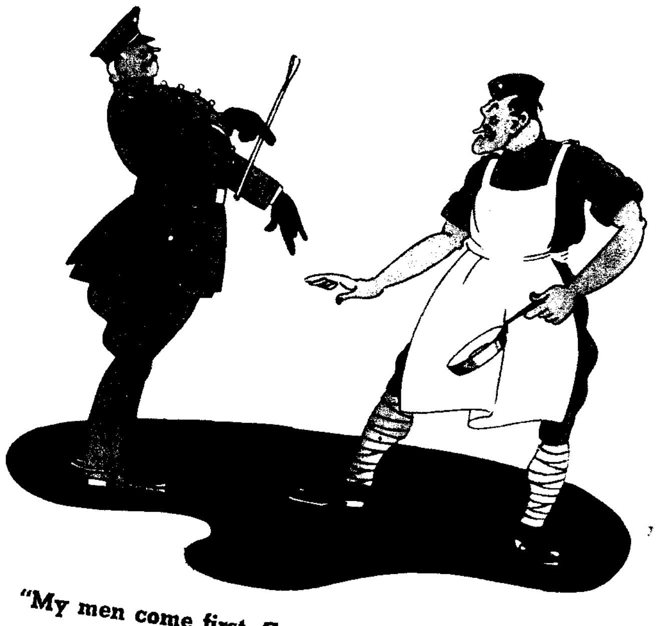
This has given her pause. ★★★

OUR NEW ARMY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYA



Skeet shooting is a lot like shooting at plane



"My men come first, General. You're out of luck"

In past issues, Collier's has printed reports from its own correspondents in camps and forts and armories of the new American Army, depicting progress in varied sections of the country.

This week there are reports from the high country in Utah; the industrial Midwest; the far Pacific Northwest. In future issues other sections will be pictured so that, every few weeks, a complete idea of what is going on may be obtained by readers.

INTERMOUNTAIN: Utah National Guardsmen, last in the nation to be called up, found out one way to make up for lost time. Sergeant Leland A. Pickett and Private Conrad F. Hoff, Jr., both of Salt Lake City, stopwatched each other getting into old-style and new-style uniforms. Result: Slacks take thirty-nine seconds less to get into than breeches; khaki leggings save forty-five seconds over the old wraps; the new work suit goes on in half a minute less than the old. . . . Nearly two minutes more to sleep.

Salt Lake City clubwomen are quite interested in hearing about the Air Service—especially from good-looking officers. One program-committee chairwoman even added to her organization's request for a speaker: "Will the captain please wear his uniform?" He did.

Private Robert Pohl, lives his life amid bombs, bullets and other modern gadgets of death at the Fort Douglas air base. In his spare time he prowls the canyons of the Wasatch Range for wood from which he makes bows and and arrows. Just in case.

Air Corps officers in the Rockies have their troubles. Once they had a bombing range of about three million acres of wasteland. Now they have only 1,560,000 acres. Sheep and cattle raisers, who used some of the former range for grazing and objected to even dummy bombs dropping among the stock, howled to Washington. That ironed out, bombing practice started with uninhabited islands in Great Salt Lake as targets. Bird lovers yelled that the homes of white pelicans, blue herons and sea gulls were being wrecked. So Lieut. Col. E. G. Harper, base adjutant, had to send out ground crews to shoo the birds away from some islands—and issue orders not to bomb Bird Island at all.

MIDWEST: "You know why I'm doing this?" queried a despondent rookie of the 138th Infantry, Missouri National Guard, peeling spuds at Jefferson Barracks. "Well, me and another guy are standing beside the parade ground and this soldier comes by on a bicycle. I call out to him, friendly like: 'Hi, Junior, where y'going?' He stops, so I asks him can I have a ride on the handle bars. Then he gets off and I see them little silver things on his shoulders. It turns out he's a captain and just rides around for exercise. He's still riding—and I'm still on K. P."

Because Camp Robinson, Arkansas, wasn't ready for them, most of the boys of the Missouri National Guard were quartered in the new St. Louis Armory. And, although a third of them could have gone home nights and most of them could have left after five in the evening, more than three quarters stayed for supper. That was because the food allowance was $1.26 a day a man and T-bone steaks were daily chow.

The 138th, incidentally, has a long, varied history. It dates back to the First Missouri Volunteers of 1846, who marched through Mexico with General Doniphan. In '61 the outfit was captured intact by Union General Lyon and Franz Sigel's German volunteers, and its members disarmed and paroled. Some of the men fought for the Union; others for the South. In the Spanish War the outfit was left in Georgia, but it distinguished itself in the Argonne in 1918.

Sergeant William Schneider of Company B of the 138th tried to discourage his son, William Jr., from enlisting. The boy joined the Air Service, won a commission at Randolph Field, Texas. Now, father has to salute son.

Officers of the 110th, Observation Squadron, Missouri National Guard, are training for shooting down enemy planes by means of skeet equipment. Cases of clay pigeons and shotguns are standard equipment. Skeet and plane-shooting are much alike—you have to keep ahead of your target in each case.

●

PACIFIC NORTHWEST: In muddy, rain-swept Fort Lewis, south of Tacoma, Washington, the man "who once refused to serve a general" was figuring out how many hot dogs the boys would need after a twenty-mile hike.

"Though they say it'll be twenty miles," reflected Staff Sergt. William Gubbins, 15th Infantry, a short little ex-British soldier, "it'll probably be only about ten. And when they get through tramping, there'll be frankfurters and steamin' coffee and chocolate cake waitin' for 'em. They used to be lucky if they got met at all."

He turned to one of his kitchen helpers, and told him, "Never mind the raspberry jam for the hike. It would just spread all over everything." Then he continued:

"Everything's different now. We take these big field stoves along with us in a truck, and we'll be cooking the food on the way. They're slick rigs, I tell you. Of course, all the young fellows grumble. That's nature. They all get more than soldiers ever did—and they want more. We waste more food than European soldiers eat. I can remember, when I was in the British army—we were lucky even to get beef on Sunday. And I can remember right in this Army, when I made ten heggs do for French toast for a hundred men. Now, humph. They use seven dozen heggs for it."

Sergeant Gubbins has been cooking all his life. For all his gruffness, he is the kind of old Army man who likes to break in young boys: the kind that is stern and fair. He was born within the shadow of London's Tower bridge. He joined the British army in 1904—to cook for the troops. But before the World War broke out, he already was an American, in the Army, and cooking over here.

He knows all the old Army tricks—such as adding a couple of pounds of cornstarch to a batch of omelets—to pad it out. But he said proudly, he doesn't have to practice them any more.

The young fellows in his mess speak with evident awe of Sergeant Gubbins' exploit at "refusing to serve a general." He himself half denies the story: "Well, that's not exactly so. I've been in this Army 25 years, and I know one thing: you don't go around giving your superiors the devil!"

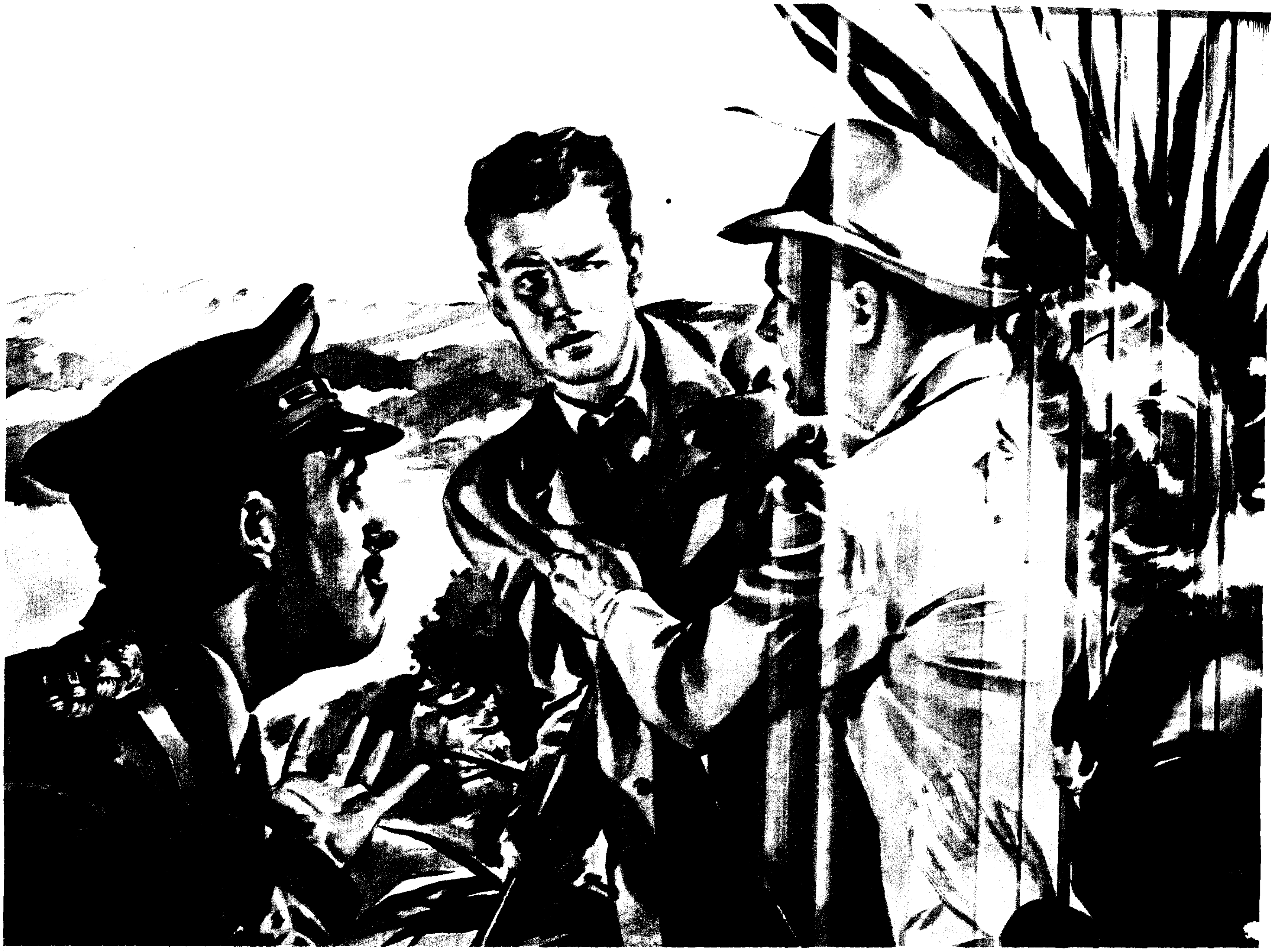
The incident—believed solemnly throughout M Company of the 15th—occurred overseas. Sergeant Gubbins, at the front, was running out of food for his own men. In walked a general, and asked to be served.

"My men come first," the sergeant told him. "And I don't have enough even to feed them properly. You're out of luck."

It may not have happened, but M Company wouldn't "put it past" Gubbins. ★★★

Salt Lake City clubwomen like lectures from good-looking officers

The boys can get into the new uniforms faster



ELMORE BROWN

Comes the Revolution

By Harry Sylvester

"I'll go down and tell them myself," Markham said in English. There was no chance to stop him

Of Alice Calhoun, Bannon might have said her form was logic but her essence was confusion. He will never forget her

SANBORN'S—the new one in Monterrey, not the old one in Mexico City—is always crowded on a Saturday night. The usual tourists are there and with them the week-end crowd, down from San Antone or Dallas with their wives or girls.

I had got there early and I had a booth alone and the hostesses were looking at me and wondering when I was going to get out and let a party move in. But I felt like eating slowly and a lot. One of the hostesses came over and asked if I would mind if a couple sat with me. She said that the man said he knew me. I doubted this because no one but my office knew I was down here, but I said I wouldn't mind.

The hostess came back with a kid about twenty-four and he had with him one of the best-looking girls I'd ever seen. She was dressed in a dark, severely tailored suit.

"You're Joe Bannon, aren't you?" he said. "I saw you the minute I came in. Maybe you don't remember me?"

"Oh, I remember you," I said. "How are you?" His name was Keith Markham and his father owned the paper I used to work for before I went with the Times. He had worked on the paper a while himself and then we didn't hear much more about him. He hadn't been too bad and he hadn't been a nuisance.

"This is Miss Calhoun," he said. He was a little awkward and you could tell he hadn't had much experience traveling around the country with unchaperoned young ladies.

"Alice Calhoun," she said, giving me a thin but very firm hand. Her mouth tightened a little in a sort of professional or public-appearance smile and her full name was supposed to mean something to me but I couldn't place it at all.

"Sit down," I said. "How have you been? I sort of lost track of you after I went with the Times."

"Oh, I've been around," he said. "You've been down here on assignment, haven't you?"

"Kind of," I said. I wondered how he knew. We had hoped to get an exclusive on the beginning of a revolt.

"You were in San Luis?" he went on.

THERE was no use denying it, although I wondered how he knew. He saw it in my face and grinned boyishly.

"I suppose you're wondering how we knew?" he said. The girl looked at him with a sharp, sidewise glance and her mouth went almost grim. I began to remember some things.

"I was the only one of the boys down there," I said, "so naturally I didn't think anyone knew. I didn't send a single story to the paper. I was there six weeks, waiting for the damned thing to come off. I don't think it will now."

"It will within the week," Alice Calhoun said. The grimness had gone from her face but it was unsmiling. I knew her now.

"Is that why you're down here?" I said.

She nodded slowly, then lit a cigarette before speaking. "We want the farmers and workers down here to know that their American brothers are behind them."

"You're national secretary of the American Intercollegiate League for Aid to the Working Class, aren't you?"

She nodded off-handedly as though I should have known that as soon as I saw her. "I'm doing field work now," she said.

"I remember you from that first meeting of your outfit at Smith. I was up at my class reunion at Amherst and I went over to your place. You were a senior there, then. When was it, two years ago?"

She nodded again. Almost everything was clear now. "How did you know I was in San Luis?" I said.

She let herself smile a little. "When one is interested in the Cause down

(Continued on page 53)

Evil Under the Sun

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

ON a fine August morning, Hercule Poirot, noted Belgian criminal investigator, goes to the beach just below the Jolly Roger, an old hotel on an English south-coast island where he is enjoying a much-needed rest. There he sees one of the guests—Arlena Marshall, who (as her husband, Kenneth Marshall and all the other guests are well aware) has been having an "affair" with Christine Redfern's handsome husband, Patrick.

Arlena greets the Belgian. Then, after asking him to tell no one he has seen her, she climbs on a "float" and paddles away. She goes, alone, to Pixy Cove, where, later that same morning, she is murdered—strangled to death.

There are no witnesses; and, assuming that the killer is a man, Inspector Colgate, Chief Constable Weston and Hercule Poirot are soon busily engaged in looking for evidence, asking questions. . . . Among the guests at the hotel, in addition to those already mentioned, are: Linda Marshall, Kenneth's daughter by his first wife; Miss Emily Brewster, an old maid; the Reverend Stephen Lane; two Americans—the Odell Gardeners; Major Barry, a veteran of the Indian service; Rosamund Darnley, who had once been in love with Marshall; and Horace Blatt, a well-to-do fellow with a liking for the sound of his own voice.

Marshall has a good alibi—at the time of the killing, he had been in his room, typing letters. Odell Gardener had been on the beach, *with his wife and other guests. Major Barry says* that he had been taking a long walk. The only person who supplies any information of importance is Christine Redfern—she says that one dark night, on the beach, she had overheard someone—a man—trying to blackmail Arlena Marshall. . . . The three investigators search the Marshalls' rooms. In Arlena's they find a love letter addressed to Arlena and signed "J. N."

Resuming their investigation, Colgate, Weston and Poirot interrogate Miss Brewster, who informs them that she had been bathing off the rocks below the hotel (before breakfast on the morning of the murder) when a bottle, thrown from a hotel room, had almost struck her. The Reverend Stephen Lane is then questioned. *He says that he had spent the morning walking; and it is obvious that he knows nothing of* the crime. "Well," Weston says, "we must go on to the cove." To his surprise, Lane asks if he can join the party. "Certainly," Poirot says. "Accompany me in the boat, Mr. Lane. We start immediately."

VIII

FOR the second time that morning Patrick Redfern was rowing a boat into Pixy Cove. The other occupants of the boat were Hercule Poirot, very pale with a hand to his stomach, and Stephen Lane. Colonel Weston had taken the land route. Having been delayed on the way he arrived on the beach at the same time as the boat grounded. A police constable and a plainclothes sergeant were on the beach already. Weston was questioning the latter as the three from the boat walked up and joined him.

Sergeant Phillips said, "I think I've been over every inch of the beach, sir."

"Good, what did you find?"

"It's all together here, sir, if you'd like to come and see."

A small collection of objects was laid out neatly on a rock. There were a pair of scissors, an empty cigarette packet, five patent bottle tops, a number of used matches, three pieces of string, one or two fragments of newspaper, a fragment of a smashed pipe, four buttons, the drumstick bone of a chicken and an empty bottle of sun-bathing oil.

Weston looked down appraisingly on the objects. "H'm," he said. "Rather moderate for a beach nowadays! Most people seem to confuse a beach with a public rubbish dump! Empty bottle's been here some time by the way the label's blurred—so have most of the other things, I should say. The scissors are new, though. Bright and shining. *They* weren't out in yesterday's rain! Where were they?"

"Close by the bottom of the ladder, sir. Also this bit of pipe."

"H'm, probably dropped by someone going up or down. Nothing to say who they belong to?"

"No, sir. Quite an ordinary pair of nail scissors. Pipe's a good quality briar—expensive."

Poirot murmured thoughtfully, "Captain Marshall told us, I think, that he had mislaid his pipe."

"Marshall's out of the picture," Weston said. "Anyway he's not the only person who smokes a pipe."

Hercule Poirot was watching Stephen Lane as the latter's hand went to his pocket and away again. He said pleasantly, "You also smoke a pipe, do you not, Mr. Lane?"

THE clergyman started. He looked at Poirot. He said, "Yes. Oh, yes. My pipe is an old friend and companion." Putting his hand into his pocket again he drew out a pipe, filled it with tobacco and lighted it.

Hercule Poirot moved away to where Redfern was standing, his eyes blank. He said in a low voice, "I'm glad—they've taken *her* away . . ."

Stephen Lane asked: "Where was she found?"

The sergeant said cheerfully, "Just about where you're standing, sir."

Lane moved swiftly aside. He stared at the spot he had just vacated.

The sergeant went on: "Place where the float was drawn up agrees with putting the time she arrived here at 10:45. That's going by the tide. It's turned now."

"Photography all done?" asked Weston.

"Yes, sir."

Weston turned to Redfern: "Now then, man, where's the entrance to this cave of yours?"

Patrick Redfern was still staring down at the beach where Lane had been standing. It was as though he were seeing that sprawling body that was no longer there. Weston's words recalled him to himself.

He said, "It's over here."

He led the way to where a great quantity of tumbled-down rocks was massed picturesquely against the cliff-side. He went straight to where two big rocks, side by side, showed a straight narrow cleft between them. He said, "The entrance is here."

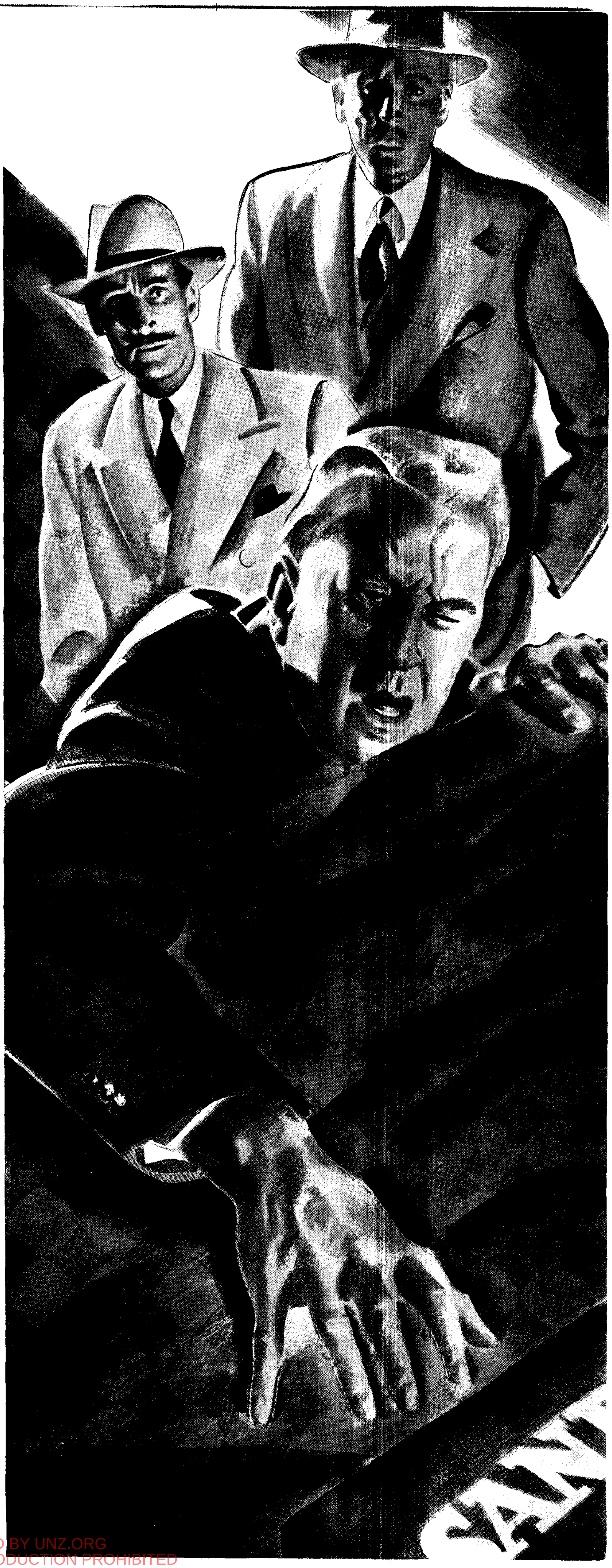
"Here?" Colonel Weston said. "Doesn't look as though a man could squeeze through."

"It's deceptive, you'll find, sir. It can just be done."

Weston inserted himself gingerly into the cleft. It was not so narrow as it looked. Inside, the space widened and proved to be a fairly spacious recess with room to stand upright and to move about.

Hercule Poirot and Stephen Lane joined the chief constable. The others stayed outside. Light filtered in through the opening, but Weston had also got a powerful torch which he played freely over the interior.

(Continued on page 46)



He pulled himself up. "Hullo," he said, "there's a box up here"

Zivic Pride

By Lester J. Biederman

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

There's a split in the five Zivic boys. Two of his brothers claim Fritzie is the family champ—but the other two say Pete is. Luckily, just before they come to blows, Ma Zivic steps in with her broom

Left, Fritzie Zivic of Pittsburgh, who added a welterweight title to the laurels of the battling Zivics

THE first thing Fritzie Zivic did after he won the welterweight title from Henry Armstrong was practically go off his nut. He waltzed over to the microphone and burbled into it: "Hello, Mom! Hello, Joe. Hello, Pete, Jack and Eddie. Set 'em up for everybody."

If Fritzie ever had any doubts about his popularity in Pittsburgh, they were dissipated that night. His brother Pete's bar was crowded to the doors. His father-in-law's saloon was jammed with thirsty Zivic fans.

"If they didn't have that two-o'clock Pennsylvania closing law, I'd 'a' been busted," says Fritzie, morosely.

This was all meat for Pete who keeps a sign posted over his bar which modestly proclaims: "Pete Zivic—the oldest, lightest and smartest of the Zivics." Not only is the sign there for everybody to see but Pete believes every word of it. Every Zivic thinks he could, in his prime, have licked every other Zivic. The entire family of brothers, Pete, now 39; Jack, 37; Joe, 33; Eddie, 29; and Fritzie, 26, have at one time made a living with their fists. Quite contrary to Pete's boast, there are competent observers who believe that the only smart Zivic was Joe, who had two fights, hung up the mittens and turned to business.

Papa Zivic came over from Russia in 1890 and settled in the "Strip" district of Pittsburgh, where a man either fought or left the neighborhood in a defunct condition. He worked in the steel mills and the five Zivic battlers were born into that atmosphere.

What started the boys on their careers was a man named Jack Metz, who has a crooked nose and wears glasses with thick lenses and is a nut on box fighting. He induced Pete and Jack to come to the Willow Club for lessons. The war broke into this little idyll but later Metz took them up again and then both won Olympic titles in 1920. Pete turned professional and won fifteen straight fights; Jack was right behind him in success. Papa Zivic didn't like the idea and once burned the boxing gloves and said sternly, "You're both big enough now; go to work."

The boys took this as the essence of foolishness and won Mamma Zivic to their side by coming home from their fights and dumping part of the proceeds in her lap. Mamma still does not speak good English and the hash that comes over the radio on the night of the fight is just a lot of silly noise to her—but she gets the idea when the boys do that dumping act with the folding money.

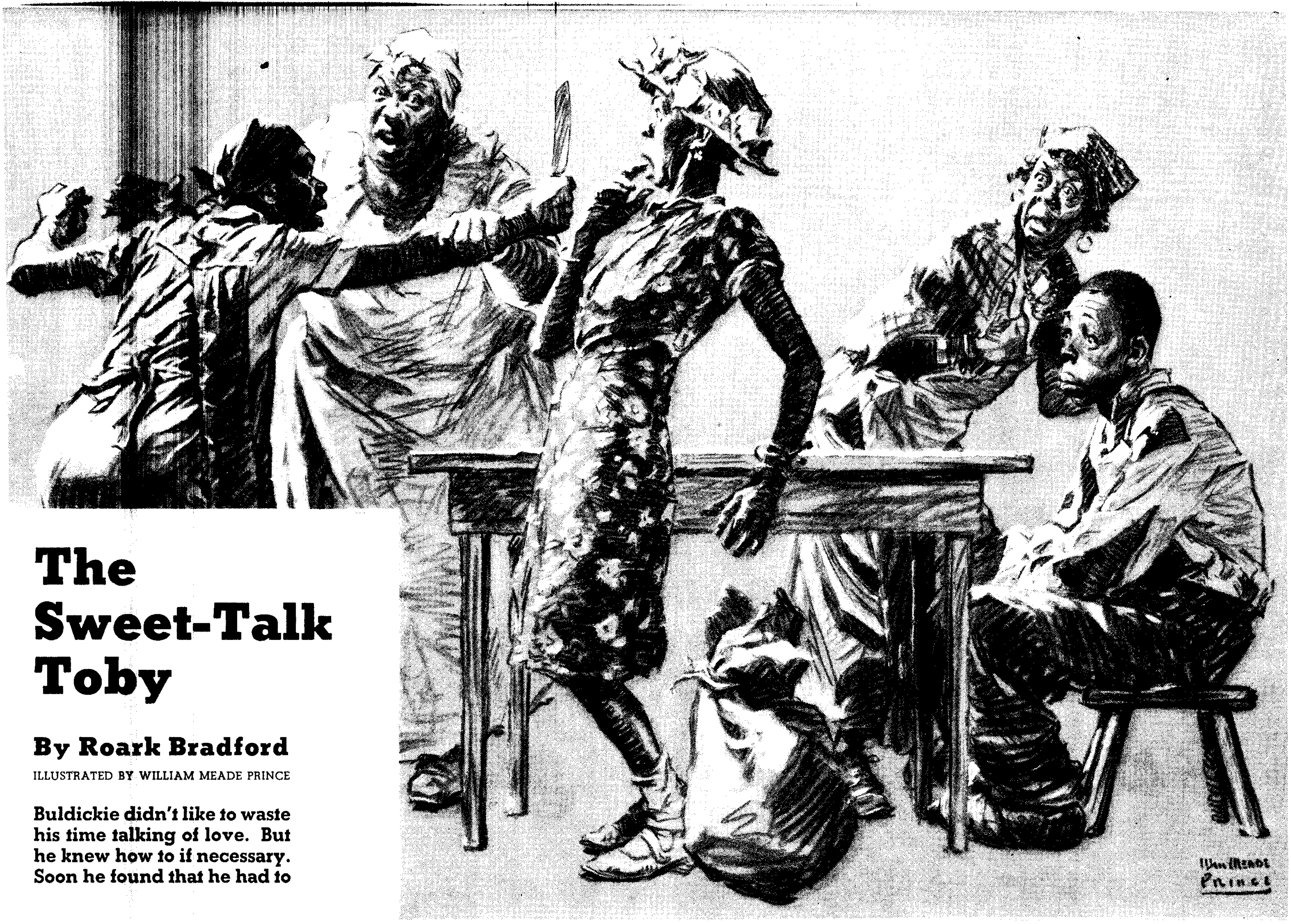
Pete decided he had enough when Carl Tremaine knocked him on the back of his neck one night in Pittsburgh. Jack kept going higher and higher and reached his peak the night he handed Lew Tendler the only knockout of his career. Tendler later reversed that decision and Jack quietly retired.

After that there was a lull in the ranks because Eddie and Fritzie were still too young for the wars. As an office boy in short pants, Fritzie worked for Harry Bitner on the old Chronicle-Telegraph, doing a bit of amateur smacking on the side. Eddie and Fritzie decided simultaneously that the money racket was made for them and that was the end of jobs and high school.

Eddie was the puncher, Fritzie the boxer. Eddie was the better prospect but Uncle Luke Carney, who has always managed the two lads, secretly held the highest hopes for Fritzie. The other brothers, Jack and Pete, thought they were both terrible. It reached a point where friends of the family cautiously refrained from mentioning Eddie and Fritzie in the presence of Jack and Pete. Fritzie, who knows what is expected in sportsmanship from a new champion, disdains all talk of this animosity.

"When Eddie and I were young, Jack

(Continued on page 45)



The Sweet-Talk Toby

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Buldickie didn't like to waste his time talking of love. But he knew how to if necessary. Soon he found that he had to

"Don't do like dat, Daughter," the Widow Duck urged. "Cuttin' ain't right"

BULDICKIE was a medium-small man, peaceable by nature and long suffering in adversity. Had he been able to plan a life for himself, he would have had one devoid of all conflict and disturbance. Even his marriage to Dawthy Dawn was the kind of calm affair his quiet soul liked. It had been the routine outgrowth of a situation over which neither of them had any control, rather than the result of any emotion on the part of either.

Dawthy Dawn had grown into a marriageable young woman with no distinguishing characteristics to cause the young men to flock around her, and romance was passing her by like an evening breeze. Buldickie, as any other man, needed a wife to chop his cotton and cook his meals, but no woman on Little Bee Bend plantation had made a special effort to marry him.

"Dawthy Dawn," said Buldickie one autumn evening, "Giles is fixin' to gi' me a crop er my own, next year, and I kin have dat house back er de puckkorn grove. I done got me a stove and a bed and de Widow Duck gonter gi' me a pig. And I got credicks on de books at de commissary. Le's I and you git married up."

Dawthy Dawn slowly rolled her eyes and opened her mouth twice before she could speak. "Married up?" she repeated.

"Sho," Buldickie said.

This took some consideration. Dawthy Dawn studied her mind. "Most gals," she finally suggested, "git deyse'ves cou'ted a little befo' dey gits married up. You ain't cou'ted me a lick, Buldickie."

"Nor neither ain't nobody else cou'ted you," Buldickie pointed out.

IT WAS a fact and Dawthy Dawn knew it. She made one more bid for romance: "I hyars dat de mens most gen'ally buys dey gal a pair er stockin's to cou't wid befo' dey gits married up." She giggled in an effort to be coy. "I hyars," she went on, "dat Newman Dykes puts de stockin's on his gals, and den *don't* marry up wid 'em, dat ole devil!"

"Newman Dykes is a sinner man for doin' a gal like dat."

"Some er de gals," Dawthy Dawn said archly, "is already married up when Newman Dykes puts dem sockses on 'em—f'm what dey says."

"Dat ain't no skin off'n my back," Buldickie told her. "He do like he do and I do like I do. Den, when he die off, he gonter punch chunks down in hell. But me, I'm gonter fly about Glory, chatterin' wid de angels and blowin' my harp—"

"I didn't know you c'd blow a harp."

"I can't. But I kin learn how."

Conversation stopped. Presently, Buldickie stood up. "Well," he said, "I reckon I'll be gittin' 'long."

"Wait," Dawthy Dawn said, "to I puts on my Sunday dress."

"Better put on yo' shoes and socks, too," Buldickie advised. "Hit's bad luck to stand befo' de preacher in yo' bare feets."

And so they were married; and nothing ever caused less excitement or comment. Even B'r Charlie put little enthusiasm in the ceremony.

However, a wedding is a stirring event to a young couple, no matter how dull it may seem to others. As they walked down the turnrow toward the pecan grove, Buldickie took his bride's hand.

"You hyared what de preacher say, Dawthy Dawn? He say I and you was a man and his wife. I like dat."

Dawthy Dawn nestled against him. "Me, too."

As far as Buldickie was concerned, the honeymoon ended with this exchange of pleasantries. To his bride, however, it had only begun.

"S'posin'," she asked coquettishly, "dat when you axed me to marry up wid you, I'd 'a' tole you to go 'long."

"Hit's a gal over on Duke's Bend," Buldickie explained flatly, "dat is about due to git married up and ain't had no takers. I'd 'a' got her—name er Eula."

Still hungry for a crumb of romance, Dawthy Dawn squeezed his hand. "But you axed me first, hunh?"

"You," Buldickie said practically, "was closter to home."

They settled down to a life of sober domesticity. Buldickie had winter plowing to do in dry weather; and on such days Dawthy Dawn spent a dutiful afternoon on the bayou bank fishing for a small garfish for their supper. When it was too wet for field work, Buldickie roamed the swampy woodlands hunting rabbit and squirrel.

Yet, Dawthy Dawn continued to feel cheated of romance; and as the dull days went by, she decided to do something about it. Her first step took her to the cabin of Modom Aw-Bear, the hoodoo woman.

"HIT'S about my husband," Dawthy Dawn explained.

"You' hosband, *hein?*" the old witch woman repeated. "He wawkin' de bayou already, *hein?* And you don't be married a mont'? Dat ain't good."

"Naw'm, he ain't wawkin' de bayou on me."

"Ah! Den he don't buy you grub and no clothes, yas?"

"He buy me all er dat," Dawthy Dawn admitted.

"But he don't love you?"

"Yas'm, he love me."

"*Alors!*" Modom Aw-Bear exploded. "What ail you, *nom de Dieu!*"

"I 'on't know'm," Dawthy Dawn said plaintively. "Us jest got married up—like dat. Buldickie didn't cou't me a lick. He jest say, come on, le's git married up, and so us got. And den us ack like us been married a hund'ed years."

"Aha!" Modom Aw-Bear chuckled. "No what you call de romance, *hein?* No sweet love he make wid you? No tawk-tawk he make wid you 'bout how purty you look, no?"

"Yas, dat's hit."

Modom Aw-Bear sighed heavily. "Sweet love for a young gal," she declared, "is mo' gooder den de money,

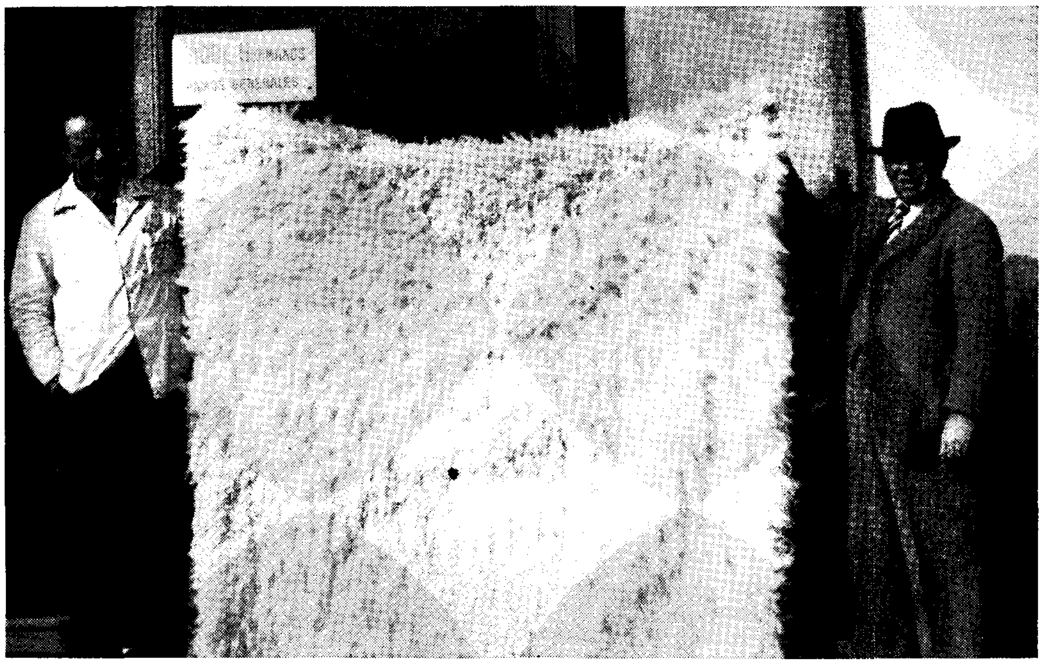
(Continued on page 49)

To South America with the Birds

By T. Gilbert Pearson

We speak of wild birds as "our birds" but many of them spend more time in tropical countries than here. And many of them never live to come home

"The Day of the Birds" is an annual event in Buenos Aires, when thousands of wild birds, many captured especially for the ceremony, are freed from cages



Rheas are nearly extinct in parts of South America. Here's one reason—a rhea-feather blanket, price $50, which accounts for over 300 birds

Yellowlegs are protected in Canada and the U. S., but not in the West Indies. Here's part of a day's bag of 268 shot in Barbados Island

IF SOME of our birds did not take such amazingly long migratory flights, it might be easier to protect them from human enemies. While the bluebird, the song sparrow and others merely drift to warmer regions of the United States, many fly to lands south of the Rio Grande and the Florida Keys. In fact, millions of individuals of 421 species leave Canada and the United States after rearing their young and do not come north again until the approach of the next breeding season. Some stop in Mexico or Central America, but many go on to the jungles, beaches, Andean regions and the pampas of South America.

For some time there has existed the uncomfortable feeling that our migrants have scant legal protection after they leave our boundaries. It was to learn firsthand something of this subject that in autumn of 1939, when the migratory birds began to leave, I went with them to South America, and spent ten months of continuous travel, observation and inquiry.

In the nine Latin-American republics visited, the situation affecting wild life is about as it was in the United States in those days many of us recall, when ducks hung by thousands along South Water Street, Chicago; and quail, snipe, doves, meadowlarks and robins were sold in Norfolk, Raleigh, Atlanta and New Orleans.

In the early years of this century, small groups in North America seriously began the work of arousing our people to the need for bird preservation. In South America a few earnest men today are organizing for the same purpose, but, as with the pioneer bird protectors in our country, they have undertaken a big job. It is no small task to educate ninety-four million people in any line and to keep them educated.

Forty-one kinds of shore birds, including yellowlegs, godwits, curlews, plovers and snipe, migrate southward along our Pacific and Atlantic beaches, some, in places, even taking considerable flights over the sea.

The most eastward of the West Indian islands is Barbados, and here swarms of them stop to rest and gather food, and it was here that I first found such migrants. Upon arriving, these feathered *voyageurs* behold many areas of shallow water in which painted, wooden "mock birds" have been stationed, and behind wire enclosures catch sight of some of their own species which, despite shot-broken wings, are able to walk about.

These attractive-looking feeding grounds are artificial ponds which at times are supplied with water from wells dug for the purpose. Locally they are called "swamps." Men of European descent sit hidden in blinds, and with shotguns rake the flocks of weary birds as they come to the decoys. I have the photograph of one of these hunters showing a part of a bag of 268 shore birds that he killed one September day. These appear to be mostly yellowlegs. In a letter from the principal gunner on this occasion, he stated: "The swamp is the most elaborate one in Barbados and cost the owner over $100,000 in expense, but it is a dream!" According to a local newspaper article, the shooting goes on "from the middle of July until the end of October," and "the birds shot are all migrating and are going from North America to South America."

The United States government, in a determined effort to preserve the shore birds from extinction, has provided a fine of up to $500 or six months in jail, or both, for the man who shoots even one of them. However, there is no such restriction in Barbados—the hunters who kill them violate no law.

I found shore birds in the Chaco of Paraguay, on the Paraná River, along the shores of the Rio de la Plata, and in Uruguay, also in Colombia, Peru, Chile and as far south as Patagonia and the Straits of Magellan; but throughout

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The Men of Yore

By Georges Surdez

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

Courage saves three old fighting men from the fate of France

BY THE middle of June, 1940, Louis-Gaston Morlane, Count of Brolly, and John Evelyn Bruce, British army, retired, had known each other by sight for more than fifteen years and had not exchanged thirty words. Yet they had met twice a day for six months of the year, from April until fall, on the country lanes radiating from the village of Brolly.

Major Bruce was always on foot, swinging his stick, smoking a pipe. Morlane would be on horseback in the morning, on foot in the afternoon. And at each meeting, each one would raise his right hand to the brim of his hat courteously, half smile and pass on. In a sense, they were rivals, although probably not conscious of the fact. For the local people called the Britisher "an eccentric," while they had dubbed the count "an original."

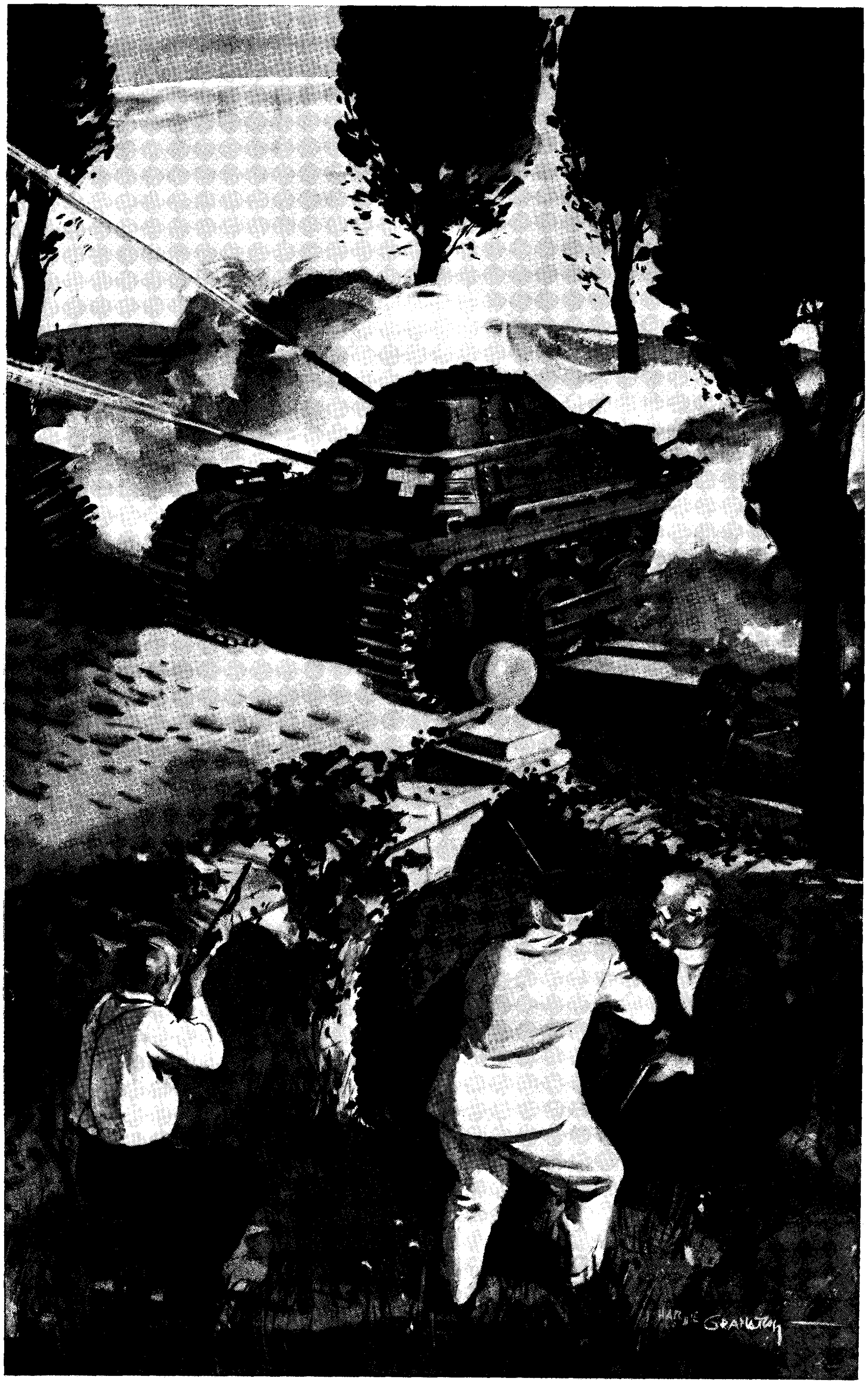
Morlane de Brolly, of course, belonged to the region. His "castle," which was in reality only a large mansion, comparatively recent, as it had been erected during the reign of Louis XVIII to replace a statelier residence destroyed by the revolution, stood on ground owned by his family since Merovingian days. He himself was of the regional celebrities, a man who had served in the army with distinction, who had participated in two famous voyages of exploration in Cambodia. After his death, there would be a bust of him somewhere on the village square, or at the very least a marble plaque bearing his name.

Bruce was known simply as "the Englishman"—even the village shopkeepers listed his accounts under that title. He had first come fifteen years before, had rented a small villa belonging to the mayor, three hundred meters from the village, on a road leading to the castle. There was no doubt that he was eccentric, for, without buying the place, he had installed a shower stall at his own expense. Moreover, his servant, an old woman to whom he did not address a hundred words a season, reported that he breakfasted on tea, sausages and even some ignoble fish preparation: bloater.

He would arrive during the first week of April and remain at the villa until mid-October, with only one break, the week between August tenth and seventeenth. The regular absence caused considerable gossip, was explained with many romantic inventions in the cafés, and no Frenchman could conceive the simple reason—that the major went home for a bit of grouse shooting, which opens on the twelfth. Thus are mysteries created.

While in France, his habits were regular as clockwork. He walked and walked, mornings and afternoons, a lanky silhouette in brownish tweeds, crested by an old, battered hat. At night, according to the servant, he would read, listen to the radio, drink three stiff brandy

(Continued on page 37)

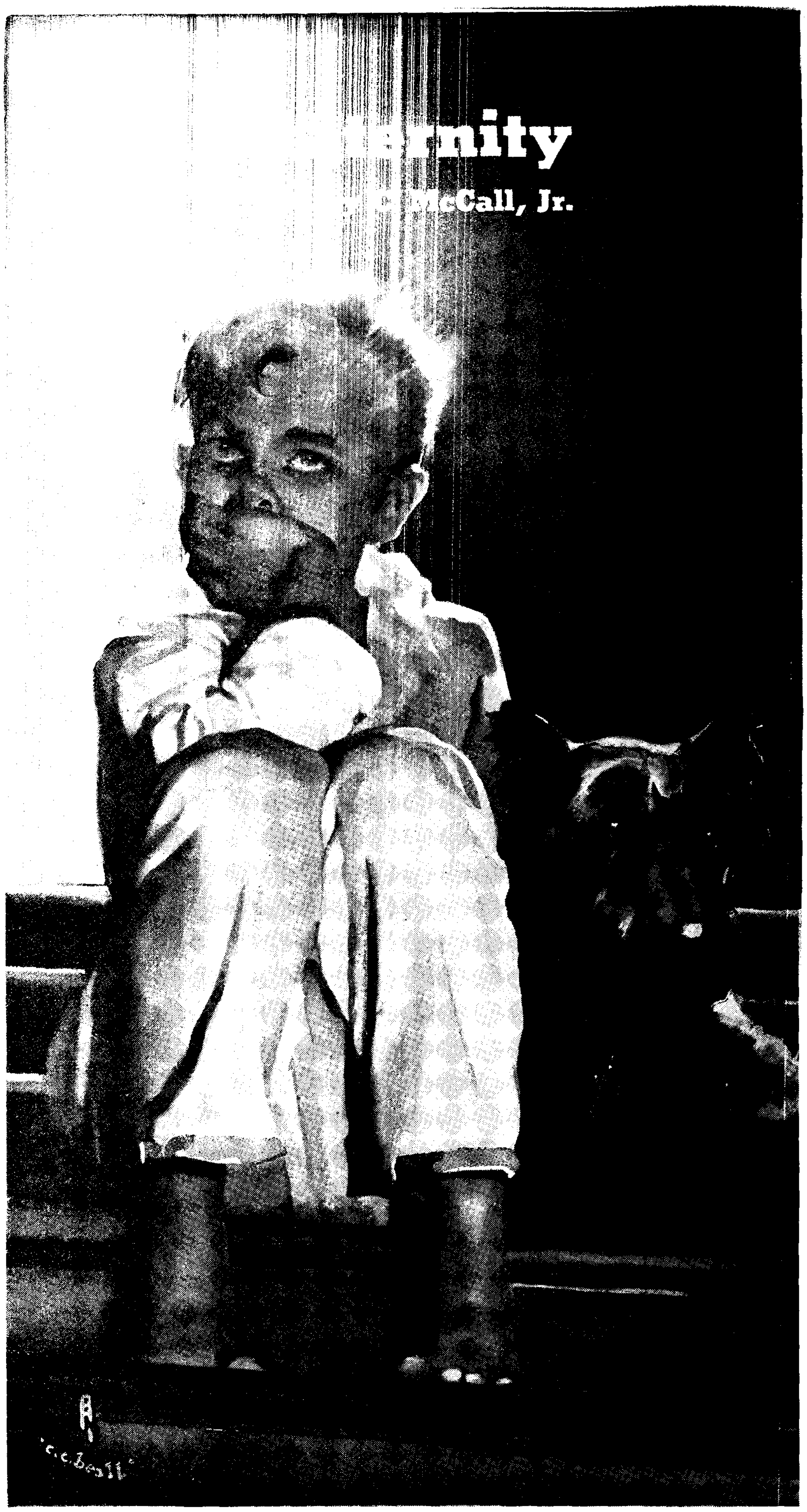


The armored machine slid forward, and the three old men fired. Ricocheting bullets whined overhead

ernity

McCall, Jr.

Don remembered a country, in one of his storybooks, where everything was upside down. This was upside down for Hugh



DON went slowly down the stairs. Angus, the Scotty, brushed by his dawdling legs and catapulted down to greet the new smell.

They came in the door, the three of them—Don's mother, Don's father and Hugh.

Dad said, "Well, son—here's Hugh!" and Mother said, "Here's Hugh, Donnie!"

The English boy said nothing. He looked anxiously at Don. His eyes were large and brown.

"Hello," Don said.

"How do you do," Hugh said, and put out his hand. Each of his words stood by itself, completely said.

Don took his hand. He could never remember shaking hands with another boy—only grownups. Hugh gave his hand a jerky kind of pump, hard and brief.

Angus was standing with his mouth open, eyes shining, tongue lolling, his head cocked to one side.

"Is that your dog?" Hugh said.

"Sure," Don said.

"What's his name?"

"Angus."

"Good boy, Angus," Hugh said. "Good chap." He knelt and scratched Angus behind the ears. That was where Angus liked to be scratched. He bent his head and stretched himself, responding to the touch, liking it. Don felt a hard lump in his chest. He looked up quickly and saw his father and mother smiling their overeager smiles, not looking at him, looking at Hugh petting his dog.

"Take Hugh upstairs, son."

"Okay."

The two boys went upstairs together. Angus pushed past them, jumping from step to step.

"Well," Don said in the room, "this is it."

"It's a jolly nice room," Hugh said.

Jolly nice! What kind of thing was that to say?

"What form are you in at school?" Hugh said.

"6B, but it's not a form. It's a grade."

"Oh. Grade. I shall have to remember that. I expect it'll be a bit awkward at first, the different names for things."

"Yeah, I guess it will, all right."

"I say—where's the lav? I'd like a wash."

"The *bathroom*'s next door," Don said.

Don sat down on his bed and began to pet Angus. Angus rolled over in complete surrender, presenting his stomach to be scratched. Don's father came in, carrying a small trunk. "Well, son, getting on all right?"

"Sure."

"Seems like a nice kid."

Don said nothing.

"Bring him downstairs. Your mother has some tea for him—for all of us."

Don's head jerked up, but his father was on his way through the door. Tea! Tea was for women—for Mom's bridge club.

Hugh came back, his face shining, his hair slicked down.

"We better go downstairs. We're having *tea*."

Angus jumped down. Don heard the plop of his landing, and turned on him, rough, angry. "You stay here."

"Oh—mayn't he come along?" Hugh said.

"No," Don said. "He's not allowed out o' here, except when I say he can. He's a one-man dog. He's liable to bite strangers." He banged the bedroom door shut, almost on Angus' wet, black, indignant nose.

ALL through the unaccustomed tea, Don sat, sullen and withdrawn, watching his parents as they talked to the stranger, the way they talked to grownups they didn't know very well.

After tea, he and Hugh took a walk. His mother suggested it. It was cold now. Only the pale last of the light was left. The ruts in the road were stiffening.

"Your father said he'd take us to a football match on Saturday."

"Game," Don said. "Football *game!* . . . Say—if you ask me, the way you talk stinks."

Hugh stopped dead. "Look here," he said, and his voice was high and angry, "if you really want to know, it's you who has the wrong names for things, you and your tortoise-shell spectacles and hot dogs and talking through your nose. I didn't ask to come to your silly old States. I'd sooner have stayed home, a million, trillion times!"

"Well, why didn't you?"

"Because there's a war on, though you Yankees don't seem to know it."

"What do you mean we don't know it?"

"Well, you're jolly well letting us fight it!"

They stood facing each other, almost toe to toe on the gray road in front of the house. The door opened, making a rectangle of gold light in the dark.

"Come on in, you kids, and get ready for dinner," Don's father said.

Dinner was a repetition of tea, only worse. Afterward, they played Chinese checkers. Don's father beat Hugh by only two moves. "Well, Donny," his father said, "you'll have to do some tall practicing before you can give this feller a game! You play chess, Hugh?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Father's a topping chess player. He taught me when I was quite small."

"Good! I'll take you on tomorrow night."

The two boys got ready for bed in stony silence. Don's mother came in to say good night to them. She kissed Don first, and then went and sat on Hugh's bed. "We're very glad to have you here, Hugh," she said. "Sleep well, son." She bent and kissed him.

Son! He wasn't her son! What did she have to call him son for? She liked him. All she could think of now was this English boy who could play chess. She liked the way he talked, like someone in the movies. She liked Hugh better than him. She'd forgotten the birch-log fern stand he'd made for her at camp, and the day last week when he'd taken the dahlia bulbs down to the cellar for her and she'd called him a bang-up good gardener and hugged him and given him a dime.

HE LAY awake listening to that stranger breathing in the next bed, that stranger in his room, in his house, that stranger his mother and father liked better than they liked him, that stranger who would be here for a year, two years, maybe forever. Angus was a round ball of warmth against his stomach, but he got no comfort from Angus. Angus had run to Hugh as soon as he came into the house. In a few days, his dog would be just as much Hugh's dog as his own.

He swung his legs out onto the cold floor—he had to have this thing out with his father and mother. Angus wakened, jumped off the bed. Don walked to the bend of the stairs. There he stopped. Downstairs in the living room his mother and father were listening to the radio. He was still determined to say what he must say, but he knew he must stop here on the stairs and get the words ready.

He could hear the radio clearly: "London is enduring another night of heavy bombing. For the fourth night this week, Londoners were roused from sleep by the air-raid sirens and a series of ear-shattering explosions. The all-clear has not yet sounded, at four A. M. London time."

Don sat on the stairs, listening. His mother and father were right here, sitting together in front of the fire. Their beds were waiting for them upstairs, dry and warm and safe. That was where Hugh lived—London. In one of his storybooks there was a country where everything was upside down. This was upside down for Hugh. It might be the other way. He, Don, might be some place where lav was the right word, and match and jolly and form, some place where all his words were wrong, the upside-down names for things.

He got up and went back to the room. Hugh was crying. His head was buried in the pillow to muffle the thick, snuffling sound of his crying, but Don could hear him. Quickly he bent over and scooped up the warm, furry lump which was Angus and dropped him on Hugh's bed.

"Here," he said. "You take him tonight. He likes you."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The pause for people-on-the-go

PRESS
DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK

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People-on-the-go are never too busy to go to the soda fountain. It's a place where the hurried are glad to take a minute for *the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . that refreshing little stop that keeps you going. Try it. 5¢

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

YOU TASTE ITS QUALITY
Coca-Cola

Experience proves that nothing takes the place of quality. You taste the quality of ice-cold Coca-Cola. Again and again you enjoy the charm of its delicious taste . . . and its cool, clean after-sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

China Sky

Continued from page 12

never too tired to do your work. It is what you live for."

She tore the envelope open with fingers used to the resolution of the knife and read in the scrawling ill-formed letters of the Chinese clerk at the cable office these words from Gray:

"Bringing my wife with me. Will you fix up south bungalow for us? Sorry to give short notice but things were sudden. Louise and I send thanks and best wishes. Gray."

Louise and I—Gray, Louise and I—Gray— Her eyes picked out the four incredible words and she tortured herself with them. Louise and I—Gray— She tore the envelope into little bits and put them into the wastebasket by the bed. Louise and I—Gray—and yet it was perfectly natural that Gray should marry. But she had been given no warning.

"I must get to work," she thought quietly. She smoothed the covers over the little dead woman. "There's a lot for me to do," she thought.

SHE bit her lips and squared the corners of the bed. They were not disturbed. The old lady must have died quietly without moving. Perhaps the concussion had strangled her. Louise and I—Gray—but she and Gray were nothing but American colleagues in a Chinese hospital, never had been anything but that—never, never had Gray thought of loving her, he, the most honorable of men, careful of her reputation, observing the minutest detail of behavior between a man and a woman in China so that no one could talk.

"We can't have our work cluttered up with gossip," he had said—Chinese always thought that men and women had to—she had been proud that she and Gray could show them that a man and woman could work side by side and remain friends and colleagues.

She fell suddenly to her knees and laid her head against the bed. They were right, these Chinese! They were always right, these people ages old—a man and woman couldn't—not a man like Gray and a woman like her.

"I love him," she thought, and took agony into her soul. "There is no use in pretending, no use in arguing."

She strained her body upward, not to pray, because no prayer was in her, only agony. But at that moment the door opened. Siu-mei put in her head.

"Elder Sister—why, what is wrong? Are you praying?"

Sara rose to her feet. "This old one is dead," she said.

Siu-mei came into the room, surprise upon her pretty face. "It is a pity," she said, wondering, "but she was very old. And we are all waiting for you."

"I am ready," Sara said. "I was just coming."

She went to her patients thinking rebelliously, "Has Gray forgotten what these days and nights are that he asks me to arrange a house? When is there time for a house and ordinary living in it?"

One by one she tended sick women and talked to their frightened relatives come to see if any were dead in the hospital. She saw that each little newborn child was tucked back into its cubicle of a bed and sent Las Wang, the old hospital gardener, to call the family of the dead woman. Then she went back to her office to wait for their coming. Siu-mei was there ahead of her.

"Go to bed, Elder Sister," she said. "I will attend to the family. You are ill yourself."

"No, not ill," Sara replied. "Only tired—and who is not tired these days? You go, child. You do too much for me as it is."

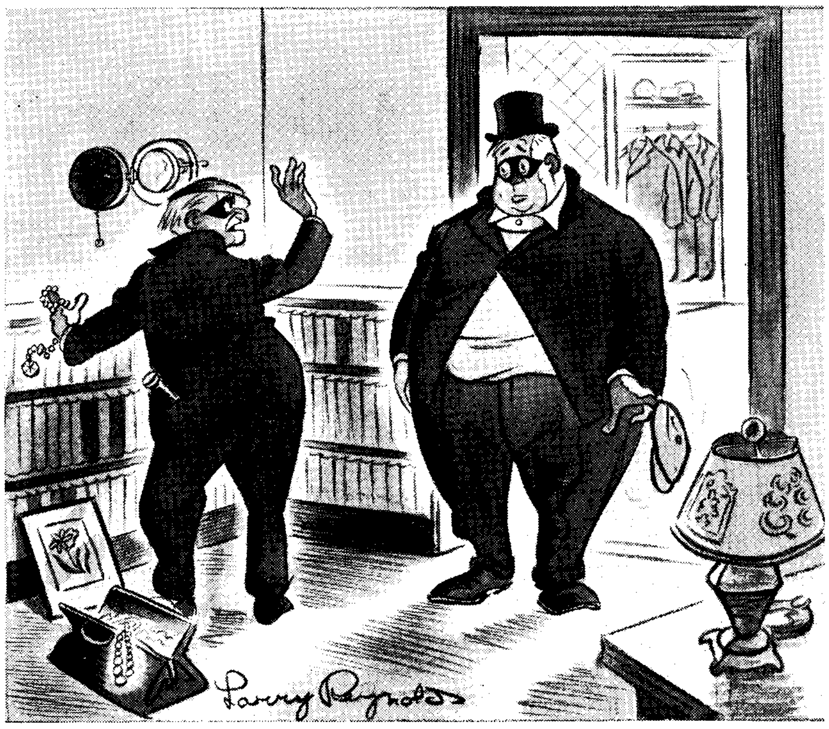
"I will not," Siu-mei replied. Her face grew stubborn. Such a pretty face, Sara thought in the passing instant. Siu-mei's prettiness was incongruous in these grim times. Besides, what was the use of a woman's being pretty? She herself—but it was weeks since she had looked at her own face in a mirror to see it. Now it would never matter to her again how she looked.

"If they want someone other than you," she said, yielding, "call me."

Siu-mei shook her smooth black head. "I will not disturb you. I will call Dr. Chung."

She blushed faintly and Sara saw it. It was impossible not to see it in the glare of the hard overhead light falling full upon the girl's pale, clear skin. She was suddenly acutely sensitive with fatigue and sorrow, and at once aware of what was behind Siu-mei's blush. Words burned upon her tongue: "Ah, don't—love anybody, Siu-mei!" But she did not speak them. She bowed her head.

BUTCH By Larry Reynolds



"In the first place it's a opera hat! And you probably won't go to an opera once all winter!"

"Very well, Siu-mei, thank you," she said.

IN HER own rooms in the east wing of the hospital she did not turn on the lights. There was no need. The brilliant moon filled them with a soft amber glow, the Chinese moonlight of a September night, at once softer and brighter than any moonlight in the world. By its light a ship was plowing its steady way across the sea bringing Gray and his wife. She could see the little bungalow in the south corner of the compound from her window. After they came, after its windows were alight and its doors open, could she go on living here alone, looking down upon that life in which she had no part? The house had been built for the resident doctor—it was Gray's house. But he had wanted to live in the men's hospital, near his work. The very first day she had come, now nearly two years ago, he had pointed it out to her—a low, gray brick square, its roof tiled with black Chinese tiles.

"That's supposed to be my house, but I don't want it. I've got to be near my work," he had said.

She had thought it fine of him to want to be near his patients night and day, and cheerfully she had made her own three rooms a home for herself. But he had never been in them. Chinese custom forbade it and he was rigorous in obeying that custom, even while he joked about it.

"It's a responsibility having my colleague a young and beautiful woman," he had said, smiling at her. "I never thought of such a thing. When I first saw you I was all upset."

"Was that why you looked at me so queerly when you met me?" she cried. "I thought you didn't like me."

"I was stunned! I hadn't thought of specifying middle-aged and plain when I asked for a woman doctor. It didn't occur to me that anything else could be found to come to a hospital fifteen hundred miles into the middle of China."

But she had leaped at the chance. Even though Gray's letter had said, "Send me someone who can operate with anything, anywhere." She had just finished her interneship at a Kansas City hospital, and she knew about China because there had been a lonely Chinese in her class and she had been sorry for him, and had gone with him sometimes to dine in a Chinese restaurant or to wander through the new Chinese art museum. There was something about the museum that drew her back to it again and again alone, to look at the paintings of strange mountains and cliffs and waterfalls. She used to think, "There are no mountains like these—" Yet there they were, outside of her windows now. But the old painters had never dreamed of painting across them that flickering line of firefly lights of the thousands of people going to shelter from the bombs of enemies.

So when the head doctor told them of the positions open, there was this one and she spoke up at once: "I'd like to go to China." No one else wanted it, and so it was easy enough. That is, until she went back to her home on a farm and to her family to whom the very name of China was as far away as the stars.

"What on earth put that in your head?" her father demanded.

"I just want to go," she said.

They let her go, doubtfully because she was young and a woman, a little less doubtfully because they hadn't wanted her to be a doctor anyway—women doctors had a hard time getting started anywhere, and maybe China would be a good thing. So she had come—twenty-six, strong, eager, gay, ready for anything. Was she beautiful? Gray had said "young and beautiful." Anyway, she had dark hair and blue eyes and good skin. She was too tall, but not so tall as Gray. And what was this Louise and how did she look, and how could Gray have written her nothing if he was falling in love and then send only this cable, to prepare his home for him and his wife?

She sank upon the floor and put her arms upon the window sill and wept, and the full Chinese moon shone down upon her with a brightness that was so strong she felt it warm upon her flesh.

Then there came upon her at that moment a strange, pressing sense of something inexorable, rushing toward her, a ship moving swiftly across the sea toward her, the hour inevitably to come upon her, the life she must go on with. She rose to meet them all. She bathed and put on cool Chinese silk pajamas and brushed her long, straight, dark hair and braided it down her back. She lay upon her bed upon the fine woven mat placed for coolness over the sheet.

"I can do what must be done," she told herself. "When I love Gray so much can I not do for him what he wants?"

But there was no use in pretending that sleep was possible to her rigid, tense body, and she lay waiting for the dawn.

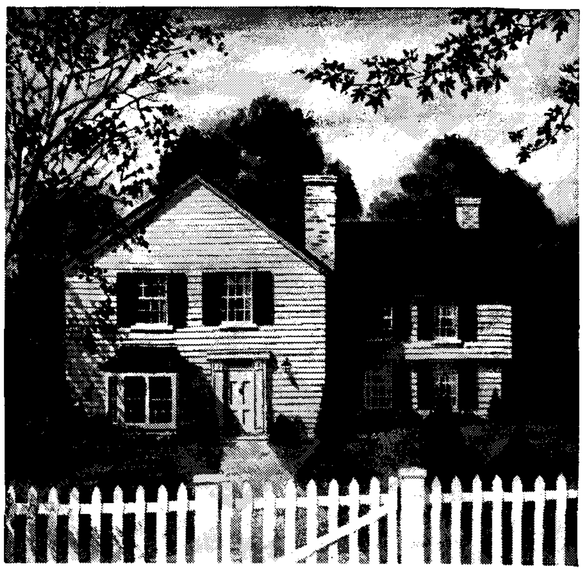
FOUR days later she gazed at the droning Japanese planes over the hospital again. There had been raids every day, every night. The hospital was full. Twenty-two sure-to-dies today and she had pushed Siu-mei firmly down the ramp with the last of the ones who might live. Then she ran through the corridor into the men's hospital to find Dr. Chung. She would tell him to go to the shelter too. If Siu-mei were in love with him it was important that he live. It was important that all love be kept alive. But he was not there. An old orderly in a faded blue uniform sat in the hall.

"Where's Chung doctor?" she cried.

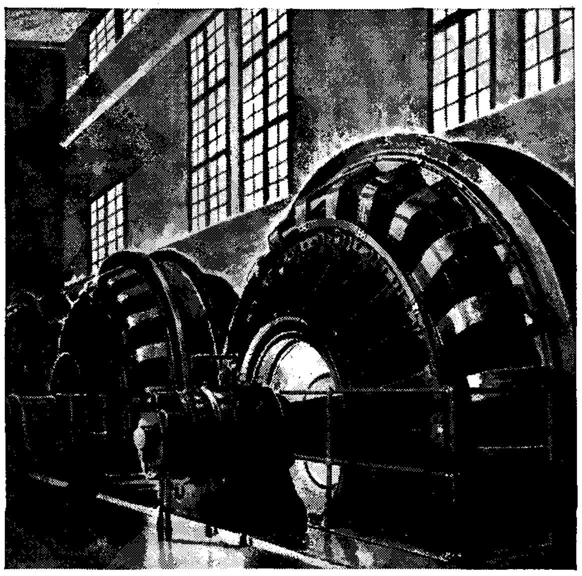
"He is gone to the shelter with a rich patient," the old man said cheerfully. "He bade me stay behind in his place."

"Ah," Sara said. She went back displeased. A doctor had no right—then she checked herself. Even doctors were human. Siu-mei had gone willingly today, and could she blame these two for wanting to be safe? She stood under the arch of a door, waiting, and gazing out of the window opposite. Beside her was her emergency bag, ready with everything. Let them come.

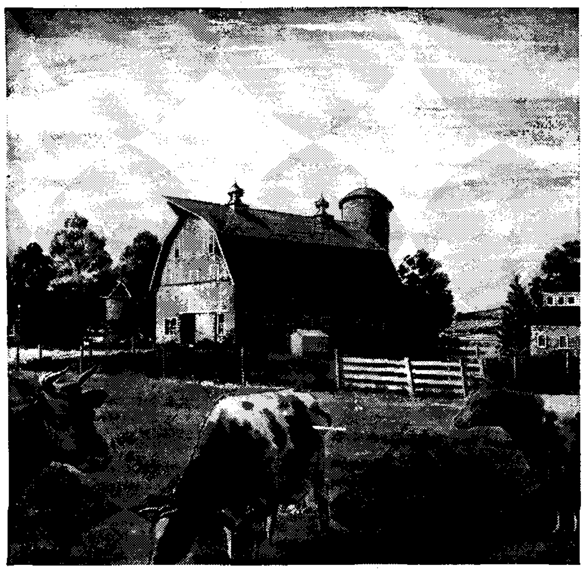
"But they won't hit me," she thought desperately. "They'll hit Gray's house, sure. I wonder if the workmen are all out?" And Siao Fah—"Gray would never forgive me if anything happened to him," she thought. Siao Fah was Gray's cook-boy, a squat, pock-marked fellow from a near-by village. As soon as he had heard Gray was coming back



Home ownership is aided by life insurance dollars invested in first mortgages on private dwellings



Life insurance dollars invested in utility bonds help bring light and power to factories, homes, streets, schools and public buildings



Farmers benefit from life insurance funds invested in first mortgages on farms

How your Life Insurance money works

PERHAPS YOU HAVE WONDERED what a life insurance company does with the money you pay as premiums on your policy.

Maybe you have thought of this money as being put away under lock and key. But, actually, that part of it known as reserves, which is not needed for current claims and expenses, is invested with other funds for the benefit of policyholders. If this were not the case, your life insurance premiums would be higher because, when the Company calculates your premiums, it assumes that the reserves will be invested to produce a stated rate of interest. The reserves must be increased by this rate of interest each year the policy is in force.

►Therefore, the money representing such reserves is put to work in many forms of human endeavor and in all parts of the United States and Canada.

And if you could take a trip from coast to coast, you would see public schools, hydroelectric plants, farms, homes, office buildings, dams, sewer systems, hospitals, and highways in which life insurance funds have played an important part.

Life insurance dollars, invested in federal and municipal bonds, for instance, are busily at work all over the United States and Canada, helping to finance new bridges, better roads, modern school buildings, and a host of other public improvements.

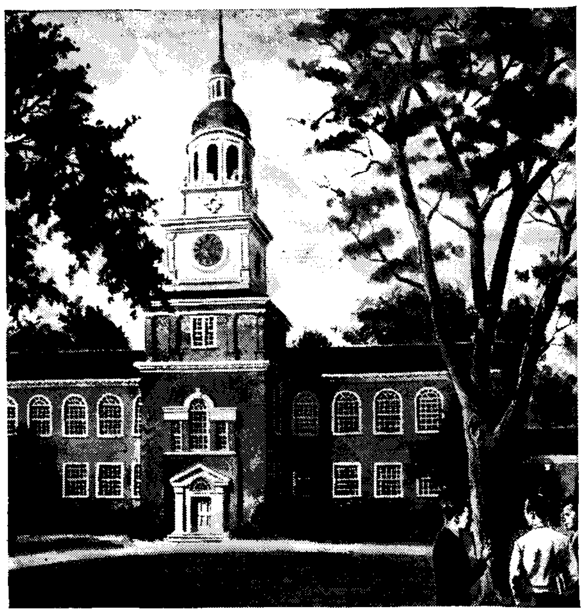
►On your trip, you would see also private homes, apartments, stores, and office buildings that Metropolitan Life insurance dollars, invested in bonds and first mortgages, have helped to build.

Other life insurance dollars, invested in farm mortgages, are helping farmers to buy their farms, keep farm buildings in proper repair, purchase needed machinery, protect the fertility of the soil, and produce better crops.

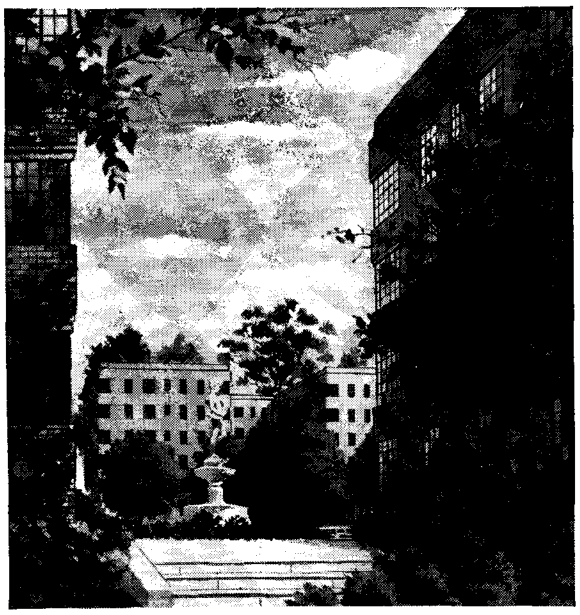
Metropolitan has other dollars invested in the basic securities of railroads that serve the public. This money is at work helping to provide new equipment and to move the raw materials that keep factories humming, men in jobs.

►Other millions of dollars of policyholders' money are invested in plants that help provide light and power for homes, farms, and businesses. Still other millions are at work helping industrial concerns to build better mills, lighter, cleaner, safer manufacturing plants, make better products, and to establish new industries.

Of course, your primary interest in life insurance company investments is to know that they are in sound securities and that they earn the interest which, as previously explained, helps to keep your premiums lower than they otherwise would be. You are also interested in having the Company earn the highest rate of interest consistent with security of principal, for any interest earned in excess of the rate assumed as the basis for the premium may further reduce the cost of your life insurance through dividends. In the meantime, your life insurance dollars are also playing an important part in the social and economic structure of the nation.



Life insurance dollars invested in federal, state and municipal bonds help bring you better schools, roads and public improvements of all sorts



Better living conditions are fostered by life insurance dollars invested in first mortgages on modern apartments

COPYRIGHT 1941—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This is Number 34 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

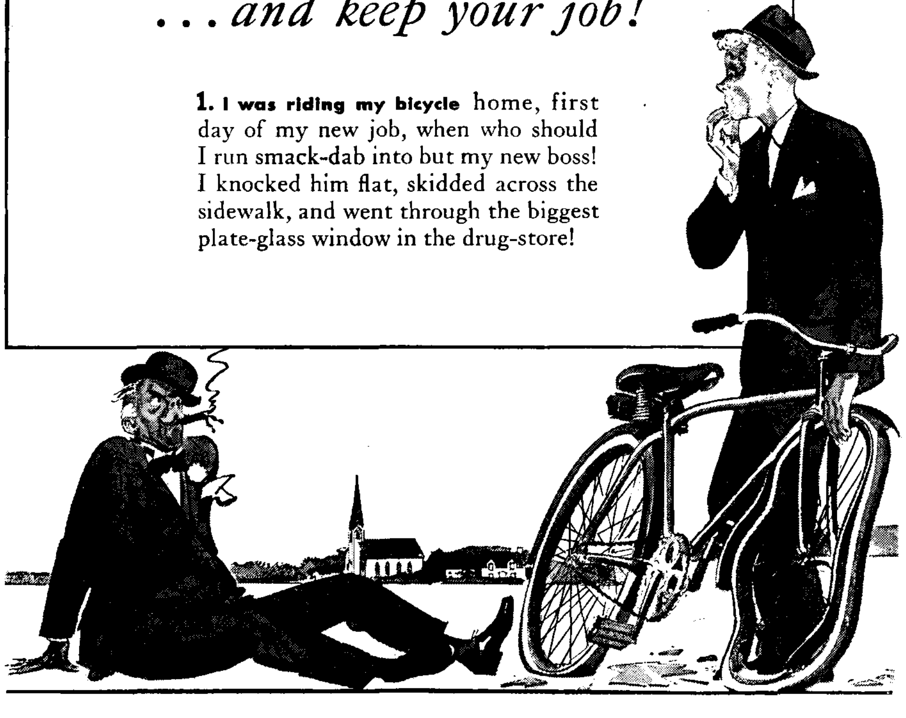
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

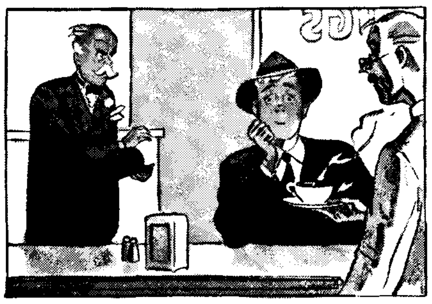
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

How to knock your boss down ...and keep your job!

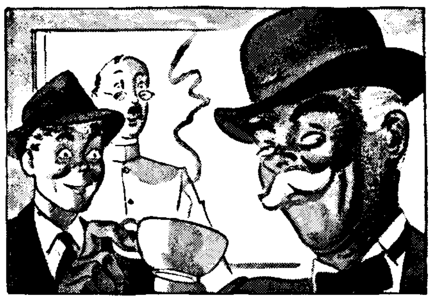
1. I was riding my bicycle home, first day of my new job, when who should I run smack-dab into but my new boss! I knocked him flat, skidded across the sidewalk, and went through the biggest plate-glass window in the drug-store!





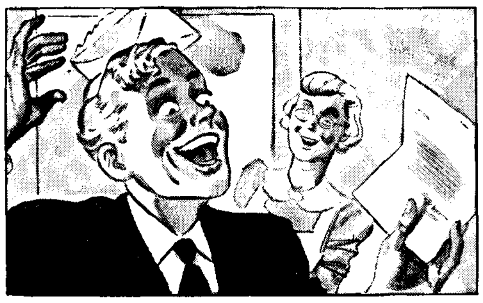
2. Nobody was hurt much, but my bike was ruined. The boss was so mad he fired me on the spot. The druggist wanted to call the police... until I promised to pay for the window. Then he gave me a cup of coffee.

3. "One for you, sir?" he asked the boss. "No!" the boss snapped. "Never touch it! The caffein keeps me awake." So I piped up, timidly: "Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's 97% caffein-free, and can't keep you awake."



4. "That's right," said the druggist. "I serve Sanka Coffee myself." The boss said: "In that case, I'll try a cup." He drank it. His face brightened some. "Hum—good!" he grunted. "But are you sure it's 97% caffein-free?"

5. I showed him, on a can of Sanka Coffee, where it said: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "



6. Next day I got a note from the boss. "Thanks for telling me about Sanka Coffee. It's wonderful, and it lets me sleep. Come to work tomorrow . . . I can't lose a smart boy like you. P. S. I paid for the broken window."

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SANKA COFFEE
REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE

Sanka Coffee is real coffee... all coffee... a blend of the finest Central and South American coffees! Drip or regular grind.

TUNE IN..."WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

Copyright, 1941, General Foods Corp.

he moved into the servants' quarters behind the bungalow and began cleaning his kitchen.

It was too late to see to anything. The drone of the heavy enemy planes dived near to the earth and she crouched and hung her head. There was the high scream of the lighter Chinese planes soaring and then plunging upon the enemy from above. She lifted her head—had to lift it to see this.

"Brave—brave!" she cried aloud. Two Chinese planes against twenty! The Chinese had so few planes that they sent up one—two—against the vicious flock beneath them. But the Chinese pilots were nimble and quick. Their small planes buzzed and darted and whirled, firing, evading, firing again. She ran to the window and shouted at them.

"Oh, brave — brave — brave!" she shouted. The enemy formation was breaking up and whenever that happened the Japanese airmen became confused and soon they would withdraw. But before that came about she saw a bomb drift down, veering a little in the wind. It was headed straight for Gray's house. She watched it, her hand to her mouth. Would the wind be strong enough to push it beyond the compound wall? It came down, a long, silver slant, pointing a little to the south, a little more, enough. She put her hands to her ears and opened her mouth and felt the explosion all through her body. A great spray of earth and bricks flew up. But Gray's house was still safe. She saw it still whole, debris piled against it.

SHE went out after it was all over and the hospital ordered again and stepped into the house. The men were already back, plastering the walls, nailing down new boards where white ants had eaten away the floor, putting in new screens at the windows. Siao Fah was there to hasten them.

"You are all safe?" she inquired.

They laughed back at her for answer, and one of them spat on the board he was nailing down, and then remembering that the floor was for a foreigner wiped it off with the sole of his shoe.

"Thomison doctor's house will be ready, Lady Doctor," Siao Fah said. "Don't fret, don't excite yourself. You have said he comes in seven more days, and in seven more days all will be finished."

"Don't forget I must have furniture in and curtains up," she said. "Two days for that, if the Japanese allow it."

"The gods decide, not they," Siao Fah said calmly.

"I'm not so sure," she said.

"Ah, but we are," he replied.

She went away, full of that deep, aching pain that was with her now night and day. "I must get used to it," she thought. "I must just get used to it."

So she went out one rainy day between operations, a day when the good gray clouds protected the city, and bought for the price of American cheesecloth Chinese-figured silk to make curtains for Gray's house and clean, straw-colored matting for the floors and plain, heavy Chinese furniture. She piled everything on rickshas and took one herself and followed her caravan back to the hospital. And that evening she measured and cut and the hospital sewing women came and helped her and Siao Fah sweated and pushed the furniture into place, and so the house grew under her hands into Gray's home. And the next day before the air-raid hour she went with two hospital coolies and Siao Fah into Gray's rooms and watched them take Gray's things out of this place where he had lived alone into the house where he would live with Louise.

It was the first time she had ever been in his rooms. She stood there looking at his belongings which she had never seen, his books, his few pictures. The two of his parents she had seen. He had brought them to her one day.

"These have just come," he told her. "They are my mother and father."

She had studied the handsome old faces, very gentle faces, his mother's delicate and too sensitive. "They were wonderful when I told them I was coming to China," he said tenderly. "I might as well have said I was going to die. I'm their only one, you know. But they told me to go ahead."

She had grown up in a brimming houseful of children, a bustling farmer her father. "Don't see why Kansas isn't good enough for any child of mine," he had grumbled, and grumbled in every letter to this day.

And Louise—would she be like Gray, the child of plenty and peace? Gray's rooms were simple and plain but everywhere there were the signs of his parents' plenty—the sheets on his shelves were linen, and she had never slept between linen sheets in her life. In his closet a blue dressing gown had been forgotten, a heavy American silk with his initials monogrammed on the pocket. A folded silk handkerchief was in the pocket. She pulled it out and laid her cheek upon it. Gray's smell, clean and fragrant of piney soap, was in it still. "I'll keep it," she thought. Why not? He would not miss it.

Into the house went his things, his easy chair, his heavy Chinese table, his books. She was glad she had told the carpenter to build the bookcases. She opened the books, one after the other. Marco Polo, crisscrossed with his notes and queries—a Chinese *materia medica,* written by a missionary doctor, poetry and poetry again. She had no right—no, she would have no right when Louise came, but now Gray had asked her.

She came back the next night after the hospital was quiet and the rain still falling, a curtain of safety all day, and sat down in Gray's chair, and opened a book. Everything was ready. If the house was not bombed in the next day or two days or at utmost three days, he would come into it, into the house she had made for him. She had made it for him, for him alone, not for Louise. Oh, into the bedroom she had put another bed like his, and from an old furniture shop she had bought a small bride's table of blackwood and a carved stool. But everything else was for him.

BUT when he came in, she must go out. She had in these few days come to love running in and out of this house. It was sweet to open the door freely, to come in, to move a chair, a table, to examine the way a picture hung, to arrange a cushion, to imagine how it would look to Gray when he first saw it, to imagine—to imagine it was for Gray and for herself. She leaned back in Gray's chair and let herself imagine, his copy of Shelley open upon her knees. She could not read it, after all. She was too full of her own longings to read another's.

"I almost wish," she thought, "I do wish it—that a bomb would fall here and now—upon me, in this house."

There was a loud crack of noise. She leaped and the book fell from her knees with a crash. What was that? Not a bomb, of course—only a door, slammed shut.

She heard a heavy step, and before she could rise a man stood in the doorway, a tall young Chinese, in a torn blue uniform. The light of the shaded lamp fell upon his face and shadowed it—an angular, harsh, resolute face, youthful and strong.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"Are you the American woman doctor?" he demanded. She could see he was a man of authority.

"I am."

"Then come to the hospital. I have one there who must not die."

"If it is a man, the Chinese Chung doctor will take care of him. I care for the women."

"A Chinese cannot take care of this man," he said. "He is a Japanese."

"A Japanese!" she repeated. "But how—why do you, a Chinese, say a Japanese must not die?"

"I have my reasons," the young man said brusquely. "Come, woman doctor. There is no time to talk. He is bleeding."

She rose. "Nevertheless, he must go in the men's hospital," she said firmly.

"I care nothing of where he goes," the man said. "But you must be responsible for him."

HE KEPT at her side as she walked through the dark rain. He had the small flashlight that every Chinese had these days and poured a moving pool of light upon their path.

"I cannot be responsible if the Japanese bomb the hospital as they have many times and he is killed among others," she said.

He agreed to that unwillingly: "No, for that alone I will not blame you. But if he dies in another way—if he is poisoned or made away with or if he bleeds to death or if—"

"He will not be murdered in my hospital, I can promise you," she said haughtily.

"Then you must make yourself responsible," he said sternly.

"Who are you?" she retorted. "How dare you come upon me in the middle of the night and command me as though I were your servant!"

"I am Chen-Ta, called The Eagle, and I am chief of the Long Mountain guerrillas," he said.

Sara looked at the man again. So this was the Eagle! Who did not know him? He went on: "This Japanese is my captive. We engaged the enemy four days ago in the northern part of the province and him I took with my own hands, after I had wounded him. He is my prisoner."

"And you want me to cure him so that you may kill him more fully?" They were in the hospital now and now in her office. She put on her surgical coat and began to scrub her hands.

"Do not waste time washing," he said impatiently.

"It is not waste," she said, "you do not understand these things."

But she made haste, for at that moment Siu-mei came into the room.

"Chung doctor has examined the Japanese and says he will operate, Elder Sister."

"That he will not!" the young man shouted. He put his hand on the knife of untempered iron at his girdle. "No one but this American woman shall touch him. He is mine and I say this for a command."

"I will operate," Sara said evenly. "Do not excite yourself. Siu-mei, let the man be taken into my own operating room. Make him ready yourself. Ask Chung doctor to be ready to assist, but only if necessary." She turned to the young man. "Tell me quickly what is wrong."

"He is wounded in the belly," the chieftain said.

"With what?"

"With this." He pulled the thick-bladed knife out of his girdle.

"Did you stab him?"

"How else would he be mine? He was escaping, the fleetest foot I ever saw. I rushed at him sidewise. He tripped me and I fell, but I thrust him while I did it and ripped the side of his belly. Even so he was trying to escape, holding his belly together in his hands."

"A brave man and therefore strong to survive," she said.

"He is no common man," the chieftain agreed.

She hurried into the hall and he was close behind her. "You cannot come into the room while I operate," she flung over her shoulder.

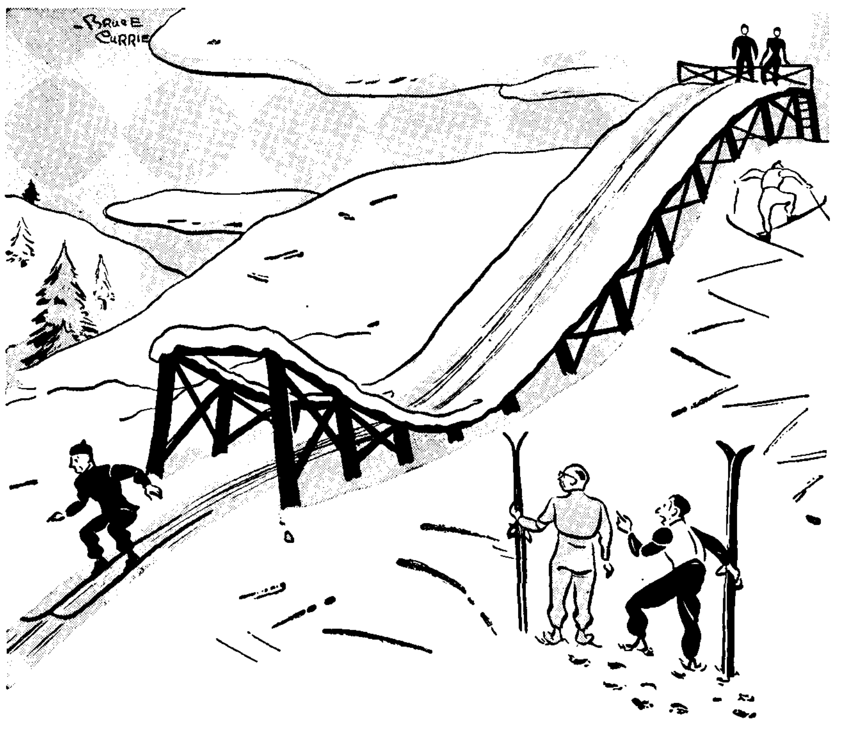
"I will come in," he declared. "It is my right to see that the man lives."

"I will not allow you in," she called back.

"Nevertheless, I will come," he maintained.

She let him come and let him stay when she saw the Japanese. There was no time to waste in argument. The man's life was flowing away in minutes and seconds with the blood that flowed from his side. She plunged her hands into disinfectant and drew on her rubber gloves and her mask. Around the table Siu-mei and Dr. Chung were ready and two Chinese girl nurses held the instruments. She wavered for one instant about the anesthetic.

"Siu-mei, you," she said. Why did she not quite trust Chung? The chieftain, perhaps—he was standing there glowering at them from the corner. She



"This one's for beginners" BRUCE CURRIE

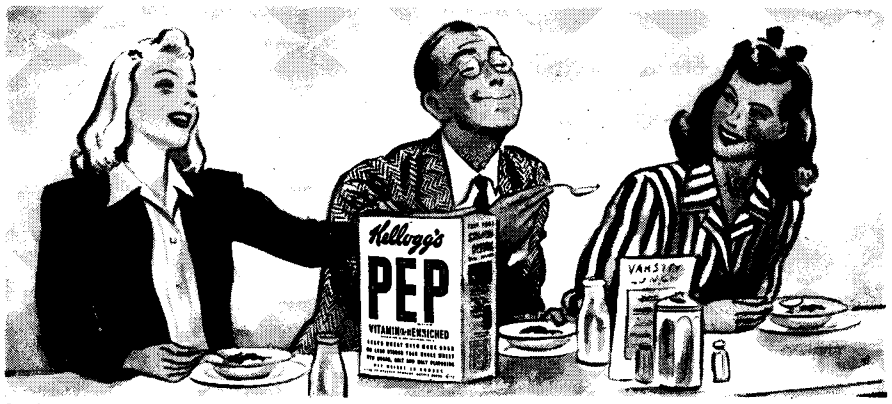
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

Professor: Look here, you two, why didn't you attend my lecture? A fascinating subject: "The function of vitamin B₁ in the optimum dietary."

Dolly: But professor! We *know* our vitamins and all about "pep appeal"! Come join us for lunch and see!

Professor: What do you mean, *pep appeal?* It sounds like utter nonsense to me.

Sue: Why professor, you've said yourself we couldn't have pep without vitamins. You know, *pep, oomph, zip-zip, whiz!*



Dolly: There, professor, you have vitamins de luxe. In crisp, toasted curly flakes of wheat—that scrumptious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP. Rich in the two vitamins that are least abundant and thus most needed in ordinary diets—vitamins B₁ and D.

Professor: But what a taste! What a flavor! And to think that all the textbooks in the library hadn't told me about KELLOGG'S PEP.

PRO
SATURDA

Professor: (sometime later) Well, I'll see tonight how your *pep appeal* idea works.

Dolly: You know what the philosopher said, professor: "Where there's pep there's hope!"

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

wondered for an instant, waiting for the anesthetic, what he was thinking, used to death and violence. The mercy a knife could be was new. She took one quick look at him. His eyes were upon Siu-mei's face, absorbed in her task. He was staring at her, his black eyes unblinking.

"Ready," Siu-mei said clearly.

She picked up the shining scalpel and forgot everything. . . .

"Will he live?" the Eagle asked.

"He will live," Sara replied.

She straightened herself and folded her stethoscope. It was morning. The Japanese was still unconscious but he was breathing normally since she had given him a transfusion at five o'clock. There had been a fuss about blood. No one had wanted to give a Japanese blood, though his type was ordinary enough. Suddenly to everybody's surprise Dr. Chung had come into the room.

"Take mine," he said.

"No!" It was Siu-mei's voice crying out. "No, I don't want—"

But Dr. Chung's face moved slightly in an ironical smile. "A little Chinese blood will do him good."

He was scarcely paler when Sara had drained off the blood, but he took the cup of broth Siu-mei had run to fetch for him, and together they had left the room. The Japanese man's heart had strengthened instantly.

"Then I will go back to the hills," the Eagle now said. "In seven days I will return to fetch him."

"It will be more than seven days before he can be moved," Sara said.

"How long?"

"Make it three times seven."

THE young chieftain looked at her sternly. "But by that time I shall be pursuing the enemy far from here."

She smiled at his certainty. The Japanese armies were advancing upon the city, not retreating from it. The regular Chinese army had fallen back. Everybody was looking to the guerrillas for help. If the guerrillas failed, the city was lost, people were saying. The rich were already sending out their women and girls. At the treaty port miles away by the river American and English businessmen were sending away their wives and children in chartered airplanes. And here in her presence was the chief of the guerrillas!

"Why do you linger?" she asked. The Japanese lay unconscious between them. "You know the people look to you."

"Will you promise he will not die?" The chieftain's strong black eyes were upon her—a handsome fellow, she thought irrelevantly, and wished Gray could see him. Gray so ardently admired these men of the hills.

"I cannot promise. I can only say he will not die," she replied.

"It is the best you can say?"

"The very best," she replied.

"You are honest," he said. For a moment something warm passed between them. He was a Chinese guerrilla, the son of Chinese peasant parents; she was the daughter of an American farmer—continents apart, oceans between, but they stood face to face and she liked him, and he liked her. She smiled.

"But if I keep him alive and return him to you, you must make me a promise," she said.

"Is it just to demand a promise from me when you will give none?" His voice was full of hearty humor.

"No, but this depends upon your own will," she replied, still smiling.

"I will give it to you," he said instantly. "What is it?"

"If I heal him, do not kill him."

"I had no thought to kill him, if he lives."

"Why, then, should you keep him?" she asked.

"I told you, I have my own use for him," he replied, and turned and went away. . . .

The Japanese was conscious that same night. Sara went in when the first air-raid warning sounded and he looked at her and saw her plainly—a white woman, English or American. He chose English out of the four foreign languages he knew. It was unusual for a Japanese to know so many foreign languages, but he had often wished in the last six months that he could exchange them all for Chinese. He understood not a word, not a sign, not a laugh of these Chinese, especially, never their laughter.

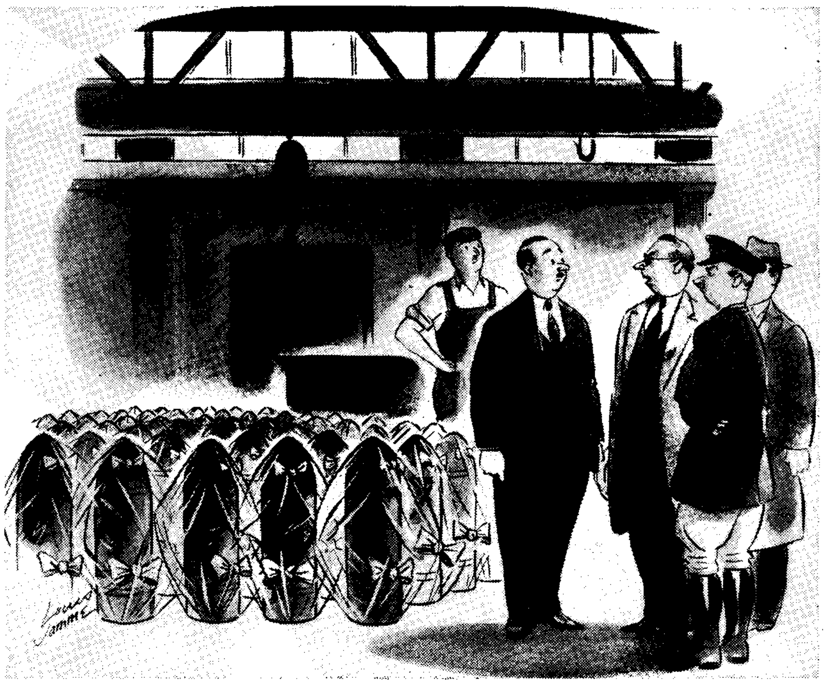
"What is that noise?" he asked faintly.

"We are about to have an air raid," she said, surprised at his English. This was indeed no ordinary Japanese. Was he, in spite of all she had said to the guerrilla, a sure-to-die?

"Have you—shelter?"

"Certainly," she said, "we have ample shelter."

God forgive her, she thought, it was not ample, but she would not tell a Japanese so!



"In this case, I think we can dispense with making the product look attractive"

LOUIS JAMME

"Then—move me!" The voice, so faint, was imperious.

"You are afraid of your own planes?"

"Assuredly, they are excellent marksmen."

"Yes," she agreed. "They hit the hospital regularly."

"Ah," the Japanese said, "I am sorry."

She saw to his moving and watched him wheeled away. Dr. Chung went with him. It happened that all the sure-to-dies this day were women—one of them a mother whose baby she had delivered an hour ago. She sent the baby away and sat down in the ward beside the unconscious mother.

THE bombs were falling again. One crash and she might be in a heap of ruins. The girl moved and Sara took her hand and held it to quiet her. It was hot and dry and lifeless. She felt in her bag for a hypodermic and while the earth shook and the air cracked and split she thrust it into the girl's arm. She was getting used to the bombs, so that now all that really seemed unendurable was the oppression upon her chest of the air rent and driven by the concussion.

Then there was a crash that silenced everything else. She cowered upon the bed and held herself in a knot, waiting. Surely the walls must fall! But they stayed. And after a moment she straightened herself.

There was the familiar hiss and spit of the defending Chinese plane—only one this time, one solitary fighting plane darting and springing hither and thither. Was the girl dead? Yes—a moment's examination told her that this one life was over. The riven air had been death to her. What about the little baby, then? Perhaps the family would not want it in these times. Maybe she could keep it—why not? One must have something.

SHE was glad the raid was early today. She glanced out of the window. The little house was quite safe. She could go and put chrysanthemums in it. Then she saw the gatehouse had been struck. The brick pillars were in piles and the heavy wooden gates, bound in brass, were splintered. The hospital sign that the magistrate of the city had once given them when his son's appendix had been taken out safely was cracked in two. "House of Mercy" it had said in high black and gold letters. But now "Mercy" lay tossed aside.

"I'll have to get that mess cleared up," she thought. "If Gray should come, they can't get in."

But she had no time for it. The patients were coming back in wheeled chairs and stretchers and leaning on nurses and orderlies, and the babies were screaming and hungry. It was the Japanese, though, who terrified her. He had gone unconscious again. Dr. Chung hurried at his side.

"I doubt—" he began.

"Take him in at once," she ordered. "Have you given him a stimulant?"

"All I dare—"

"I'll try that new X compound of mine," she said. She had been experimenting with special stimulants for shock. The ordinary ones were too often harmful to hearts fluttering into silence.

. . . Two hours later she and Dr. Chung looked at each other over the gray face on the pillow.

"What is your opinion?" she asked.

"He is better than he was half an hour ago."

"I think so—and if he is, it is you must have the credit."

Dr. Chung shook his head. "Your X compound."

"But you administered it so exactly, I timed your doses—each had just the right effect. Very delicately done, Doctor."

"Thank you, Doctor."

She wanted to say that it was all the more admirable because this man was an enemy. The Chinese doctor's ethics were admirable even if she did not like him. Modern medicine was new in this old country and modern medical ethics newer. But the thing was difficult to express and as she was thinking of it she heard the popping of firecrackers and jumped. That could mean but one thing—Gray had come! For days Lao Wang and Siao Fah had had strings of firecrackers ready for the instant when Gray would appear.

She ran to the window and saw Gray, climbing over the debris of the fallen gate, a laughing Gray, looking, she saw instantly, brown and happy and strong—not the tired, white-faced man who had left in the summer heat of June. And he had his arm around a slender girl, a girl whose face she could not see under the brim of her hat. He held her while her dainty feet went slipping over the plaster and broken brick, and Lao Wang and Siao Fah stood side by side holding the long string of popping firecrackers and, from all over the compound, nurses and orderlies were running to welcome Thomison Doctor and his bride.

She turned, to find Chung at her side. "Will you go down—or I?" she asked.

"You, of course—I will stay," he said.

She thought of her promise to the Eagle. No, it was not a promise, but a responsibility. She must not leave the Japanese alone with this Chinese. And yet, and yet, had he not saved the man's life? Twice he had saved the life of his enemy, once with his blood and now once more by his skill.

"I shall not be long," she said.

"Be as long as you like, Doctor," he replied.

Under the suavity of his voice, behind the smooth gleam of his eyes she discerned the laughter of his knowledge of her. She stiffened and refused to acknowledge anything that he knew.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said, and she went down to meet Gray.

AT THE wide-flung door of the hospital she met him. She had forgotten how beautiful he was, his brown eyes, the sun on his brown head. He had a new suit—she saw everything at once—and even a new hat in his hand, and a red tie, the wine-red she loved. She cried out, "Oh, Gray!"

And then as though she had looked into a mirror she saw herself in a pair of cool, amber eyes, very pretty eyes, black-lashed and wide. She began to stammer:

"I haven't—I'm filthy—we've just had an air raid—the mother of one of my babies died. I haven't had time to brush my hair or wash my face."

Gray laughed aloud. "Sara, you—you're just exactly the way I knew you'd be. Louise, this is Sara."

"How do you do," Louise said in a soft voice, pretty and clear, like her face.

"How do you do," Sara said. Then she turned to Gray: "Your house is all ready, except chrysanthemums. I'm sorry I can't go over with you—but there's a Japanese I ought to—but probably you'd rather go alone."

They were both staring at her now, Gray in laughing amazement at her.

"A Japanese?" he cried.

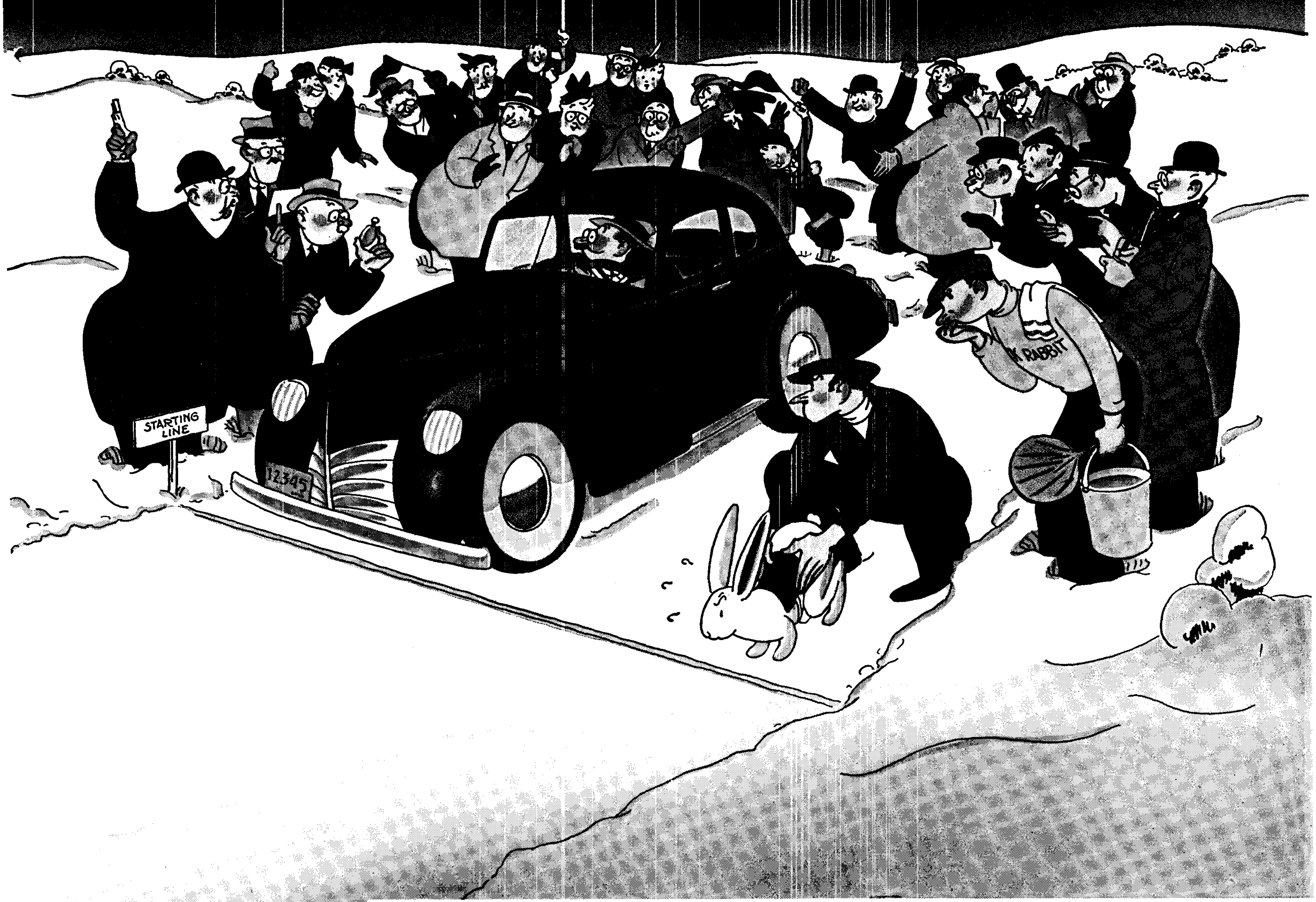
But she did not hear him. She could not bear to see these two—either of them.

"Excuse me," she muttered.

She turned and left them standing there and fled up the stairs and to her own room. There, there Gray could never follow.

(To be continued next week)

Proving that *Sky Chief* gasoline starts quicker than a jack-rabbit!



Get the jump on winter with . . . this fast-starting luxury gasoline!

STAND back, folks—you won't have to wait long to see a real thoroughbred gasoline in action. When you push the starter *SKY CHIEF* starts . . . winter or no winter!

You know at once you are driving with a *luxury* gasoline. You can tell by *SKY CHIEF'S* flashing response . . . by its rapid warm-up . . . its swift, smooth hill climbing.

SKY CHIEF'S instant *volatility* and high anti-knock give you these extras. You can sense *SKY CHIEF'S* extra surge of power! It sweeps you through traffic and up hills without constant gear-shifting. At the same time, *SKY CHIEF* actually reduces gasoline waste and returns to you a generous *mileage-bonus!*

SKY CHIEF is for those who want the best. Yet it costs no more than other premium-priced gasolines. Enjoy the thrill of luxury driving. Try *SKY CHIEF* today.

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SKY CHIEF sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices. ++ *Sky Chief* is available in all 48 States and in every Province in the Dominion of Canada.

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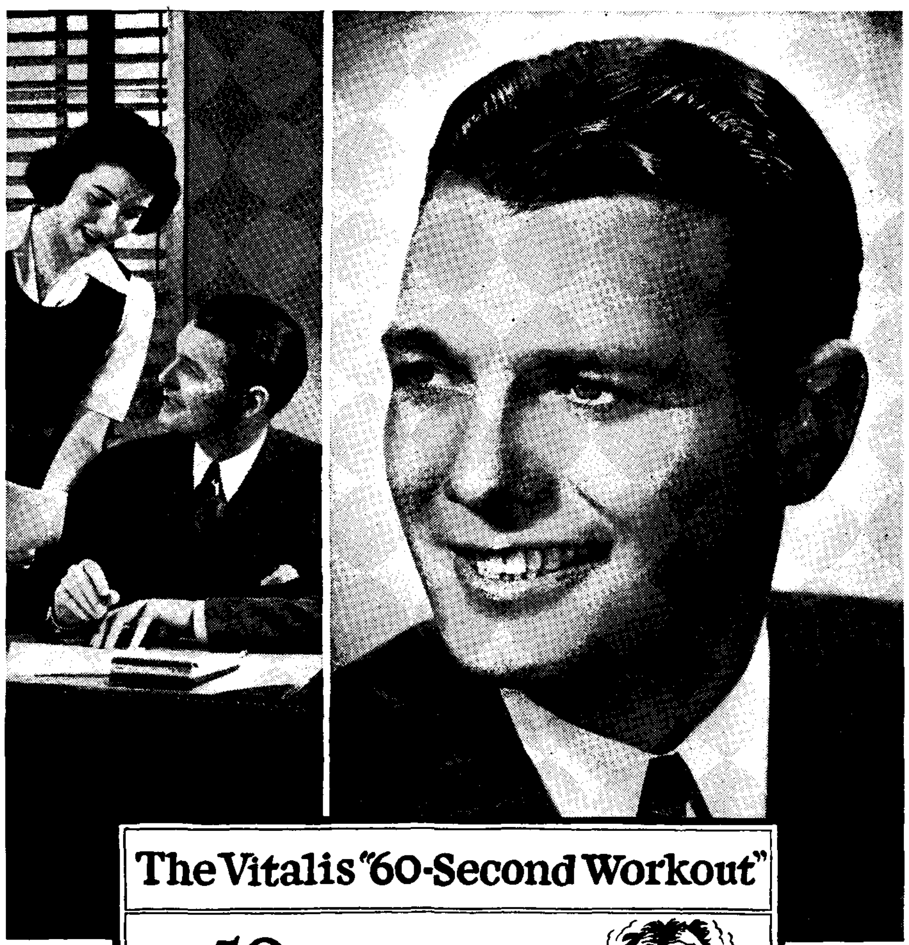
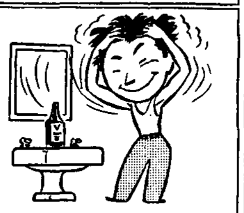


The Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

50 seconds to Rub

Vitalis with massage wakes up your scalp circulation—needed oil is supplied—hair looks alive.



10 seconds to Brush

Vitalis keeps your hair in place—lustrous, trim, well-groomed—with no "patent-leather" look.

SUCCESSFUL men know the fellow who "looks well" gets attention fast. Appearance in this competitive age is your passport to opportunity. And—socially or in business—good-looking, well-groomed hair counts plenty in your favor.

If you're grooming yourself for success, pay attention to the grooming of your hair. It's so easy to acquire that trim, successful look with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Massage Vitalis into your scalp with authority. Feel that refreshing, tingling glow as sluggish circulation is stirred to activity. As the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils, your hair begins to look alive! It takes on a natural lustre and when you comb it in place, it stays in place but without that "patent-leather" look. Try it and see the difference one vigorous, healthful Vitalis grooming can make in your appearance.

But that's not all. Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" routs loose dandruff—helps prevent excessive falling hair—helps you keep your hair. So get a bottle of Vitalis today.

VITALIS

Helps keep your hair healthy and handsome

Down Payment on Empire

Continued from page 13

and don't comprehend the legal technicalities involved. They don't foresee the gradual reorientation of the economy of the islands toward New York and away from London that American presence in the islands will bring. Nor do they foresee the less tangible but nevertheless real changes in the life of the islands which will be wrought by modern plumbing, American movies, the hot dog and the ice-cream cone.

All they know is that the leases we obtained in exchange for the destroyers are for ninety-nine years and that's a long, long time. All that the natives know is that the "Americans are coming." They take it for granted that their new boss will be Uncle Sam because John Bull is busy somewhere else.

On November 9th, three days after Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President for the third time, I sat on the terrace of the Queen's Park Hotel, in Port-of-Spain, and heard the gratitude of the troubadours of "Iere," which means, in Carib Indian language, the Land of the Humming Bird.

Don't Mention Imperialism

The minstrels sing in polysyllables, but their thoughts are direct and monosyllabic. The re-election of Roosevelt confirmed the islanders' conviction that the "Americans are coming." How right or wrong they are, nobody knows. For the United States to admit that it wants those islands permanently, that it sees no reason why the flags of Britain and France should fly over Trinidad, Dominica, Antigua, Martinique or Guadaloupe, would cause many to shout "imperialism," and that word has unpleasant connotations of power and conquest and militarism. It would worry sensitive South Americans. The home-grown intelligentsia who still think the world is filled with sweetness and light would yelp too. So nobody's saying anything about imperialism.

But those black men know. At least they think they know. They are wise with the wisdom of centuries and they are aware of danger with primitive instinct. They are aware, on those islands, that forces of colossal proportions are at work beyond the rims of white surf that encircle their island worlds.

Once these natives were slaves, brought to the islands by white men from Africa by the tens of thousands. They killed off or otherwise absorbed the Carib and Arawak Indians who peopled the islands. They worked as cattle in the cane fields and made sugar, rum and molasses and millions for the white men.

So wealthy did their masters become that once King George III, annoyed by the display of wealth of a planter visitor from Barbados whose coach and liveried servants dimmed the splendor of George's own at the Court of St. James's, was moved to shout, ". . . sugar, all this, sugar . . ." and perhaps that is how what Damon Runyon calls potatoes came to be called sugar.

The planters' splendor never touched the slaves. When taxes were levied against the planters so that some of their wealth could be siphoned into the exchequers to help finance imperial wars in the New World, the slaves merely worked harder, ate less. Planters bred Negro slaves as you breed horses. They owned big buck Negroes, kept them at stud. Morality received a wallop from which it has never recovered. They didn't marry slaves then and their descendants don't bother marrying now, despite church, government and every moral pressure the white man can bring to bear.

Then the slaves were freed. They ran away to the hills and raised sweet yams and drank rum and refused to work. There were riots and disturbances, but the cane had to be cut and cheap East Indian labor was imported. East Indians were bonded for periods of twenty years to planters at a wage of one shilling a day.

As these were released from bondage at the expiration of their "contracts," they remained on the islands. A small proportion moved upward into the merchant class. Again a slight labor shortage. Chinese were imported. There are comparatively small groups of Chinese in all the British islands of the Indies. In Jamaica there are nearly 4,000, with 18,669 East Indians.

Most of the islands are populated beyond the capacity of the soil to support them. Others are either entirely uninhabited or populated by handfuls of people. These, however, are small, relatively unimportant islands which must be watched only to prevent establishment thereon of secret fueling bases for enemy submarines or warships.

The blacks, whites, East Indians and Chinese mingled. Between each group there is a band of people of mixed blood. The whites, smallest group numerically, remained dominant by not marrying blacks or those of mixed blood, but they bred freely into the Negro race and with half-castes and those of mixed white and black blood of varying proportions. The East Indians remained the purest of the nonwhite races, but mixed somewhat with the Chinese. Most Creoles, native islanders of European extraction, have black or Indian blood. These are, socially, a class apart, the proudest people of the islands. Many Creoles are, of course, pure white, but mingle socially with the half-castes and are, therefore, despised by the white gentry.

The effects of miscegenation can be seen clearly in the statistics for Jamaica, where the population, according to the latest census figures, is about 860,000. Of these only 15,000 are listed as white, with 660,000 blacks, 158,000 "colored," or people of mixed black and white blood, and 19,000 East Indian. Those of unidentifiable racial origin, mixtures of East Indian, Chinese and Negro races, with perhaps a bit of white thrown in, make up the rest.

Something to Think About

A white merchant in Trinidad, a prominent and affluent citizen, frankly told me that that island's most pressing problem is the racial one. He advocated complete intermingling between the white and black races as the only sound solution. In a few more decades, he said, the Negroes, whose birth rate has increased with the introduction of elementary sanitation, will overwhelm the whites in numbers even more disproportionately than they do now.

Sanitation and health conditions on the islands, although vastly improved during the last three decades, are still something to make Americans stop and think before reaching down into the Indies, if it is true that the United States is flexing imperial muscles. The islanders are a malnourished, tubercular lot, ridden with malaria and typhoid.

The report of Major G. St. J. Orde Browne to the crown, compiled in 1939 and entitled "Labour Conditions in the West Indies," starts by saying that the diseases principally affecting the laborers are "hookworm, malaria, syphilis and pulmonary tuberculosis," and confesses that complete figures are not available.

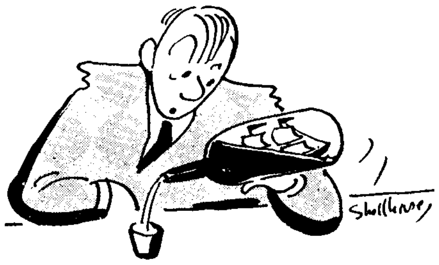
The report admitted that the investigating commission suspected most of those afflicted with social diseases didn't report for treatment, or were hospitalized only when their condition became acute. This is borne out by the fact that in a further study of health conditions the investigating commission found that, while the largest number of cases treated were injuries incurred in work, these represented only 9.5 per cent of the total number of people admitted to hospitals—2.77 per cent of the total were syphilis cases and 2 per cent gonorrhea. But while a native will go to the hospital to have a broken arm set or a wound dressed, the chances are 99 to 1 he won't go for treatment if he has syphilis or another social disease. Private estimates in Trinidad of the percentage of the population suffering from social diseases varied from a low of 40 per cent to a high of 80 per cent. The leading syphilologist in Port-of-Spain, a Dr. Massiah, said he believed 50 per cent for syphilis alone and 65 per cent for syphilis and other social diseases would probably be correct. He ought to know.

The islands are a happy hunting ground for patent-medicine salesmen. St. Paul's Blood Purifier and Sarsaparilla Compound, excellent specifics, the labels say, for "pimples, ringworm, malaria, boils and dangerous tumors," are the medicines most widely advertised in Trinidad's local magazine, Calaloo.

Equality Not Even in Theory

As men, the islanders are free. They have lots of fun electing local mayors and legislators. The proletariat attends en masse elections like the recent one in Port-of-Spain, and they cheer and shout and boo the parliamentarian goings-on. They are as amused as anyone by big, black candidates who expound in Oxonian accents on the private lives of competitor office seekers. But as economic units, the natives are still slaves. They are surrounded by the fine houses of the merchant whites and they tend the gardens and clean the drains of the white men's homes and they drive the automobiles—but they are neither the political nor economic brothers of the whites. In theory, the black man has equal opportunity with the white man in America. The islanders don't know this is merely a theory.

They live in slums like the "Barracks" in Port-of-Spain, where entire families—and the "average" family in the islands contains seven members, which means there are plenty of families of fourteen members—live, eat, sleep in one windowless room next door to a similar windowless room where another family lives, eats, sleeps. One of the public-works projects of which Trinidad is proudest is a development in the hills above the Cocorite swamps where these families will be able to rent two-room houses containing a shower bath and toilet for four dollars to nine dollars a month. The houses will cost $900 each to build and will take care of about 2,400 natives. This is the first major slum-clearance program undertaken in the Lesser Antilles. It took years of labor disturbances and severe criticism by the watchful Trinidad Guardian to bring it about.



Here are some daily wage rates listed in Major Orde Browne's report to the crown that will give you an inkling of the enormous economic and social problem the islands represent to England now, and to whatever nation assumes England's responsibilities eventually in the Caribbean.

The average work week in the oil industry fluctuates between 45 and 56 hours. The minimum wage for blacksmiths, carpenters, motor mechanics is 9 cents an hour. Maximum wage is 26 cents an hour. Bosuns, stewards and firemen get about $1.60 a day and their keep. Sailors on the tankers get as little as 66 cents a day and food.

In the sugar industry, wages are much lower still. A grown male will get from 45 cents to 85 cents a day; a woman, 25 cents to 45 cents a day; and children, from 14 cents to 40 cents. This work, of course, is seasonal, lasting generally from mid-January to mid-May or early June. The rest of the time these people have little or no work. They constitute the bulk of the population.

In the defunct cocoa industry, workers *used* to receive 45 to 50 cents a day. The weekly earnings of cocoa workers are between $2.50 and $4.00. For the whole island, including all categories of work, a dollar a day is considered pretty good wages. Whole families buy their rice, codfish and rum on six dollars a week. Rents in the "Barracks" are low—one dollar a week being considered steep.

The natives want economic freedom. The wages they receive now were won only after riots and bloodshed. The report of the Royal Commission investigating the labor riots that resulted in the killing of a white police chief and the killing and wounding of a score of natives in June, 1937, found the root of the trouble in low wages and "the indescribable lack of elementary needs of decency . . . for which . . . monthly rentals varying from 12 to 15 shillings are paid." There is no available record of the wage scales paid before June, 1937.

The natives see America as the Great Liberator. Their God is Lincoln. Even as merchants think in terms of trading with and making profits from America, the Calypsos improvise songs about Radio City and New York and the fortunes to be made on the radio. They don't sing of Piccadilly.

Boon to Businessmen

The white men, the big landowners, sit on the verandas of their hilltop haciendas and brood over the wind-ruffled green fields of ripening cane. They wonder where, in this warring world, they are going to sell this year's crop of sugar, rum and molasses.

Most of them are mortgaged to the hilt to local banks. Unless the crop is sold, they will be bankrupt sooner or later. They might survive this year, but not the next or the year after that. They too are economic slaves. They too have heard that "America is coming." They hope for profits from land to be sold for American military and naval bases. They foresee thousands of American soldiers, sailors and airmen spending pay envelopes in the shops and bazaars of Port-of-Spain and Kingston and elsewhere.

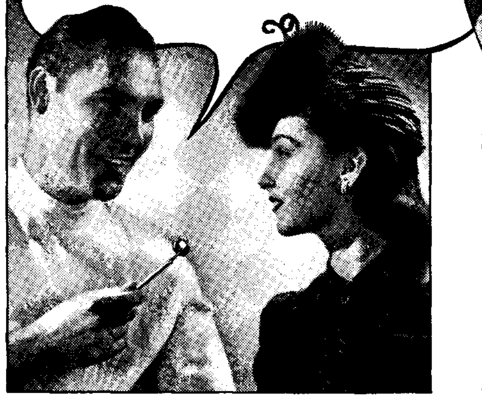
Since war began, the island merchants have been hard hit. The island economy has always had as its slogan, "Buy British." Tariffs on American goods insured that the islands bought British. The duties on cars, refrigerators, food and clothing from the United States increased the cost of articles from 100 to 600 per cent. British rice, for example, is imported into Trinidad under a tariff

Everybody knew it but Ellen

That's the humiliating thing about BAD BREATH . . . you don't suspect it in yourself. Yet the odds are more than 3 to 1 that you may have this all-too-common fault. For dentists say . . .

76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath.



See for yourself how Colgate's brightens teeth, gives you a more sparkling, a more attractive smile! Enjoy its flavor . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

Play Safe! TWICE A DAY—AND BEFORE EVERY DATE—USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

MAKES TEETH SPARKLE
QUICK AND FOAMY
DELICIOUS TASTE
POLISHES SAFELY
CHILDREN LOVE IT
COMBATS BAD BREATH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

of 24 cents per hundredweight. The tax on American rice is 48 cents per hundredweight. British beef pays a duty of 25 cents per hundred pounds; American beef, $1.00.

Shipping was drastically reduced. Port-of-Spain, at the crossroads between the North and South American continents and one of the two Caribbean gateways to the Panama Canal, was a busy, noisy, ship-filled port. Britain needs ships elsewhere now. Aside from the tankers that call to take away the islands' oil—total production figures are kept secret now, but the industry employs about 20,000 workers—there are few ships in the harbor. This has meant unemployment among stevedores, reduction of profits to commission agents, shippers, importers, exporters and the insurance agents who live by handling goods and vessels.

Since the islands raise little or no food, there has been much hardship, largely due to the fact that scarcity of commodities has brought about an increase of from 20 to 35 per cent in prices. This doesn't matter so much to the white middle and upper classes. It has affected largely the man in the hills.

The merchants, landowners and sugar men want economic freedom as much as the workers do. They aren't allowed to trade with America, and the war and risks of the submarine-infested seas make it impossible to trade profitably and regularly with England. An automobile dealer in Port-of-Spain ordered a tractor from Britain in July. He hoped to get delivery by the end of January.

There are electric refrigerators to be sold in tropical Trinidad and near-by Tobago and the other large islands. Even when some of the more esthetic citizens buy them, they put the gleaming white mechanisms in their drawing rooms. A refrigerator is a symbol of affluence. I found one in the corner of a cultured doctor's living room with old silver, gleaming mahogany and an original Rubens on the wall and tiger-skin rugs on the floor. Every electrical gadget we have can find a market in Trinidad.

The Islands Go Pro-American

There is a need in all the islands for cars, clothing, machinery of all kinds, leather goods and coal to operate the sugar plantations. Deliveries from England have either stopped or are tardy. Aside from England's understandable desire to protect her trade in this market at America's doorstep is the wartime necessity of conserving dollar balances. Every dollar Trinidad or any island in the Indies spends in the United States is a dollar less in British funds in the banks in New York, a dollar less for airplanes and guns to whip Germany.

Recently, Canada has been receiving favored-nation treatment in the Indies trade. Canada will be selling machinery, bottle labels, textiles and a hundred other commodities to the islands this winter. American ships will carry most of this freight.

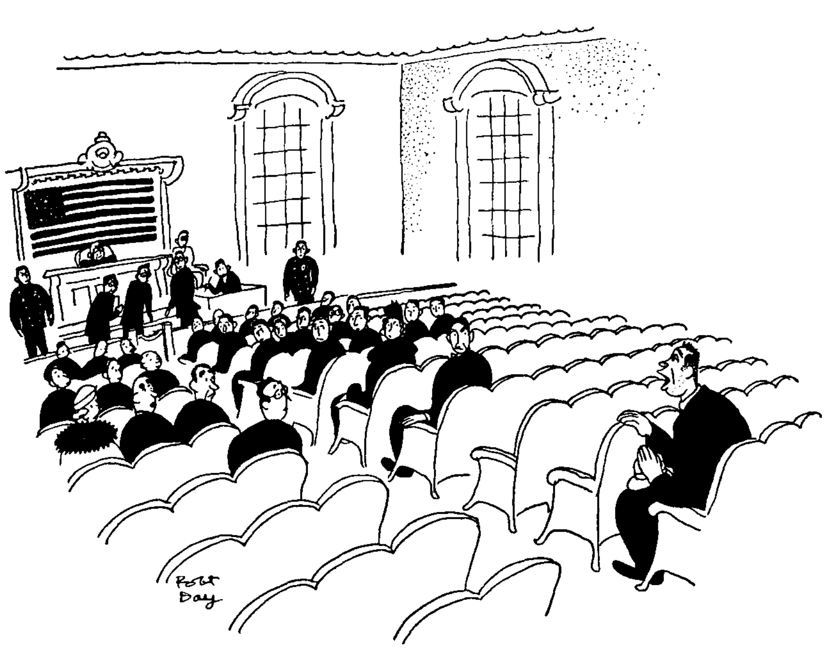
The entry of America into the islands, however, will mean the accumulation of dollar accounts in island banks and perhaps greater freedom of trade with the United States. At least, the merchants hope so. This section of the island population, mired economically, has become very pro-American.

What they would like to see, of course, is something of a compromise whereby the United States takes over the islands, the islands' products continue to be sold at favorable subsidy rates to the mother country, and free trade with America for importation of American goods at favorable prices and with favorable credit facilities. They want, if possible, to retain their identity as British subjects. They, the top crust of island society, have a good life. They dress for dinner.

But they realize this millennium might be a bit difficult to attain. Faced by the bald reality that the islands may be set adrift by an England which may win but be bankrupt as a result, island loyalties have received a terrific jolt. The people quake at the thought of a German victory. They know that in such an event America would assume stewardship of the islands anyway. So, they reason, why not reorient themselves toward America before the inevitable happens.

Economic Nuisances

Militarily, the value of the Indies to England diminished rapidly with the end of imperial competition between Spain, Britain and France in the Caribbean and the emergence of America after the Spanish War as a major naval power. The United States expelled Spain from the Caribbean after the Cuban affair and the liberation of Haiti and Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico. France became England's friend. Both England and France became America's friends. There was no longer need for naval and military sentinels in the Caribbean.



"How much raucous laughter would one contempt-of-court charge entitle me to?"

ROBERT DAY

Long ago, at least thirty-eight years ago, when the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale took definite form, the "bases" of England and France in the Indies became mere coaling and fueling places for ships. I found Trinidad, except for British warships which hovered on the distant horizon, "defended" by two motorboats.

Economically, the islands took a nose-dive whose curve paralleled the one of diminishing military importance. The Indies raised cocoa in competition with the groves of British West Africa, where the product was superior, labor cheaper and the haul to London markets shorter than from the Indies. The islands' sugar competed with beet sugar grown at home. The price of rum, for which there is little appetite in whisky-drinking and ale-drinking England, depreciated. But the islands had to be fed, clothed and muscled with machinery anyway. They became, economically, a nuisance.

A crushing victory for England and her recapture of world markets would, of course, alter again the islanders' loyalties. The America that is now the white hope of the black world would become a despised money-grabber and opportunist. Right now they look forward to the "coming of the Americans" with the enthusiasm of an impecunious family about to marry a son into wealth and position.

The Negro taxi driver, for instance, was explicit. He had been offered a job by one of the local merchants driving a truck at one dollar a day. He turned the job down. He would wait for the Americans. He would earn that much in an hour. He would earn in one day what he earns now or would have earned working for his new island employer in a week.

The white islanders will assure you, however, that any wage over and above the subsistence minimum of seven dollars a week will be spent by the natives in rum, seegars and women, silk shirts and wide-brimmed hats and dollar watches. Their "standard of living" won't be improved. Their families won't get any more shoes, rice or codfish.

The Negroes, of course, as well as the East Indians, dispute the white men's charge that they are a shiftless, lazy lot. "We are not shiftless," the natives say, "just tired. We are not lazy," they maintain, "merely exploited."

On Trinidad, their spokesman is an able East Indian named Adrian Cola de Rienzi, which wasn't his name at birth. He was born, some thirty-four years ago, Krishna Deonarine, the son of bonded East Indians. His father died in poverty. In 1928 Krishna was a solicitor's clerk earning five dollars a week reading law for the firm of L.C.C. Hobson. He wanted to go to America and changed his name to that of the famous Italian consul, believing the lot of Italians is easier in America than that of East Indians. He was graduated from the University of Chicago School of Law, returned to Trinidad to become first a labor agitator, then a labor leader, now the first citizen among the workers. He's pro-American, too. He believes America would work out a planned economy for the islands, make Trinidad grow corn and rice and other food and complement the agrarian economy of one island with that of its neighbor. He hasn't heard, of course, about Puerto Rico. That island is as much an economic headache to the United States as the Indies have been to Britain.

He is bitter against the British government for what he calls such outrages as the fact that gasoline is produced by the workers in the unions he heads to be sold at a profit on the world market at six cents a gallon while the same gasoline is sold to islanders at 35 cents a gallon. An export tax of a few fractions of a cent per gallon, he insists, would enable the local government of Trinidad to tear down every slum on the island and replace them with clean, sanitary houses for the workers. Gasoline is exported, instead, tax-free. The difference between the export price of six cents per gallon and the retail cost of 35 cents, Rienzi maintains, is an index of the enormous profits local merchants make.

Mr. Big Landowner was as explicitly pro-American as were the Negro taxi driver and the labor leader. This man owned a swamp, six thousand acres of jungle-matted muck. He had an idea that the United States would buy it. It was one of several sites offered to American naval experts who went to Trinidad to examine locations for our bases. It was turned down with a squashy thump. But Mr. Big Landowner is still hoping. We asked him what he'd take for it. Without a quiver of the eyelids he said he'd "consider" one million American dollars.

No Profiteering!

I found at least ten persons casting about Trinidad to find plots that might be eventually purchasable by Americans, or might be near American bases and serve as sites for hot-dog stands, saloons or places of tropical amusement. Everybody is waiting for the bonanza.

Details of the Anglo-American accord regarding the bases, their location and their territorial extent have been kept so secret that most of the get-rich-quick boys are really casting in the dark. They don't know, for instance, that the land for our bases is not going to be directly acquired by the United States, but is to be bought by their own government through condemnation proceedings.

The United States plans to import into Trinidad its own skilled labor. It will build its own houses from American materials and establish commissaries to feed and supply the thousands of workers to be brought to the island on transports. Prefabricated houses, warehouses and temporary shelters of all kinds will be employed, and the islanders who look forward to sale of large quantities of building and other materials will probably be disappointed.

Economically, none of the West Indies produces anything America needs or wants. We obtain all the sugar we require from Cuba, Louisiana, the Philippines and Puerto Rico. The same sources supply rum and molasses. Puerto Rico's sugar quota had to be sharply cut this year to avoid oversupply and consequent depreciation of the world market price.

To any nation with adequate supplies of those commodities that the islands produce, the West Indies are an enormous liability and this should be an important factor in any imperial program contemplated in Washington.

But the military importance of the islands in a world growing smaller every day may outweigh the economic factors. Even now this may be true and as yet there isn't an airplane in service, or at least known to be in service, in the potential enemy countries of Europe that can fly from European or even African points, bomb the Panama Canal, and return home.

Such an airplane may be developed any day. New tactics may be developed by a determined enemy which would enable it to make a mass assault upon this continent. In Western Hemisphere defense, the Caribbean area is the defensive area of the Panama Canal, and it is also the connecting link, militarily and economically, between the republics of North America and those of South America. It might be best to take the deficits and the worries of the Indies and let the cash go.

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US 1941

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Countless thousands of people, including many who formerly bought higher-priced cars, are asking themselves this question after *eyeing* and *trying* Chevrolet for '41—and are answering the question by *buying* Chevrolets!

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Here's the answer to [illegible] desire for '41! . . . Because [illegible] *the necessities* [illegible] *luxuries of modern* [illegible] combined and [illegible] favored car, selling in the [illegible] field:

Big, luxurious [illegible] which means you [illegible] passengers in front and [illegible] with genuine comfort for [illegible]

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EYE IT··TRY IT··BUY IT!

Again CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!

The Haddock that happened in Michigan

1. I'm from Boston. And all my life I've been hipped on ocean fish. I mean *really fresh* ocean fish... so fresh-out-of-the-water they've still got a wiggle or two in 'em! Then I'm transferred to Michigan... 1,000 miles from my most favorite meal, a *genuine* shore dinner!

2. Then I come home one night to a heavenly vision... to wit, a chin-high plate of *real* ocean-flavored haddock, sizzling softly up at me! I'm delighted but confused. Here I'm eating the flakiest haddock I ever tasted *anywhere*... in Michigan, of all places! "Look, dear," I begin . . .

3. But Irene interrupts. "*You* look!" she says smugly. "They're Birds Eye Haddock Fillets . . . the meatiest haddock that roam the cool, green sea! They're fished out, rushed to shore, and *Quick-Frozen* just 4 hours after the boats dock! *All* their lusty flavor is *sealed in!*"

4. "Birds Eye *Quick-Freezes* only the sweetest haddock from the *top* of the boatload! They're cleaned, trimmed, boned, and wrapped in cellophane. I buy them that way ...*fuss-free*, ready for the pan! They save me all the usual scraping and cutting bother! And, speaking of saving..."

BIRDS EYE
BROCCOLI
BIRDS EYE
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5. "There's *no waste* on Birds Eye Haddock . . . or, for *that* matter, on *any* Birds Eye Foods! It takes 3 lbs. of haddock . . . *bones and all* . . . to equal a 1-lb. package of Birds Eye Haddock Fillets! You can see how economical Birds Eye Foods really are!" (I can. And we'll be eating all the Birds Eye Foods from now on...beginning *yesterday!*)

This Birds Eye Haddock Dinner... SPECIAL THIS WEEK!

And with it, Birds Eye Broccoli and Red Raspberry Shortcake. Your Birds Eye grocer has this dinner *on special this week!*

Try These Birds Eye Foods, too:

Cut Corn • Spinach • Country Style Fryers • Lima Beans • Asparagus Tips

P. S. There are many frozen or frosted foods. But only *one* Birds Eye. So, look for the Birds Eye on the window and on the package. It represents only *top* quality in Quick-Frozen Foods. For further information, write . . . Birds Eye Frosted Foods, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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The Men of Yore

Continued from page 23

and sodas, never two, never four, write a few letters and turn in. His bony frame, his physique, were British. But his face was French, people claimed, as *he resembled Clemenceau more than a* little. There was the same rather small head, the keen eyes under the bushy brows, the thick, walruslike mustache.

His French was fluent, with a foreign accent. But he spoke little. Occasionally, he would stop to address a farmer in the fields, ask him a few questions, give him some advice as to just how things were done better in his country.

On the whole, Major Bruce was popular. He had a kind heart, for when Madame Petiton's husband was killed at the quarry, he sent her two thousand francs without being asked. When she had stopped him on the road, to thank him, he had colored a bit, nodded and walked off. Also, it was known that he had been a soldier, an officer, for he had appeared at the village feast fair, when officially invited, with miniature decorations on his lapel, the French Legion of Honor and the War Cross conspicuous among them. But he had resolutely, if politely, turned down all efforts to win him.

Monsieur Morlane de Brolly was much older, crowding eighty, but vigorous and active as a youth. He was generous also, but in a lofty fashion, and never mentioned francs in his speech. Money was divided into *louis* and *écus*. There were six or seven servants and their families at the castle, but Morlane did not deal directly with them. His personal service was assured by an old fellow, Celestin, who had been his orderly in the army.

THOSE two formed a queer pair, with similar tastes. The count had provided the servants with a small motorcar, for shopping, allowed them to own radios. But when he came to the station to board the train for Paris, or when he fared out on unavoidable visits, Celestin would hitch two superb bay horses to an old-fashioned carriage, and turn coachman. There was no radio in the master's quarters, and while the serv*ants' rooms and the stables were lighted* electrically, Morlane read in his spacious library in the soft radiance of an oil lamp. When he retired, Celestin would precede him to the bedroom, holding aloft a four-branched candlestick.

Physically, Morlane was a sort of giant, with wide, still-straight shoulders and great hands knotted with blue veins. People claimed that *he* looked like an Englishman, because his face was long, narrow and clean-shaven. In fact, he resembled the portrait of a namesake, painted by an obscure artist who signed himself Jolivard, which hung in the main hall. This chap had commanded an eighty-gun ship under Louis XV, and had fought her until she sank, his bleeding leg stumps stuck in a barrel of sawdust.

Morlane de Brolly was naturally presumed to be a royalist. One of his ancestors had been captured at the Quiberon Landing by the republicans—and executed. Nevertheless, when the legitimists of the region had sought to enroll him officially, reminding him of his famous forebears who had died for king and country, he had refused flatly.

"No one here present can boast having had more ancestors in the service of France than my orderly, Celestin. You'll have to find me a better reason."

The war started, but life went on as usual in Brolly.

Morlane did not purchase a radio, but Celestin would hover close to the servants' quarters to listen. On some pretext, he would go to the library, putter about until the count asked him *casually: "Anything new, Celestin?"*

After listening to the tidings of defeat, with his long, aristocratic face expressionless, he would pick up his book, pretend to resume reading. Neither of the old men ever yielded to a show of emotion.

When the population started to leave before the threatening advance of the enemy, Morlane immediately granted the servants permission to go. He opened a cash box, distributed money, and advice. But when one of the women made bold to beg him to come along, he grew very cold.

"Celestin and I shall remain."

He did not consult Celestin, there was no need. So some took the shopping car, others used the carriages and horses.

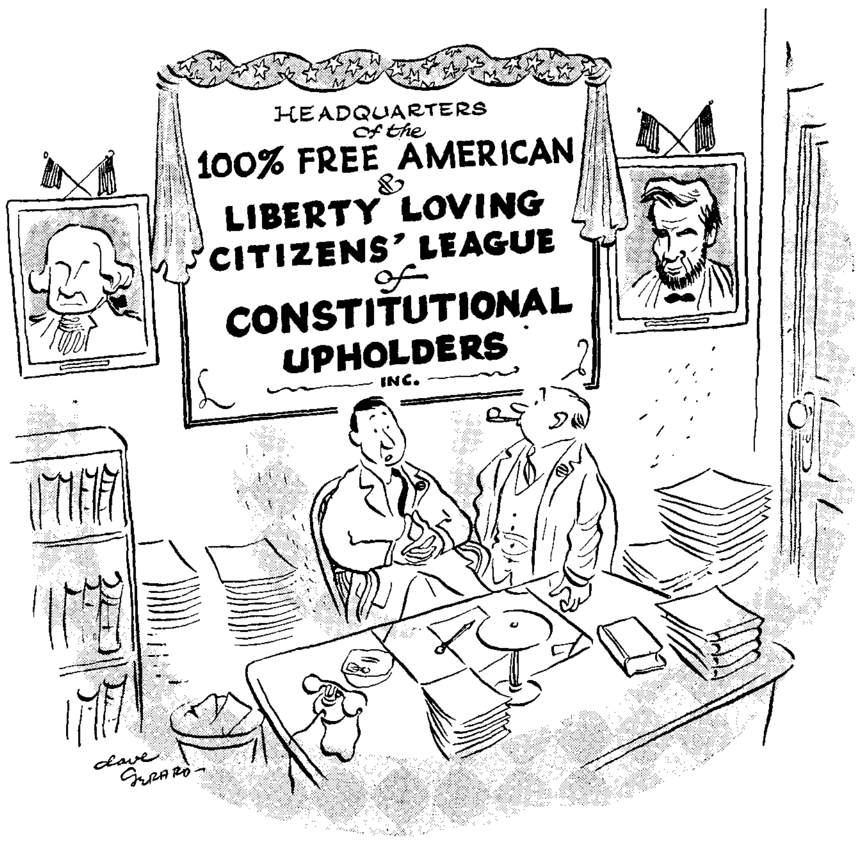
Silverware, ornaments, most of the cellar stock, many of the paintings had been swathed in thick cloth and canvas, buried somewhere on the estate. That had been done almost automatically, for it takes more than a few generations to alter the cautious habits of a race, and this region had been invaded often in the past.

ONLY dribbles of the beaten French army passed near by, the refugees drained southwest. Suddenly, the roads were empty and a strange quiet settled over the countryside. Celestin reported that he had "overheard"—for even the mention of the word radio annoyed Morlane—that an armistice was being arranged, that the war was over. A spokesman, from Bordeaux, had asked that no further resistance be offered, to avoid reprisals.

"Thank you, Celestin. You may bring me a small glass of cognac in the library." He was careful to specify the brand and the year. "Also, do not forget to inform me when those gentlemen arrive."

This would be the second time he saw Germans in the castle. When he had *been a small boy, the place had been* occupied by brown-coated Brunswick Hussars of Friedrich-Charles' armies. This very room had been headquarters of a brigade, and Morlane's father had often told the story of how the general in command had asked him to take *away a gilt clock from the mantel, as a* souvenir "of such a charming house."

CELESTIN came to the door, his face bewildered. Morlane thought the invaders had come, and looked at his man sternly: One should not show perturbation to one's victors. But the old orderly came forward, laid a tray on the small table. There was a rather large visiting card on the tray, a name followed by a number of initials.



"The name of our organization has aroused suspicion. We're being investigated for subversive activities"

DAVE GERARD

"It's the Englishman, *Monsieur le Comte.*"

"The Englishman? Ah, yes. Show him in."

The lanky fellow appeared, strode forward, and Morlane rose to greet him. There was a pause, an exchange of smiles, and the count offered his hand. "I hope you will forgive my addressing you in French, Major. But my last study of English dates back sixty-odd years. Please sit down." He looked for Celestin, who had gone. "I trust you will accept a slight refreshment. My man should be back very soon. I believe we have whisky, somewhere."

"Cognac, if you please—"

Celestin reappeared, bringing in the cognac and a seltzer syphon, without being told. Morlane, despite his other concerns, gave him a glance of approval.

"You have decided to remain, Major?"

"Yes, Monsieur. As you have."

"Our situations are not alike, Major. I am no longer a belligerent." Morlane felt that something should be said to this ally of yesterday, of this morning. It was atrociously embarrassing, but in courtesy it must be said. "I must confess that this is a great grief to me, this—surrender, Major. You must understand that—"

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly." The major was very polite. "No nation is altogether free from such disappointment. We, in England, have had to endure *embarrassment also, recently—*" the Britisher caught the count's glance of wonderment, explained: "The abdication, you know."

And the rounded cheekbones above the mustaches were tinged with red. Morlane was amazed by this chap who placed the foolishness of an individual, even a king, on a level with a national shame. Major Bruce sipped his brandy, hesitated.

"I might as well come to the point at once, Monsieur," he resumed. "I have a favor to ask of you—I understand that you were in the colonial army, that you did a bit of exploration. Therefore, you must have hunted big game."

"Oh, yes. Any number of times. And you, Major?"

"The usual routine thing, Monsieur. A few cats, an elephant or two, you see—I served in India, South Africa, West Africa. In fact, we were within four or five miles of each other once, when I was stationed in Nigeria. We disarmed some of Ahmadu's *sofas* which your column pushed across our border. Odd thing—" Bruce chuckled, "recalled your name perfectly, because it is the same as that of the captain of ***L'Indomptable***. Read about him in class, you know—"

"I know—" Morlane indicated the painting. "There he is."

EVEN in effigy, the sea wolf and courtier of Versailles could not hide from the enemy. Major Bruce smiled and lifted his glass. Morlane imitated him. Celestin refilled them promptly.

"But you were saying, Major, that I could be of service. Rest assured that anything I can do will be done."

"It's a very simple matter," Bruce *resumed, with some awkwardness.* "Have you by any chance kept a hunting rifle and a few rounds somewhere about? I shall need one. Found a rifle this morning, but a military issue piece, not made for precision shooting. You see, I have a theory."

"A rifle? There must be half a dozen, Major. Celestin—"

But Celestin, after filling the glasses a third time, had gone.

"He will be back in a moment. So you do not think much of our Lebel rifle?"

"Oh, it's very good for troops, almost as good as ours. But those mass-production weapons are seldom satisfactory to one who is used to his own piece. You have to become accustomed to their peculiarities, and I shall not have the time." Major Bruce looked at his watch. "They should be here shortly before noon. They were reported fifteen kilometers away this morning."

"But you are a civilian now, Major, and resistance will call for reprisals—"

"I have thought of that, Monsieur. However, I have a British flag—brought it to hang beside the flag of your country on July 14th. The proper thing to do, you see. I shall hang that flag over my home, and that will make it clear that no Frenchmen are involved."

"But you yourself, Major—"

"I?" Major Bruce grew somewhat shy, but contrived to express himself. "I feel their coming here a personal matter, you see. *A few years ago, I resigned*

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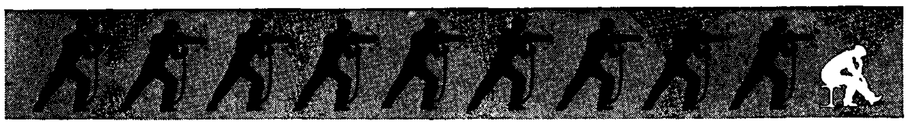
Sure, we'll drink it, agreed 128 workers in hard-driving manual jobs. These men...painters, steel workers, postmen, etc....wanted to see if drinking Knox Gelatine for 28 days could reduce tiredness for them. Did it?



Not so tired, was the report of 8 out of 10 men who began this Knox 28-day test. While 9 out of 10 who *completed* the test declared Knox definitely increased their endurance.

Harder work . . . better reports! While 9 out of 10 workers in these hard jobs who completed the test reported benefits, *more* of them reported *decided* benefits than the average of all other groups.

What's the score? In addition to these tests of manual workers, 223 men and women doing tiring mental work, such as typing, modeling, teaching, nursing, selling, began drinking Knox for 28 days. 140 of them completed the test and 124 of these said Knox definitely made them less tired! In *all* tests, the majority of those reporting benefit said they noticed the effect of Knox at the end of the first two weeks!

What about you? Whether they were doing mental or manual work, 2 out of 3 men and women who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the Knox 28-day test said that tiredness was reduced—endurance increased! Here are figures that suggest Knox Gelatine may give *you* extra endurance. Try Knox Gelatine for at least two weeks. Give it a chance to try fighting fatigue...today!

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A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

from the British army. Did not get along; you know. I was right in my views, as proved now, but that is small satisfaction. Came here, because I had always wanted to see the region, never had the chance. You see, my people fought around here, under Talbot. Oddly, I felt good here, better than anywhere else. As if I belonged. Can't just up and leave, you know."

Morlane nodded. He heard Celestin enter the room. "You will look for my guns, Celestin, please."

"I've brought them, *Monsieur le Comte.*"

He lined several long cases on the big table. Then shuffled away. Morlane snapped the boxes open, revealed the guns, laid out neatly, each piece occupying an upholstered nest.

"You'll probably prefer this one, Major. British make. Very good barrel. If I remember rightly, it shoots a shade high and to the right. For myself, I prefer this one. Specially made for me in St. Etienne, adjusted stock. Perhaps a bit long for you, as I have long arms."

CELESTIN had brought boxes of cartridges in a basket. Major Bruce took the British rifle, for which one hundred and fifty rounds were located, and a British revolver. He looked at his watch.

"I must be going. Need I say, Monsieur, how much I appreciate—"

"But you were saying you had a theory, Major. As I should like to know what it is, I shall accompany you as far as your home. Celestin will carry our guns."

The trio left. They walked along the tree-lined road, between trees every one of which was familiar to all three. Major Bruce had lighted his pipe, Morlane smoked one of his thin, long cigars. Celestin chewed, and spat from time to time, practicing as he went, aiming at a stone, or a twig. The day was clear, warmish, and the songbirds were in full voices. Spring was lingering through the immense catastrophe.

"You were saying, Major?" Morlane prompted.

"Quite right, my theory. Well, it is based on the fact that for many years now, everything concerning rifle firing in action has concentrated on obtaining results by volume of fire rather than by accuracy. On the principle that if one bullet misses, the others will strike home. How many men can shoot—I am speaking of soldiers—very quickly and very accurately at short ranges? Yet, we both know such shooting is possible. I am not extraordinarily gifted, yet I contrived to drop a charging rhino at seventy-five feet, stone dead. Because my reflexes were trained to meet an emergency in a split second. You yourself, Monsieur, must have had some such experience—"

"Naturally. On the Chinese border, in 1901, if I recall correctly, a tiger already wounded by a comrade circled and broke through the bush less than forty feet from me. He crouched for an instant, leaped. There was no time for conscious thought or planning. No time to aim, really. Nevertheless, he was dead when he landed, at arm's length from me."

"Where did your shot strike him?"

"At the root of the nose, almost through the left eye."

"Through the eye, practically. That is what I am driving at. A tank must see, and to see, holes must be left for the eyes to peer through. Also, one must remember that the field of vision of a man in a tank is narrowly circumscribed. From the flank, the attacker is relatively safe at close quarters. I firmly believe that a calm man, with a steady hand, can put a bullet through a tank's slit. Even if he but nicks the edge, there is a strong chance that the driver will duck, lose vision for a second, or even be hurt by flying fragments. . . . Well, here we are. My housemaid has left, whether from actual fear of the Germans or from fear of a disappointment when they arrived is not for me to answer."

The little villa was surrounded by a stone fence four feet high. It was a pretty structure, roofed with red tiles, with only one floor divided into five rooms. One was a kitchen, another for the maid, while the master's quarters consisted of parlor, dining room and bedchamber. Aside from four long shelves of books, the major had introduced little personal note.

"Charming place," Morlane said. He looked out of the parlor windows, facing in the direction of Brolly. The road was straight almost to the village. "We could really remain here, Major."

"No. They'll undoubtedly shoot at the house. There is an angle of the wall that is much better." He picked up a sheet of paper from a table. "I have figured out ranges and heights of tanks, Monsieur. And I have found an angle not easily reached from a tank, which brings me quite near enough for our purpose." He opened an album, turned the pages until he reached diagrams of tanks and armored cars. "This is excellent information—"

Celestin had gone into the kitchen, worked efficiently. He served a light lunch, a farmer's omelette, with chopped leeks, potatoes and diced fat bacon. He flanked the plates with some excellent bottles of Pomard. And the two old gentlemen ate standing, drank standing, tireless, animated, consulting the album, walking out from time to time to scan the angles.

At last, Major Bruce opened a drawer, unwrapped a flag from protecting tissue paper. A ladder was brought, Celestin helped the Britisher to hoist his colors in a conspicuous place.

"If they're logical," Bruce concluded, "they'll take their reprisals at home. I think it is plain enough that this is a British establishment. I hope you do not mind, Monsieur—but the French flag might mean trouble for the village."

"I am honored," Morlane stated. But he took Celestin aside, and explained matters to him. "You see, my good friend, it is the only way to keep the risk to ourselves."

"If *Monsieur le Comte* thinks it's all right, it's all right." Celestin declared: "I don't like it, because I'm not English, but you can't always get just what you like in life. Does *Monsieur le Comte* authorize me to shoot also?"

"Yes. You have the American carbine."

"With all respect, *Monsieur le Comte,* I brought my own rifle. The English gentleman can say what he likes, but give me a Lebel carbine any time. *Monsieur le Comte* may recall that I'm not altogether clumsy."

"You shoot like William Tell's professor, Celestin."

Morlane turned and joined Major Bruce.

"Excellent chap, that," Major Bruce commented.

"A very old comrade, Major."

THE nearer roar of motors had ceased for some minutes at the village. There were very few planes overhead, and somehow one could "feel" that they no longer expected combat. The French machines were grounded while the British were busy enough protecting the coast, covering the embarkation of the last fugitive battalions on the Cotentin shore.

The three old men were together at the angle of the wall, and they had ceased speaking. The major had drawn a case from a pocket, placed a pair of glasses on his nose. It changed his appearance, made him appear studious. Morlane had never needed spectacles.

Even lately. Celestin, who was a year under seventy, had glasses for reading. But in the open, he had the eyes of a poacher.

Strong chap, Celestin. He had once carried Morlane, wounded, for two hundred yards, when the count weighed all of two hundred and twenty pounds!

There was a loud crepitation of motors, and files of dark objects darted out of the village. The emergency was upon them so suddenly that they had no time to think. Morlane spoke over his shoulder to Celestin, "The carbine—" for there was no need to use the heavier caliber on motorcyclists.

They were in grayish uniforms, queerly huddled, like rapidly darting beetles under the bucket helmets. Without thinking, Morlane applied a principle of ambush learned long ago, in the Sudan: Shoot at the rear men first, the front ones have more ground to cover to reach safety. His heart pounded a bit, but his eyes were clear, his hands steady.

THE unexpected reports stopped the whole detachment, fifteen men at least. At the short range, under one hundred meters, it was impossible for marksmen of experience to miss. Morlane snapped his repetition-lever open and shut five times. Major Bruce's heavy rifle thudded like a baby howitzer. And there was a most familiar sound, the detonation of the Lebel carbine handled by Celestin. A sound that Morlane had heard on three continents.

Five of the machines receded at maximum speed toward the village. From behind one of the fallen motorcycles, flames spurted in a steady stream. But the poor chap did not even know where his target was, his bullets pattered against the façade of the villa, tore through windows.

"Your shot, Monsieur—" Bruce called out, calmly.

"Ah, yes, thank you." Morlane aimed with care, squeezed the trigger. There was a puff of dust beyond the mark.

Major Bruce fired in his turn. The huddled form half rose, sank down again. Morlane nodded appreciation. There was movement on the road, men crawling, some of them leaving dark streaks in the dirt. These headed for the ditch, and the three old men did not shoot at them.

Two uncouth, bulky objects rolled out of the village, hurtled ahead, leaving trails of dust: Tanks. Exactly what type, Morlane did not know. He had never been interested in tanks. He regretted that now, feeling that the Englishman probably knew precisely what they were up against. The larger tank opened fire as soon as the British flag was visible. It used a small cannon, probably a thirty-seven millimeter. And the gunnery was not bad, even on the move, for the shells tore into the villa, with great, crashing sounds.

Morlane turned, saw the flagpole knocked askew, the cloth hang down, a smear of colors against the plaster. He laughed inwardly—odd for him, Morlane, to end fighting under that flag.

The three crouched behind the wall.

The tanks had slackened speed, possibly through caution, probably to thread their way among the men and machines scattered on the road. The one in the lead drew very near, slowly, progressing at perhaps eight miles an hour. On the left side, beneath and ahead of the machine-gun turret, there was a heavy steel shutter, pierced by narrow, oblong slits. No, Major Bruce's scheme was not very practical, putting a bullet through one of them would be a hard shot.

Then, as he watched, there was a metallic creak above the purr of the idling motors, and that shutter started to lift. The driver evidently believed that the motorcyclists had been ambushed by a roving band, which had taken flight at the arrival of the rolling fortresses.

Major Bruce fired.

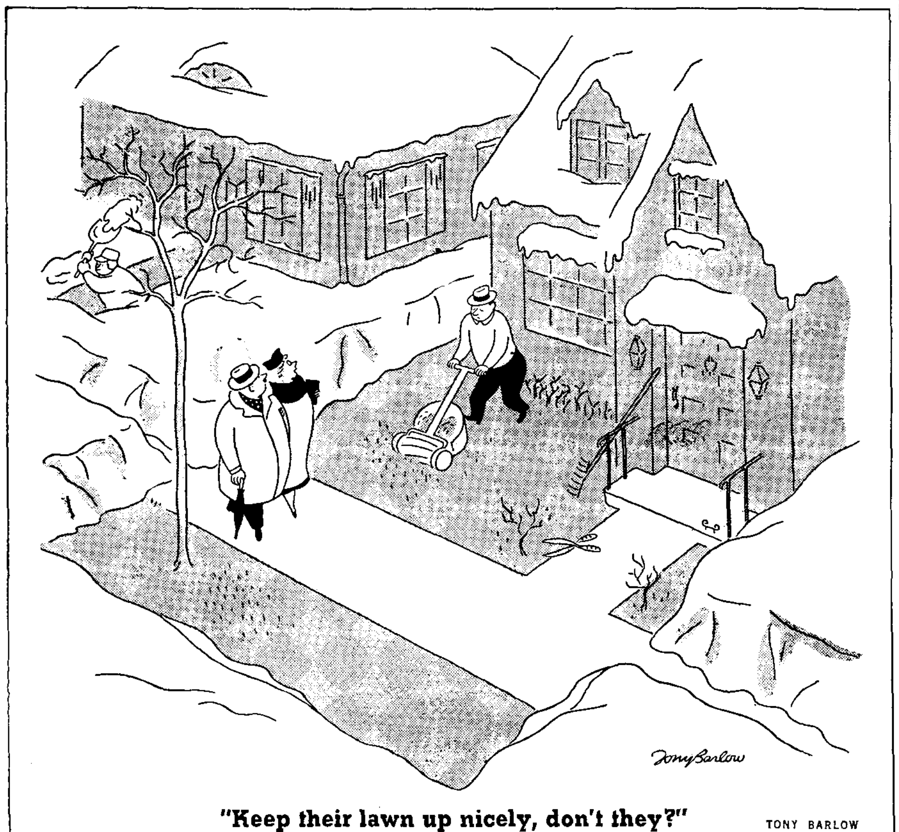
The tank continued to creep forward, the shutter clanged shut. Then the massive vehicle started to swing in a semicircle, chugging steadily. Morlane had seen a badly hurt animal stop thus in his tracks and turn about as if seeking the cause of the injury. Then, like many wounded animals, the tank spurted ahead quickly, fetched up in the ditch, nose down. A hatchway on top of the turret lifted, a head appeared, slowly.

Morlane fired. The man dropped out of sight, the metal cover remained up.

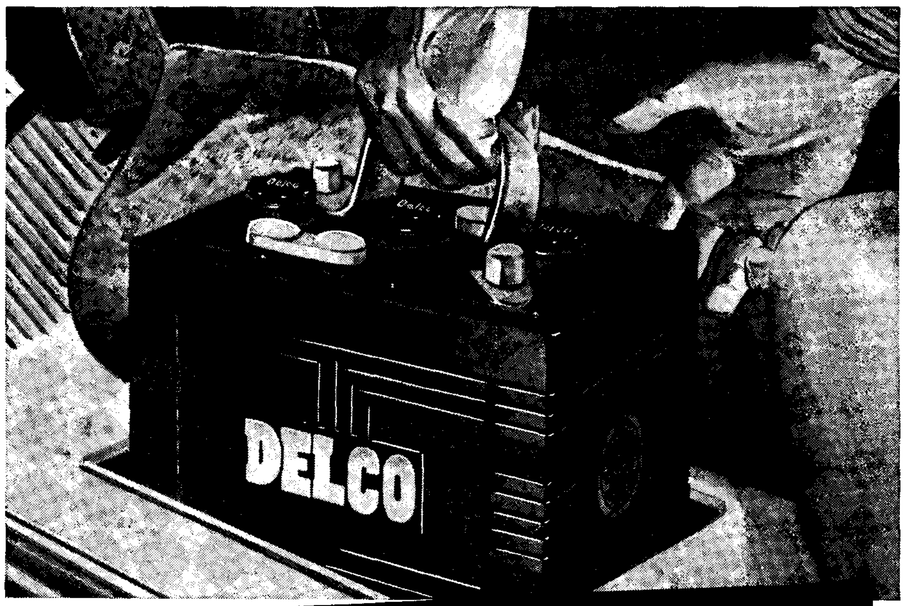
"Careful, Monsieur," Bruce called. "There are three men in those."

The second tank was near in its turn. Morlane aimed at the slot in the left shutter. His first shot rang on solid metal, the second one did not.

This tank stopped, for two or three seconds, then resumed its slow, constant



"Keep their lawn up nicely, don't they?" TONY BARLOW



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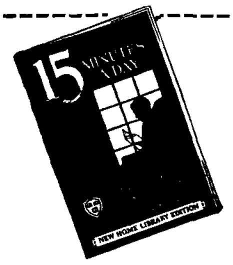

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motion forward. The flat-topped turret, with its rounded belly, swung around deliberately; the muzzles of the guns wavered a bit, like feelers. It was true that these monsters were nearsighted, almost blind. The Englishman had studied their habits, their ways—and chosen the spot hardest for them to locate.

The machine gun and the cannon both opened fire, the uproar was deafening. The wall crumbled, but several yards to the left. The armored machine slid forward along the road, and the three old men fired at the slots. Ricocheting bullets whined overhead. Again, the lumbering monster came to a halt, swung about heavily, returned, and the heavy rifles thudded, while the metal beast seemed to sniff for them angrily with its guns.

MORLANE swore under his breath. An immense fatigue tormented his brain, pulled at his aged muscles. He felt consciousness leaving him.

Then pain awoke him. He was on the ground, looking up into a smooth, beardless face, shaded by the rigid brim of a bucket helmet. A German, a young German, certainly not over twenty-four. Morlane tried to rise, fell back with a muffled groan. His whole frame was melting into one immense twinge of fusing pain.

Strong hands beneath his arms lifted him erect. He managed to stand. He looked about.

There was Celestin, stretched full length, face to the dirt, in the lee of the demolished wall. The major was kneeling, his head resting on a stone, what was left of his head. Morlane de Brolly's old knees buckled, two of the soldiers started forward to hold him. He shook his head, stiffened, and they stepped back.

The young officer was speaking—in English. "I do not understand you, Lieutenant," Morlane said, in French.

"Ah, so!" The young man smiled and went on in French: "Who are you? Why did you do this? You did excellently, however." He turned to indicate the flag. "But I do not quite understand."

Morlane explained in a few words.

"Ah, so! A courageous gentleman. All courageous gentlemen, yes! But you, you are French?"

"French origin, Lieutenant," Morlane said, tearing the words out with an effort, "but in British service."

The young officer appeared puzzled. Then his teeth flashed in a smile of understanding, and he nodded.

"Ah, so! To avoid reprisals on the villagers? Very good. I think I can assure you that the village shall not be held responsible. That is what you wished, no? However, you are in civilian clothing, you have no proper qualifications. Yes. You are wounded, and waiting for court-martial would be suffering. Needless, no? Ah, so! I regret, but you understand. Several men have been killed. Personally, my compliments. Ah, so! Very brave." The German produced a case. "Cigarette?"

"Never use them."

"Ah, so! I regret—" the young man uttered a string of guttural orders.

A half-dozen men moved toward the villa trailing their carbines. They laughed and joked as they walked, then formed in line.

"I think the wall would be the thing, Monsieur."

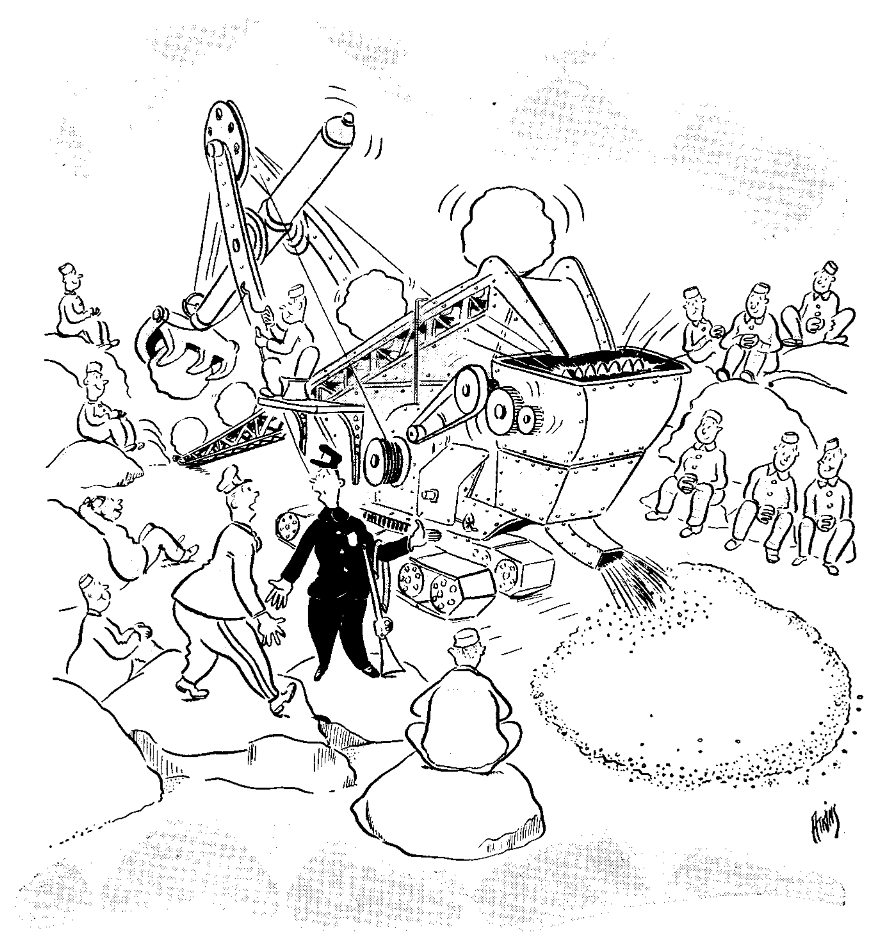
"Quite right," Morlane agreed.

He gathered his strength, walked the short distance unaided, his steps firm enough. His big hand, with the protruding veins, lifted to brush his white hair, and he turned to face his enemies.

"Here? Will this do?"

"Oh, quite."

The young lieutenant tossed his cigarette stub aside, then stepped on it carefully. He spoke, the carbines jerked to the shoulders. Morlane still stood, but his soul was elsewhere already. With the man of his race who had faced a firing squad after Quiberon, with the man who had fought on with his stumps in sawdust, with the man who had charged down the hop fields at Morsbronn, with all Frenchmen who had known when and how to die—with the splendid soul of a vanquished France.



"What can I do? They chipped in and bought it themselves"

AL ATKINS

Strange Things Happen in Brooklyn

Continued from page 14

on the back of her head that looked more like a kid's skull cap. The thing was the way she walked in. She was eager and smiling, her lips apart as she looked at the drivers, greeting each one of them with her eyes as though this wasn't a diner but some apartment living room full of old friends. She wasn't the usual woman panhandler. Generally they came quiet and ashamed, their heads down. Juley whistled.

"Every day something new. Every day they think up something different."

"Don't talk like that," a hackie said. "You'll make her feel bad."

"All right. I'll apologize." He went up to her. "Sister, it's like this, ain't it? This is the first time. It's an accident. Actually you got a very good job waiting for you by the end of the week but *your dough ran out and you need a little* cash to keep you going. Isn't it strictly the truth?"

"Why, yes!" she said. Her big eyes went bigger. "How did you know about me? Who told you? Only, it's not to the end of the week. It's just until Thursday night."

"A kidder," Juley said. "All right. We'll soon see. Sister, you are hungry?"

"To be frank, yes. I could eat a horse."

"Sister, you could use a half a buck?"

"It certainly would help some."

"All right. Sit down. You're getting no money out of us but you can eat all you want." He gave the high sign to the counterman. "Pile it up. We'll see."

That was what they always did when a moocher came along. If his story was right, he ate. If he was a professional working a beat just for dimes and quarters, he had to suffer and try to stuff himself with food. Now the taxi drivers all stood around the girl and waited.

The counterman brought the plates—thick slabs of roast beef, mashed potatoes, vegetables, plenty of bread and butter. The little blonde fixed her napkin and promptly began to eat. She was hungry. You couldn't mistake it but it wasn't that she kept on eating. What troubled Juley was that she didn't seem to eat like a beggar at all. She was cheerful, friendly, even proud, and she didn't forget her table manners. As she chewed away, she raised her head, smiling now at this hackie, now at that one. It might have been a party.

SPENCER waited until the plates were clean and then stepped up to Juley. "Well, do you believe her now?"

"The way I look at it—no."

"A heart of rock," the driver said, and drew aside with the other men to figure out some place for the girl to sleep that night. She sat perched in the center of them, still happy, still beaming fondly at them, pleased by it all. The hackies kept on gabbing but weren't getting anywhere and finally Juley cut them short:

"Talk, talk—but action? It would take a derrick."

They all came back to him for help.

"You're big-hearted heroes," Juley said. "You're noble. You all got homes. Then why don't you take her home and let her stay there? It's easy."

One of the hackies spoke up and explained the trouble: "We're married men, Juley. Just suppose I take her with me and say to my wife, 'Hey, Ruth, here is a poor girl. We got to let her stay here.' Well, naturally! Ruth wouldn't believe me. You know. She's a blonde!"

"But you ain't got a wife to argue," Spencer went on quickly. "You ain't married, Juley, you could let her stay at your place with no trouble or fighting."

"No. Not me. I don't get myself involved. I'm no dope."

"You got to do it!" Spencer said. "You're working night shift. You're out of the house most of the night anyway. Juley, be a good guy for once!" The cab drivers all chipped in, pushing him around and hollering at him until he put his hand up to make them stop.

"Always me. You always come to me. What's the matter with Chuncery over there? Temporarily he's exactly the same as me, ain't he? He ain't got a wife either."

They had forgotten all about him. The big man was over in a corner of the diner, slumped and faraway in his troubles. The drivers swung toward him and started talking fast.

"Who? What? Listen, I don't know *if I'm coming or going.*" *He* took the key out of his vest pocket. "Take it. Take my house. Take my cab. I don't care. I don't know if I'm dead or alive. . . ."

Spencer clutched the key in his hand. He put his other arm around the girl's shoulders and stopped a moment at the door. His face positively glowed.

"People can't be heels," he said to Juley. "I'll take her there myself right now." He led the girl out to the street.

THE other hackies didn't go back to work. Instead of cruising or playing it off the board outside, they hung around the diner, killing a quarter of an hour to tell one another what great guys they were and feeling warm and cozy. Then the door slid open with a blast of cold air and Frenchy came bouncing in. The hackie's honest eyes were shining.

"Congratulations! It's all fixed!"

Chuncery got up. "Who? What?"

"Your wife!" Frenchy told him. "Just like Juley told me. A reconciliation!"

"When?" Chuncery said, and his face began to fall apart.

"Starting right away! She left her mother's house when I did. She's probably back home right this very minute!"

Chuncery was choking. He fell back on the stool. He was a big man, two hundred and twenty pounds at least, but he caved in and started blubbering like a baby. Frenchy looked at him, completely mystified.

"Hey, what the hell? Did I do wrong? Did I do something bad?"

No one answered. There wasn't a sound in the diner, and when the hackies finally did begin talking they weren't worried over Chuncery. They had promised the little blonde a place to sleep in until Thursday and they knew Chuncery's wife would throw her out the minute she saw her.

"A promise is a promise," one of them began, and then they went to work on Juley all over again.

"No! No!" he kept on shouting, but it didn't help. He couldn't push them off him. He slammed the counter with his hand.

"Always *me*! Always *me*! If a guy's in a hole, if he can't make out or has wife trouble—any kind of headache—they always come to me. I'm the mayor of Flatbush. Do I get thanks for it? No. Am I a sucker? Sure. All right! I'll take her in. I'll let her stay in my place. But only up to Thursday night. After Thursday I don't want to see her!"

"Hey, Juley, I don't get it," a driver said, beginning to wonder. "What's all the racket? What are you so afraid of anyway?"

"Dammit!" Juley said, and kept on slapping the counter. "Dammit!"

"One little thing, my dear Count Firenze, one little human miscalcula-

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tion. You who were so sure, so ruthless. . . . You showed the world whether you were the slave of power or its master, and yet you forgot. You erred as men before you have erred. Ah, my dear Firenze, you failed to remember that I was—a woman!"

Juley closed the door. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," she said. "Out of my memories. I was just amusing myself with some idle recollections."

That was the remarkable thing about the girl. Nothing that happened tripped her or ever caught her off guard. Juley had to scratch his head and grin. It was the second day that she had spent there. The arrangement was that she could have the place to herself after six when he went to work, and she didn't have to be out until seven in the morning. It was about nine o'clock that evening but it was his own home and he told himself he didn't have to make excuses if he dropped in any time he felt like.

"That was when you were on the stage, wasn't it?"

"Oh, years ago, in stock. Not that I ever had a big part. I never was a star or anything."

"Sure, I know." He sat down in the only big chair he had in the place and put his feet up on a little table she had found somewhere around to go with it. "You told me. You were first starting out. You just got out of that fancy school in Switzerland but your father made you quit. He didn't like the idea of the stage for his only daughter. Your father—the guy with the timber land up in Canada."

"Yes, but he doesn't own it now. He isn't rich any longer. Not that we're exactly poor now. I suppose people would still say we're well-to-do."

"You're here in Brooklyn just for laughs. It amuses you. You got pride and you want to be independent. Isn't that the way it is?"

"Strange as it seems, yes."

SHE went into the small kitchen and came back with a cup of coffee. Juley looked at it in silence. That was just what he felt like having—a cup of hot coffee. She put it down on the little table before him.

"Mr. Juley," she said, suddenly but in great earnest, almost breathlessly, "I admire you."

"Don't admire me, please."

"No. I think it's wonderful the way the boys all call you their mayor and go to you when they need help."

"You know why they all come to me?" He lay back in the chair and spread himself out lazily. "Because I'm the only one without a load on him. Fact. I can move around. Take the average hackie. He meets a girl and every girl, one thing, they're always looking for some guy that he should marry them. So she flatters him. Subtle things. Feminine things. She gets him feeling good and then, boom—he's a goner."

"How much sugar?" the girl said.

"Put in two spoonfuls. And then what happens after? The guy lays around the house, say, and listens to the radio and now the wife always kicks and nags. 'Hey, get off the bed,' she says, 'some day you'll get stuck to it.' Like that. So why do I want that? Why does a guy need a wife to fight around with? I got eyes. I'm not blind. It pays to keep free and single."

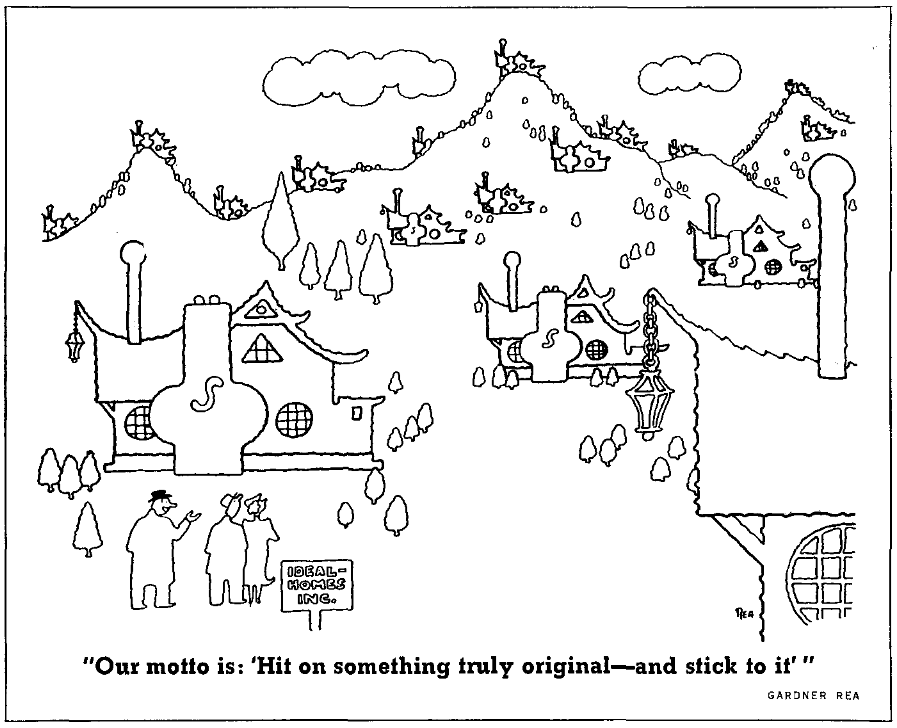
She sat on the floor, near the table, and she looked up at him as she watched him drink the coffee. "But don't you," she said, her voice low and faltering a bit, "don't you sometimes feel a little lonely?"

He took time to finish his cup. "Sister, that was one good cup of coffee. No. What I don't know I'll never miss, and I never let myself get mixed up too much with people. Never trust nobody and you'll never get your heart broken with disappointment."

"You just say that," the girl said. She smiled and shook her blond head at him. "Oh, I know. You don't really mean it."

"It's my motto." She had a box of cigarettes near by and there were matches with it. It was neat. You didn't have to get up and go hunting every time you wanted a smoke. Juley lit a cigarette and inhaled. He rose to his feet. "I won't end up like the rest of those hackies. Not me." He walked to the door, picked up his cap and slapped it on his head. "Sister," he said, "listen. You can cut out the big eyes and the flimflam flattering. And please don't admire me so much." He shut the door behind him.

HIS taxi hummed as he sent it cruising down Ocean Avenue, and when he reached the diner he jerked the car up to a stop. He hadn't been in the place more than once or twice since that night and now he felt he might as well go in and report while all the boys were there. As he stepped out to the curb, he saw Chuncery leaving his cab, finished with a call. It was a completely different Chuncery. Juley didn't know what to make of him. The big man was smoking away on a cigar and seemed perfectly contented.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"Hey, Chuncery, didn't you catch it when you got home that night?"

"Oh, boy, she give me hell." He shut his eyes. "These days my wife's a tiger—a tiger in the jungle. Suspicious. 'Sam, the truth! The truth!' She's burning up to find out all about the blonde and she won't rest a minute. I tell her and I tell her but she always says I'm lying."

"Then what have you got to be so happy about?"

"There's angles. In addition, see, she's attentive. She aims to please. Nothing like the old days."

"What do you mean? What happened?"

"After all, it's not so very peculiar." He held the cigar well out beyond him and carefully tapped the ash off. "See, I followed your advice. I started changing my shirt twice a week, regular. I began to shave every other day like clockwork. And then there is this thing with the blonde. So what the hell—my wife figures, if the blonde saw something in me, well, hell, maybe I got something. I don't know," he said, really at a loss. "Juley, what would you say? You think I got something?"

"That's right," Juley said, and poked him. "You're the Clark Gable of Flatbush, didn't you know it?"

Chuncery suddenly lost control and broke out wildly into a fit of hoarse giggles. Juley started laughing with him and they went up the steps into the diner.

"Hey, look, he's laughing!" The hackies were all staring at Juley. "He's laughing like a person!"

"He's getting downright human!"

"It must be the blonde," Spencer said. "She's making a regular transformation, no kidding."

"It's the girl, sure," a driver said. "That's why we never see him around here any more. He sticks around the house to be near her."

The smile on Juley's face froze and went sour. "Bunk. You know me better. I been busy working. I got a living to make."

"No! It always works out like that," Spencer insisted, speaking seriously. "It's just like that book we had to read in high school. There's this guy Silas Marner, a louse, a heel, and then he meets up with a little kid and she changes his whole life for him. After her he's okay and becomes a good guy. It's the same thing now with Juley."

"Go away, you're crazy!" Juley said, suddenly furious, shouting: "I'm practical. I got some brains in me. I'm not letting myself get involved for no good reason. . . ." He caught himself. He didn't have to give them a lecture. He didn't have to lose his temper. The whole thing was crazy. He waved his hand at them in disgust, turned his back without another word and walked out to his cab. But when he cruised up Ocean Avenue now, he felt somehow troubled and uncomfortable and those sure, high spirits he had had before were gone.

AFTER that he made a point of staying away from his flat while she was in it. When he wasn't in his cab, he kept close to the diner, letting the hackies razz him, listening as Chuncery gave him the latest news about his wife. But on that last night, on Thursday, he found himself going in a circle around the street he lived on. He drove around three full trips before he realized exactly what he was doing and then he stopped the cab and went up. He came in just in time to catch her at it again.

"Life is such a gamble, don't you think?" she was saying. "It has all been such good fun and the only pity of it is that it cannot go on forever. Shall we end it with a smile, with a glass of pink champagne? Dear Eric. Dear, dear boy . . ." She stopped as she saw him.

"Your memories," he said. He spoke impulsively, crudely. "You were an actress. In stock. Some day you'll get in trouble telling lies like that."

"They're not lies," she said slowly, wondering at the look on his face. "They're true. They're true."

"Valerie LaTour!" he said. "Your name is Emmy Dahbach and you come from Scranton, Pennsylvania. A servant girl. A girl that cleans." He had come to say goodby, to find out what would happen to her, and instead here he was angry. He was practically hollering at her. He didn't feel like hollering. It was senseless but he couldn't stop.

"You came to New York to do imitations on an amateur hour, that's all. You got some nutty idea you want to become an actress, a movie star. My dear, dear Eric," he mimicked, his voice rising and going wild. "One little thing, one little miscalculation—memories! Memories my eye! You were getting ready, practicing your impersonations."

SHE didn't try to protest or say anything. There wasn't any use protesting now. She just stood up straight before him, her face pale, but she took it all. He was being dumb, mean. He was hurting her and he didn't want to hurt her but he kept it up, shouting crazily in spite of himself:

"You weren't fooling anybody. I knew it. The hackies all knew it. Chuncery's wife found out all about you. She followed you the day you went back to your rooming house on Twenty-third Street and tried to get your suitcase out. The landlady there told her the whole story and how you would pay the rent the minute you became famous. Your suitcase's been waiting for you at the diner since yesterday. . . ." He stopped. He was miserable. He had blurted it all out and now he only felt low and guilty.

"So I made up stories," she said, finally speaking. She held her head up. She didn't cry. "So I said my father was rich and everything. I didn't do anybody any harm, did I? I knew they were crazy stories, that nobody believed them, but I told them anyway. I had to. They helped me—"

"Helped you? Dopey little lies like them? What kind of help?"

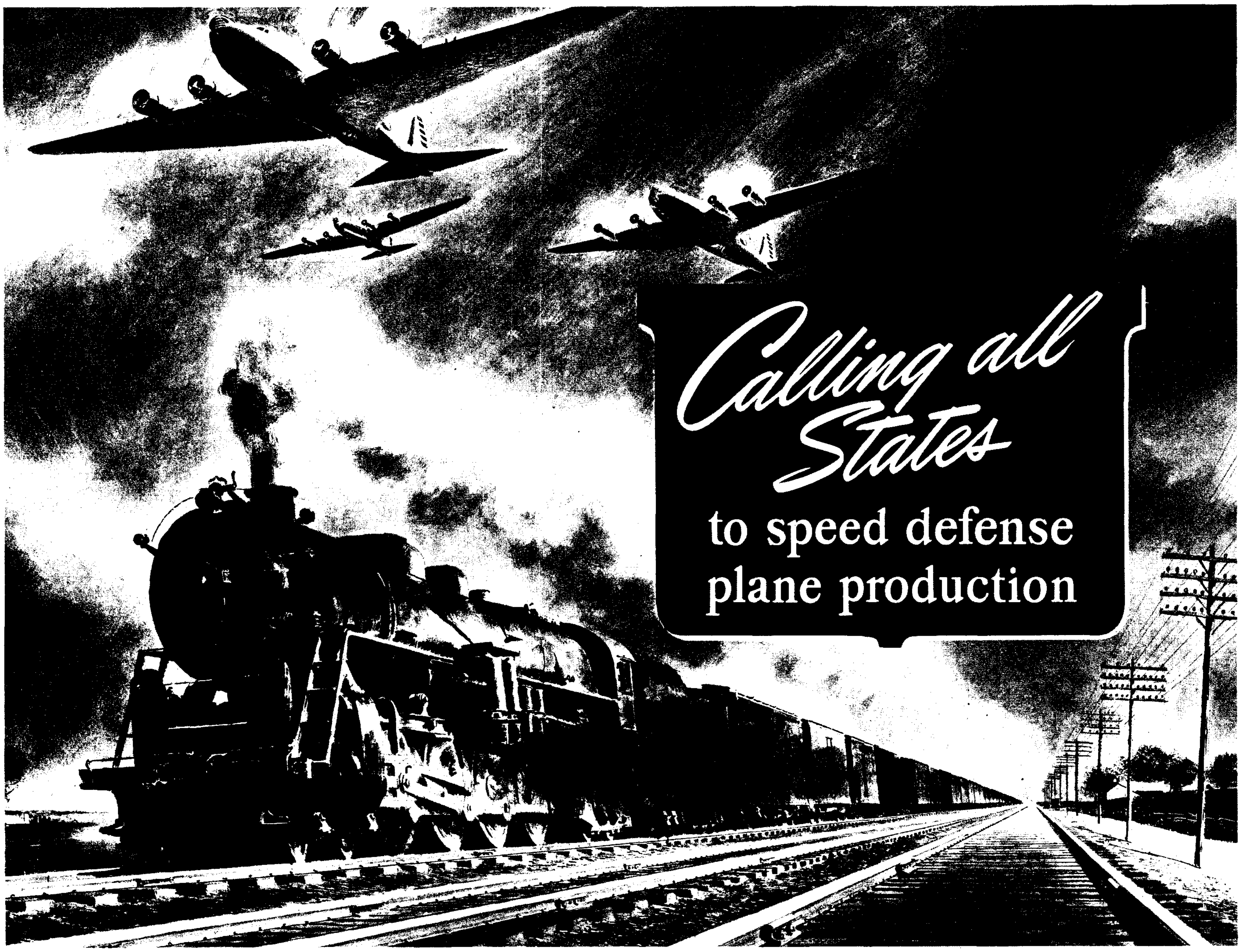
"I needed them! They made things better. They gave me a sort of courage. I could feel proud—as if I might be a somebody in the world, not just a girl all by herself. You know. Or maybe you don't. It was like getting up and seeing everything covered with snow, with the sunshine dancing on it and a kind of vanilla taste in the air—"

"What vanilla?" he broke out harshly. He had to keep his eyes on the floor. "What are you talking about? The sun don't dance! Be realistic! Be sensible!"

She kept silent for a moment. There were tears in her eyes now but when she spoke again her voice was defiant, bitter. "Never trust anybody," she said. "A dollar is a dollar. Time is money. You're very smart and wise. Well, don't change on my account. Stay just the way you are. I won't stop you. You'll never see me again."

She picked up her leather jacket and the little hat that was more like a skull cap and she ran out of the room.

The moment she was gone, Joe Juley saw exactly why he had been so angry, why he had hollered so. It was perfectly clear now. He hadn't wanted her to go. He just hadn't wanted to think of never seeing her again. It wasn't the stories she told. She could have made up a million lies and they wouldn't have made any difference. No matter what she told him, no matter whom she tried to imitate, she was always herself, Emmy Dahbach. She had something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WHAT does it take to build the airplanes needed to defend America?

First of all, it takes factories—new buildings.

Next, it takes machines.

And finally, it takes materials from every state in the union—everything from abrasives, acids, aluminum and antimony to tin, tungsten, turpentine, vanadium, wool and zinc.

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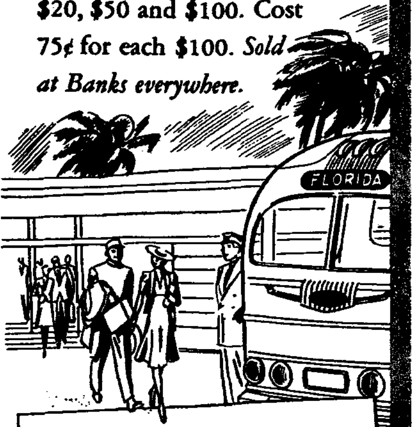

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rare within her, something sweet and fresh and altogether out of this world, and nothing she might do could ever succeed in disguising it.

Joe Juley realized she was the most beautiful thing that had ever happened to him, and he had stupidly yelled at her, chased her away. And now she would be going to the broadcasting station. She wouldn't become an actress or a movie star. She wouldn't win the amateur contest or get anything out of it. She'd only be hurt, disappointed, laughed at again. Juley hated himself. He couldn't stand there moping and doing nothing. The hackies were right about him: He was a heel.

FOUR boys, authentic quadruplets from Dayton, Ohio, sang a swing version of Von Suppe's Poet and Peasant. A sixty-year-old grandmother did a tap dance and reproduced various animal cries on a musical saw. From Tampa, Florida, a shoemaker played all of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, playing it on his teeth and head with the use of small hammers.

"Wow!" Chuncery said. He was squeezed in the trunk space in Juley's cab, listening to the broadcast. "That finishes it. The shoemaker gets all the votes, hands down. The little blonde ain't got a chance."

"Shut up," Juley said.

They had to hear a lady violinist and a one-man band before Emmy's turn came up, but as she was being introduced a couple in evening clothes appeared and asked to be taken to Times Square. They bundled in but the cab didn't move.

"You'll have to wait," Juley said.

"Wait?"

"And keep quiet."

The man in the top hat was too puzzled to answer. Emmy began. She did her imitations of Greta Garbo, of Ronald Colman and Bette Davis, quoting lines from movie roles they had played. The couple in the back grew restless.

"Hey, what's this, anyway?"

"Quiet!"

"Let's get going. Come on. We're not going to sit here and listen to that junk."

"Then get out of here. You don't have to stay and listen. Find another cab," Juley said.

"Well, I will!" The man glared and reached out for the door.

"Hey, Juley!" Chuncery said. "You can't do this. It's a three-buck fare to Times Square. It's a rip!"

"Let them go. Shut up."

THEY sat in silence, now undisturbed again. On the first call the quadruplets got four hundred and twenty votes, the grandmother about five hundred, but the shoemaker went all the way up to seven hundred and nine. Chuncery groaned. "He'll run away with it all by himself," he began but had to stop as Emmy's vote was given. A little more than five hundred and fifty had phoned in votes for her.

"Not so bad," Chuncery said. "She might still have a chance."

They listened to a two-toned whistler, a tenor, two sopranos and a bottle player from Staten Island, and then the second call was heard. The quadruplets and the grandmother were even at about seven hundred. The shoemaker had gone beyond the twelve hundred mark but then the count for Emmy came over —two thousand and twenty-one!

"Hot dog!" Chuncery said. "All she needed was a little time. She'll make it!"

"Take it easy," Juley said. "Don't get desperate."

On the third call Emmy had three thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight votes. Chuncery howled with glee.

"She'll win it! She did it! She'll get a job with a stage unit now for sure. In Dallas, Texas, or in Milwaukee. She'll work her way up and become a regular movie star some day. It's very true to life. That's the way it happens with all the stars. Look at Dorothy Lamour!"

Juley didn't feel happy or excited and he didn't see what there was to crow about. He sat listlessly, bent over the steering wheel, and then suddenly he found he couldn't bear to listen to Chuncery any longer.

"Get out. I'm going cruising for a fare." He had put more force in his voice than he had intended. Chuncery looked at him, startled sober.

"Cruising? Cruising where?"

"Anywhere. I don't care. In Prospect Park."

"Hey, Juley, that's nuts. You don't pick up fares in Prospect Park and you know it."

"So what?"

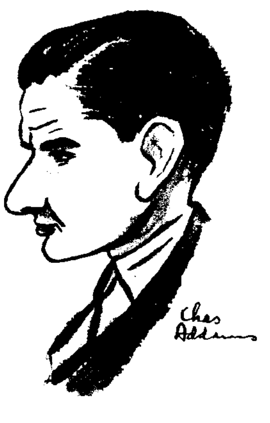
"So what? Hey, Juley! You're a madman tonight! Throwing dough away left and right—"

"Money! Money!" Juley shouted, finally blowing up. "A dollar is a dollar. Time is money. Get away from me! Money ain't everything in this life. It don't give you true happiness, happiness that lasts, does it? Get out of here! Leave me alone!"

HE SLAMMED into gear and shot out to the park. He drove around but the park didn't seem to help him and so he headed for the new belt highway and took a trip all around the city. He kept going steadily for two hours but whatever it was boiling inside of him kept on boiling. He was just as angry, just as unsatisfied and miserable as he had been ever since Emmy had left him that night, and finally he drove back to his home.

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 24



Charles Addams is twenty-eight, tattooed and nervous, but none of these facts is particularly noticeable. After attending Colgate, the University of Pennsylvania and Grand Central Art School he settled in Westfield, N. J., but works in a Manhattan studio. Swims, walks, reads, once collected armor as a hobby, likes to drive cars and really enjoys drawing cartoons like the one shown on Page 46. According to a fortune recently told by a weighing machine he is easily discouraged and just as easily encouraged, but he confesses only to being stubborn and liking crowds.

The little table she had put before the chair was still there and Juley saw the cigarette box and the matches lying near by. The place was exactly the same as it had been before she had gone and yet it wasn't the same. In a sudden spasm Juley kicked the little table, overturning it and spilling cigarettes over the floor. He picked up the radio and started banging it. And then suddenly he stopped.

"One little thing, Count Firenze, one little miscalculation. You who were so sure, so ruthless. . . . You showed the world whether you were the slave of power or its master and yet you forgot. You erred as men before you have erred. Ah, my dear Firenze, you failed to remember that I was—a woman!"

She was standing at the kitchen door. Juley stared at her, gawking. His hair hung down over his eyes. His mouth was still open, the muscles of his face stupid and loose. The smile she always had now seemed mischievous, infuriating him.

"So you came back!" He didn't care what he said. "To rub it in. To have a good time. Sure, you showed me up for a wise-guy dope and now you want your revenge. All right, laugh. Laugh all you want!"

"I didn't come for that," she said. "I'm going away and I just wanted to thank you—"

"Thank me? Me? Didn't you hear? Didn't you know? I'm Joe Juley, the louse. Joe Juley, the heel. You're going to be a great actress. You're started on your way but I had no part in it. Don't thank me. Thank the hackies. They're the ones . . ."

HE DIDN'T finish. For the first time he saw her crying, really crying—no longer proud or defiant. He couldn't understand it, and as he waited the hot anger slowly faded, became foolish and went out of him.

"Yes, you," she sobbed. "You're good. You're kind. You can't hide it. That's why the boys all go to you. That's why you helped me. And don't tell me I'm an actress. I won't be a star so very soon. I know the votes that came in weren't really mine. Don't try to keep on lying. I found out after the broadcast when I went to the diner to get my suitcase. Chuncery told me how you went to all the garages, how you made the drivers go out and get people to telephone votes in for me. He told me how you even handed out hundreds of nickels for the calls. I'm going back to Scranton," she wept. "I can be a cleaning girl again. . . ."

"Emmy, Emmy, listen." He didn't know what to say or how to go about it. His hands were clumsy as he reached out and took her by the shoulders. "A guy like me—you mustn't mind him. Because everything he says, he means the opposite. Emmy, I'm just a hackie, a dumb hackie with no brains or sense and I don't know better. Emmy, listen, I want to tell you . . ." He stopped struggling. The door had opened and Chuncery was in the room, Emmy's suitcase in his hand. Juley blinked at him.

"What are you doing here with that?"

"I brought it. Don't get sore. I played a hunch."

"A hunch?"

"Human nature," Chuncery said in his bazooka voice. He seemed apologetic as he shifted his great weight on his feet.

"Talk sense," Juley said. "What do you mean, human nature?"

"Well, I figure you can't fight against it indefinitely. I figure in the long run every guy gets married. But if I'm wrong, I can take the suitcase down again. Juley, do I take it down?"

"No!" He looked at Emmy. "No. No. No!"

Zivic Pride

Continued from page 20

and Pete used to give us a cuffing but that's typical of a family of brothers, isn't it?"

The story from other quarters differs. "By the time the kids got old enough to have it out with the others in the alley, they got married and their wives made them stop it. Otherwise, it'd have been a massacre."

Jack sides with Pete and Pete sides with Jack, agreeing that they were the best fighters in the family. Eddie and Joe, the nonfighter, vote for Fritzie. When the five get together, Mamma Zivic still has to bring out the broom and restore order.

Fritzie's complaint about his brothers is that "Pete is always trying to give me advice and Jack always finds fault with my fights." The top was reached last year in Pittsburgh when Fritzie knocked out Johnny Rinaldi in nineteen seconds of the first round. Jack bounced into the dressing room after that one and yelled:

"You bum—lettin' him last that long! You should have got him with the first punch!"

That's why Fritzie was so insistent that his handlers bring Jack to his dressing room in Madison Square Garden after he licked Armstrong. When Jack came in, Fritzie screamed in his high-pitched voice: "Now do you believe it? I'm champ. I licked the great Henry Armstrong, the guy you said I wouldn't be able to touch. Did you see him on the floor at the bell? Who's the best fighter in the Zivic family now?"

The real reason for Jack's complaints is that he thinks Fritzie should have been champion years ago.

"He could be a great fighter but he doesn't work at it the right way." Jack used to tell his friends in Pittsburgh. "He tries to be a cutie and he's been booed plenty. He doesn't care much for the training grind. The way I sized him up was that he didn't feel much like fighting and always hoped the other guy in the ring felt the same way."

Brother Pete Loses a Bet

Whenever Brother Pete starts popping off about being the smartest of the Zivics, Fritzie stops him with the story about the stranger who walked into Pete's bar one day, ordered a drink and clipped him for ten bucks.

"That Pete Zivic," said the stranger, opening up. "A bum if I ever saw one."

Pete wiped off his bar and slowly started to burn up.

"Do you know Pete Zivic?" he asked the stranger.

"Know him!" cried the stranger. "I know him as well as I know you. I used to pal around with him."

This was too much for Pete. He pulled out a ten-dollar bill, laid it on the bar and bet the stranger he didn't know Pete Zivic. The stranger pulled out his ten and then proceeded to pick up the two tens.

"Ha! Ha!" he shouted, as he headed for the door. "You're Pete Zivic. And I even took you for a drink, too."

This story pleases Fritzie immeasurably.

However lax Fritzie may have been in his training, he has fought everybody in sight. In seven years he has fought 116 times and lost only twenty. He's been on the floor five times. He once broke Lou Ambers' jaw with a single punch and then lost the decision. Among his opponents have been Sammy Angott, Mike Kaplan, Lou Ambers, Billy Conn (when Billy was a shrimp), Milt Aron, Tony Herrera, Harry Dublinsky, Chuck Woods, Eddie Cool and Al Davis. Any time a promoter waved a fist of bank notes, Fritzie was right there.

Eddie might have been the best of the Zivics but his own virtues ruined him. In a fight with Johnny Page of Texas several years ago in Pittsburgh, a blow from Eddie's right floored Page as if he had been cut down with an ax. His head struck the floor and when they picked him up he was dead. Eddie wasn't much good after that and then Henry Armstrong came along and knocked him out.

They made a lot of that in the build-up for Fritzie's fight against Armstrong but Zivic's anxiety to get in the ring with Henry came the first time Fritzie laid eyes on the champion. When the match was originally made for the Dapper Dan Club in Pittsburgh, Fritzie was so confident of success that he told Promotor Al Abrams to offer Armstrong a $25,000 guarantee and he (Fritzie) would fight for expenses.

When Mike Jacobs heard about the fabulous guarantee, he thought anything that good was also good for New York and the match was put on in Madison Square Garden. Zivic read the comic pages in his dressing room before the fight. He was that cool. At the end of the fourth round he came back and told Carney, "Luke, I'm going to win the title. I can lick this guy."

Lesson for Salesmen

The day before the fight, Fritzie announced that if he won he was going to "buy a big sixteen-cylinder car, first thing." The day after the fight ten salesmen waited for him in the lobby of his hotel. Zivic's gift of gab is phenomenal and this was a great opportunity for him.

"Where were you guys yesterday?" he demanded. "Didn't think I had a chance, did you? Well, I bought a station wagon from a guy at the radio station last night. What the hell I want with a station wagon I don't know but *he* thought I was going to win. Goodby."

Fritzie's inspiration is his wife and two sons: Fritzie, Junior, aged seven, and Charley, just past one. All three stayed up to listen to the fight the night he lifted Armstrong's title. As soon as he could get back to the hotel, he grabbed the phone and called his family. Young Fritzie, who is obviously going to get somewhere in this hard world, came on the wire and greeted his father.

"Hello, Champ," said little junior. "How much dough did you get?"

After his triumph over Armstrong Fritzie won his next fight on a foul when Al (Bummy) Davis ended by kicking Fritzie, the referee and anybody who climbed through the ropes. A Pier Four combat with Lew Jenkins, the lightweight king, ended in a good draw. And then came that return fight with Henry Armstrong. Wow!

The brothers are reconciled to Fritzie's success because Pete's business is better and Jack even has an explanation for it all. It seems that Fritzie came down with pneumonia in 1937 when he was training for a fight with Vince Dundee. The doctors shook their heads and put him under an oxygen tent. Only blood transfusions would help. Among the donors was Brother Jack. He has been taking advantage of that circumstance ever since.

"Fight!" he cries in astonishment. "Why shouldn't he fight? He's got some of my blood in him. He was never any good before that, was he?"

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CEDAR HOPE CHESTS

THE CASWELL-RUNYAN COMPANY, HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

Evil Under the Sun

Continued from page 19

He observed: "Handy place. You'd never suspect it from the outside."

He played the torch carefully over the floor.

Hercule Poirot was delicately sniffing the air.

Noticing this Weston said, "Air quite fresh, not fishy or seaweedy, but, of course, this place is well above high watermark."

But to Poirot's sensitive nose, the air was more than fresh. It was delicately scented. He knew two people who used that elusive perfume. . . .

Weston's torch came to rest.

"Don't see anything out of the way in here," he said.

Poirot's eyes rose to a ledge a little way above his head. He murmured: "One might perhaps see that there is nothing up there?"

Weston said: "If there's anything up there it would have to be deliberately put there. Still, we'd better have a look."

Poirot said to Lane, "You are, I think, the tallest of us, Monsieur. Could we venture to ask you to make sure there is nothing resting on that ledge?"

Lane stretched up, but he could not quite reach to the back of the shelf. Then, seeing a crevice in the rock, he inserted a toe in it and pulled himself up by one hand.

"Hullo," he said, "there's a box up here."

In a minute or two they were out in the sunshine examining the clergyman's find.

Weston said, "Careful, don't handle it more than you can help. May be fingerprints."

It was a dark green tin box and bore the word "Sandwiches" on it.

Sergeant Phillips said, "Left from some picnic or other, I suppose."

He opened the lid with his handkerchief.

Inside were small tin containers marked salt, pepper, mustard, and two larger square tins evidently for sandwiches. Sergeant Phillips lifted the lid of the salt container. It was full to the brim. He raised the next one, commenting: "H'm, got salt in the pepper one, too."

The mustard compartment also contained salt.

His face suddenly alert, the police sergeant opened one of the bigger square tins. That, too, contained the same white crystalline powder.

Very gingerly, Sergeant Phillips dipped a finger in and applied it to his tongue.

His face changed. He said—and his voice was excited, "This isn't *salt*, sir. Not by a long way! Bitter taste! Seems to me it's some kind of *drug*."

"THE third angle," said Colonel Weston with a groan.

They were back at the hotel again. The chief constable went on:

"If by any chance there's a dope gang mixed up in this, it opens up several possibilities. First of all, the dead woman may have been in with the gang herself. Think that's likely?"

Hercule Poirot said cautiously, "It is possible."

"She may have been a drug addict?"

Poirot shook his head. He said, "I should doubt that. She had steady nerves, radiant health, there were no marks of hypodermic injections—not that that proves anything; some people sniff the stuff. No, I do not think she took drugs."

"In that case," said Weston, "she may have run into the business accidentally and she was deliberately silenced by the people running the show. We'll know presently just what the stuff is. I've sent it to Neasdon. If we're on to some dope ring, they're not the people to stick at trifles—"

He broke off as the door opened and Mr. Horace Blatt came briskly into the room.

Mr. Blatt was looking hot. He was wiping the perspiration from his forehead. His big, hearty voice billowed out and filled the small room:

"Just this minute got back and heard the news! You the chief constable? They told me you were in here. My name's Blatt—Horace Blatt. Any way I can help you? Don't suppose so. I've been out in my boat since early this morning. Missed the whole blinking show. The one day that something *does* happen in this out-of-the-way spot, I'm not there. Just like life, that, isn't it?"

Mr. Blatt came to anchor in a chair, pulled out a cigarette case and offered it to Colonel Weston, who shook his head. He said, with a slight smile, "I'm an inveterate pipe smoker."

"Same here. I smoke cigarettes as well—but nothing beats a pipe."

Colonel Weston said with sudden geniality, "Then light up, man." Blatt shook his head. "Not got my pipe on me at the moment. But put me wise about all this. All I've heard so far is that Mrs. Marshall was found murdered on one of the beaches here."

"On Pixy Cove," said Colonel Weston, watching him.

But Mr. Blatt merely asked excitedly, "And she was strangled?"

"Yes, Mr. Blatt."

"Nasty—very nasty. Mind you, she asked for it! Hot stuff—eh, M. Poirot? Any idea who did it, or mustn't I ask that?"

With a faint smile Colonel Weston said, "Well, you know, it's we who are supposed to ask the questions."

Mr. Blatt waved his cigarette. "Sorry—sorry—my mistake. Go ahead."

"You went out sailing this morning. At what time?"

"Left here at a quarter to ten."

"Was anyone with you?"

"Not a soul. All on my little lonesome."

"And where did you go?"

"Along the coast in the direction of Plymouth. Took lunch with me. Not much wind so I didn't actually get very far."

After another question or two, Weston said: "There's nothing you can think of that might help us?"

The other shook his head. "No. Can't think of a thing." He added: "This will make a bit of a stir, I imagine. The press will be on to it like hot cakes. There won't be quite so much of this high-toned exclusiveness about the Jolly Roger in the future. Jolly Roger indeed. Precious little jollity about it."

Hercule Poirot murmured, "You have not enjoyed your stay here?"

Mr. Blatt's red face got slightly redder. He said:

"Well, no, I haven't. The sailing's all right and the scenery and the service and the food—but there's no *matiness* in the place, you know what I mean! What I say is, my money's as good as another man's. We're all here to enjoy ourselves. Then why not get together and *do* it? All these cliques and people sitting by themselves and giving you frosty good mornings—and good evenings—and Yes, very pleasant weather. No joy de viver. Lot of stuck-up dummies!"

Mr. Blatt paused—by now very red indeed. He wiped his forehead once more and said apologetically: "Don't pay any attention to me. I get all worked up."

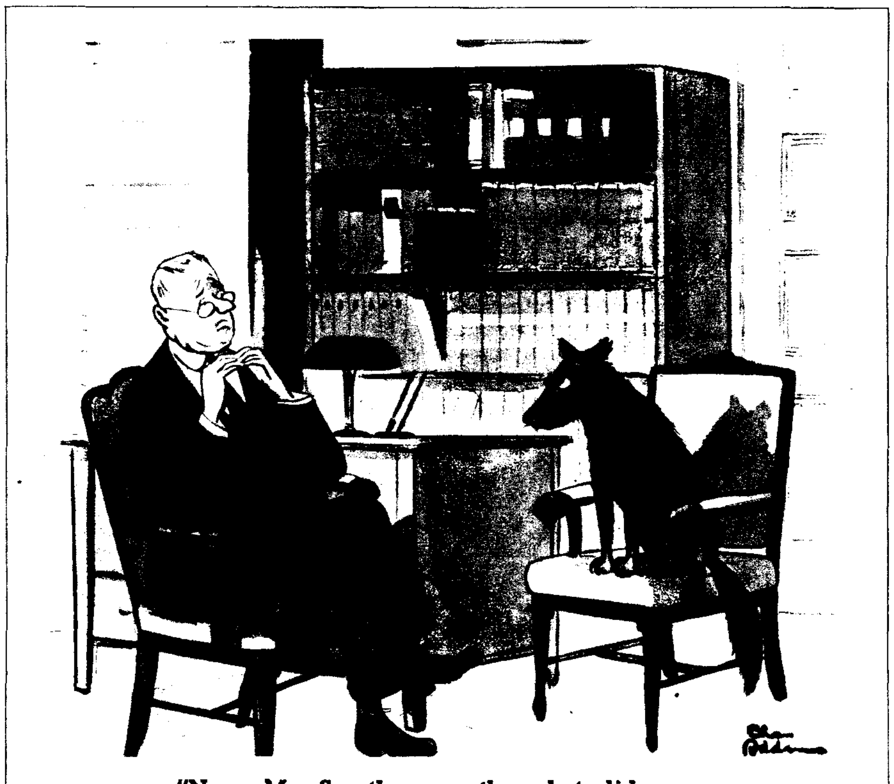
HERCULE POIROT murmured, "And what do we think of Mr. Blatt?"

Colonel Weston grinned.

"What do *you* think of him?" he said. "You've seen more of him than I have."

Poirot said softly, "There are many of your English idioms that describe him: The rough diamond! The self-made man! The social climber! He is, as you choose to look at it, pathetic, ludicrous, blatant! It is a matter of opinion. But I think, too, that he is something else."

"And what is that?"



"Now, Mr. Smythe, exactly what did your wife say when she cast this spell over you?"

CHAS. ADDAMS

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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Hercule Poirot, his eyes raised to the ceiling, murmured:

"I think that he is—*nervous!*"

Inspector Colgate said, "I've got those times worked out. From the hotel to the ladder down to Pixy Cove, three minutes. That's walking till you are out of sight of the hotel and then running like hell."

Weston raised his eyebrows.

"That's quicker than I thought," he said.

"Down ladder to beach, one minute and three quarters. Up same, two minutes. That's Constable Flint. He's a bit of an athlete. Walking and taking the ladder in the normal way the whole business takes close on a quarter of an hour."

Weston nodded. He said, "There's another thing we must go into, the pipe question."

Colgate said:

"Blatt smokes a pipe, so does Marshall, so does the parson. Redfern smokes cigarettes, the American prefers a cigar. Major Barry doesn't smoke at all. There's one pipe in Marshall's room, two in Blatt's, and one in the parson's. Chambermaid says Marshall has two pipes. The other chambermaid isn't a very bright girl. Doesn't know how many pipes the other two have. Says vaguely she's noticed two or three about in their rooms."

Weston nodded.

"Anything else?"

"I've checked up on the staff. They all seem quite okay."

WESTON pulled at his mustache. "By the way—we've got a new angle."

He told of the discovery of the sandwich box in the cave.

There was a tap on the door.

"Come in," said Weston.

It was Captain Marshall.

He said, "Can you tell me what arrangements I can make about the funeral?"

"I think we shall manage the inquest for the day after tomorrow, Captain Marshall."

"Thank you."

Inspector Colgate said, "Excuse me, sir, allow me to return you these."

He handed over the three letters.

Kenneth Marshall smiled rather sardonically. He said, "Has the police department been testing the speed of my typing? I hope my character is cleared."

Colonel Weston said pleasantly:

"Yes, Captain Marshall, I think we can give you a clean bill of health. Those sheets take fully an hour to type. Moreover, you were heard typing them by the chambermaid up till five minutes to eleven and you were seen by another witness at twenty minutes past."

Captain Marshall murmured, "Really? That all seems very satisfactory!"

"Yes. Miss Darnley came to your room at twenty minutes past eleven. You were so busy typing that you did not observe her entry."

Kenneth Marshall's face took on an impassive expression. He said:

"Does Miss Darnley say that?" He paused. "As a matter of fact she is wrong. I *did* see her, though she may not be aware of the fact. I saw her in the mirror."

Poirot murmured, "But you did not interrupt your typing?"

Marshall said shortly, "No. I wanted to get finished."

He paused a minute, then in an abrupt voice, he said, "Nothing more I can do for you?"

"No, thank you, Captain Marshall."

Kenneth Marshall nodded and went out.

Weston said with a sigh, "There goes our most hopeful suspect—cleared! Hullo, here's Neasdon."

The doctor came in with a trace of excitement in his manner. He said:

"That's a nice little death lot you sent me along."

"What is it?"

"What is it? Diamorphine hydrochloride. Stuff that's usually called heroin."

Inspector Colgate whistled. He said, "Now we're getting places, all right! Depend upon it, this dope stunt is at the bottom of the whole business."

THE little crowd of people flocked out of the Red Bull. The brief inquest was over—adjourned for a fortnight.

Rosamund Darnley joined Captain Marshall. She said in a low voice, "That wasn't so bad, was it, Ken?"

He did not answer at once. Perhaps he was conscious of the staring eyes of the villagers, the fingers that nearly pointed to him and only just did not quite do so!

"That's 'im, my dear." "See, that's 'er 'usband." "That be the 'usband." "Look, there 'e goes . . ."

The murmurs were not loud enough to reach his ears, but he was none the less sensitive to them. This was the modern-day pillory. The press he had already encountered—self-confident, persuasive young men, adepts at battering down his wall of silence, of "Nothing to say" that he had endeavored to erect. Even the curt monosyllables that he had uttered, thinking that they at least could not lead to misapprehension, had reappeared in this morning's papers in a totally different guise. "Asked whether he agreed that the mystery of his wife's death could only be explained on the assumption that a homicidal murderer had found his way on to the island, Captain Marshall declared that—" and so on and so forth.

Cameras had clicked ceaselessly. Now, at this minute, the well-known sound caught his ear. He half turned—a smiling young man was nodding cheerfully, his purpose accomplished.

Rosamund murmured, *"Captain Marshall and a friend leaving the Red Bull after the inquest."*

Marshall winced.

Rosamund said, "It's no use, Ken! You've got to face it! I don't mean just the fact of Arlena's death—I mean all the attendant beastliness: The staring eyes and gossiping tongues, the fatuous interviews in the papers—and the best way to meet it is to find it funny! Come out with all the old inane clichés and curl a sardonic lip at them."

He said, "Is that your way?"

"Yes." She paused. "It isn't yours, I know. Protective coloring is your line. Remain rigidly nonactive and fade into the background! But you can't do that here—you've no background to fade into. You stand out clear for all to see—like a striped tiger against a white back cloth. *The husband of the murdered woman!*"

"For heaven's sake, Rosamund—"

She said gently, "My dear, I'm trying to be good for you!"

They walked for a few steps in silence. Then Marshall said in a different voice: "I know you are. I'm not really ungrateful, Rosamund."

THEY had progressed beyond the limits of the village. Eyes followed them but there was no one very near. Rosamund Darnley's voice dropped as she repeated a variant of her first remark:

"It didn't really go so badly, did it?"

He was silent for a moment, then he said, "I don't know."

"What do the police think?"

"They're noncommittal."

After a minute Rosamund said, "That little man—Poirot—is he really taking an active interest?"

Kenneth Marshall said, "Seemed to be sitting in the chief constable's pocket all right the other day."

"I know—but is he *doing* anything?"

You'll like yeast this new way

YOU'RE GOING GOOD TONIGHT BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?
NO...DRINKING IT AND LOVING IT! FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL IN TOMATO JUICE!

HERB: Yeast certainly did me a world of good, and I know it. But I couldn't learn to eat it. Didn't like the taste.

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MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

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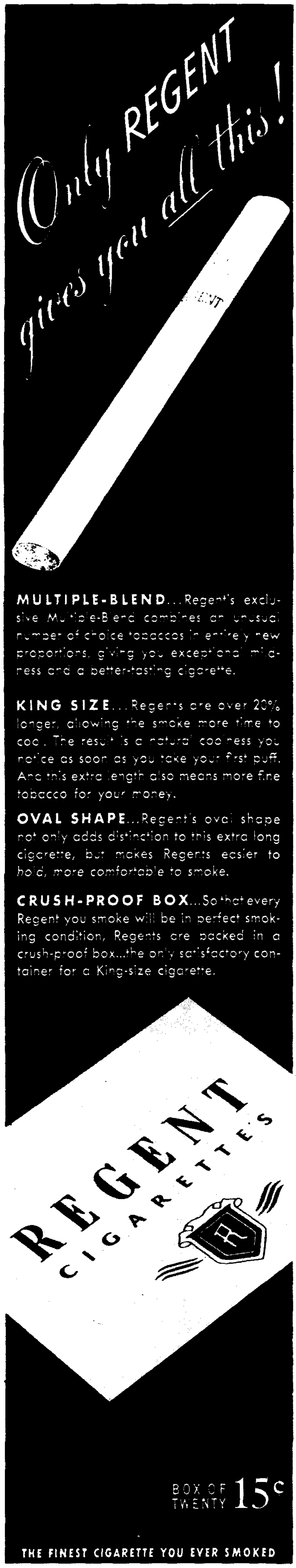

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BOX OF TWENTY 15¢

THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED

"How should I know, Rosamund?"

She said thoughtfully:

"He's pretty old. Probably more or less gaga."

"Perhaps."

They came to the causeway. Opposite them, serene in the sun, lay the island.

Rosamund said suddenly, "Sometimes—things seem unreal. I can't believe, this minute, that it ever happened. . . ."

Marshall said slowly:

"I think I know what you mean. Nature is so—regardless! One ant the less—that's all it is in nature!"

Rosamund said, "Yes—and that's the proper way to look at it really."

He gave her one very quick glance. Then he said in a low voice, "Don't worry, my dear. It's all right. *It's all right.*"

LINDA came down to the causeway to meet them. She moved with the spasmodic jerkiness of a nervous colt. Her young face was marred by deep black shadows under her eyes. Her lips were dry and rough.

She said breathlessly, "What happened—what—what did they say?"

Her father said abruptly, "Inquest adjourned for a fortnight."

"That means they—they haven't decided?"

"Yes. More evidence is needed."

"But—but what do they think?"

Marshall smiled a little in spite of himself.

"Oh, my dear child—who knows? And whom do you mean by they? The coroner, the jury, the police, the newspaper reporters, the fishing folk of Leathercombe Bay?"

Linda said slowly, "I suppose I mean—the police."

Marshall said dryly, "Whatever the police think, they're not giving it away at present."

His lips closed tightly after the sentence. He went into the hotel.

As Rosamund Darnley was about to follow suit, Linda said, "Rosamund!"

Rosamund turned. The mute appeal in the girl's unhappy face touched her. She linked her arm through Linda's and together they walked away from the hotel, taking the path that led to the extreme end of the island.

Rosamund said gently, "Try not to mind so much, Linda. I know it's all very terrible and a shock and all that, but it's no use brooding over these things. And it can be only the—the horror of it, that is worrying you. You weren't in the least *fond* of Arlena, you know."

She felt the tremor that ran through the girl's body as Linda answered.

"No, I wasn't fond of her. . . ."

Rosamund went on:

"Sorrow for a person is different—one can't put *that* behind one. But one *can* get over shock and horror by just not letting your mind *dwell* on it all the time."

Linda said sharply, "You don't understand."

"I think I do, my dear."

Linda shook her head. "No, you don't. You don't understand in the least—and Christine doesn't understand either! Both of you have been nice to me, but you can't understand what I'm feeling. You just think it's morbid—that I'm dwelling on it all when I needn't." She paused.

"But it isn't that at all. If you knew what I know—"

Rosamund stopped dead. Her body did not tremble—on the contrary it stiffened. She stood for a minute or two, then she disengaged her arm from Linda's.

She said, "What is it that you know, Linda?"

The girl gazed at her. Then she shook her head. She muttered, "Nothing."

Rosamund caught her by the arm. *The grip hurt and Linda winced slightly.*

Rosamund said, "Be careful, Linda. Be very careful."

Linda had gone dead-white. She said, "I *am* very careful—all the time."

Rosamund said urgently, "Listen, Linda, what I said a minute or two ago applies just the same—only a hundred times more so. *Put the whole business out of your mind.* Never think about it. Forget—forget. . . . You can if you try! Arlena is dead and nothing can bring her back to life. . . . Forget everything and live in the future. And above all, *hold your tongue.*"

Linda shrank a little. She said, "You—you seem to know all about it!"

Rosamund said energetically, "I don't know *anything!* In my opinion a wandering maniac got onto the island and killed Arlena. That's much the most probable solution. I'm fairly sure that the police will have to accept that in the end. That's what *must* have happened! That's what *did* happen!"

Linda said, "If Father—"

Rosamund interrupted her: "Don't talk about it."

Linda said, "I've got to say one thing. My Mother—"

"Well, what about her?"

"She—she was tried for murder, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

Linda said slowly, "And then Father *married her. That looks, doesn't it, as* though Father didn't really think murder was very wrong—not always, that is."

"Don't say things like that—even to me!" Rosamund said sharply. "The police haven't got anything against your father. He's got an alibi—an alibi that they can't break. He's perfectly safe."

Linda whispered, "Did they think at first that Father—?"

Rosamund cried, "I don't know what they thought! But they know now *that he couldn't have done it.* Do you understand? *He couldn't have done it.*"

She spoke with authority; her eyes commanded Linda's acquiescence. The girl uttered a long, fluttering sigh.

"You'll be able to leave here soon," Rosamund said. "You'll forget everything—everything!"

Linda said with sudden unexpected violence, "*I shall never forget.*"

She turned abruptly and ran back to the hotel. Rosamund stared after her.

"THERE is something I want to know, Madame."

Christine Redfern glanced up at Poirot in a slightly abstracted manner.

"Yes?" she said.

Hercule Poirot took very little notice *of her abstraction. He had noted* the way her eyes followed her husband's figure where he was pacing up and down on the terrace outside the bar, but for the moment he had no interest in purely conjugal problems. He wanted information.

He said, "Yes, Madame. It was a phrase—a chance phrase of yours the other day that roused my attention."

Christine, her eyes still on Patrick, said, "Yes? What did I say?"

"It was in answer to a question from the chief constable. You described how you went into Miss Linda Marshall's room on the morning of the crime and how you found her absent from it and how she returned there and it was then that the chief constable asked you where she had been."

Christine said rather impatiently, "And I said she had been bathing? Is that it?"

"Ah, but you did not say quite that. You did not say 'she had been bathing.' Your words were 'she said she had been bathing.'"

"It's the same thing, surely," Christine said.

"No, it is not the same! The form of your answer suggests a certain attitude of mind on your part. Linda Marshall came into the room—she was wearing a bathing wrap and yet—for some reason—you did not at once assume she *had been bathing.* That is shown by your words 'she *said* she had been bathing.' What was there about her appearance—was it her manner, or something that she was wearing or something she said, that led you to feel surprised when she said she had been bathing?"

CHRISTINE'S attention left Patrick and focused itself entirely on Poirot. She was interested.

"That's clever of you," she said. "It's quite true, now I remember . . . I *was,* just faintly, surprised when Linda said she had been bathing."

"But why, Madame, why?"

"Yes, why? That's just what I'm trying to remember. Oh, yes, I think it was the parcel in her hand."

"She had a parcel?"

"Yes."

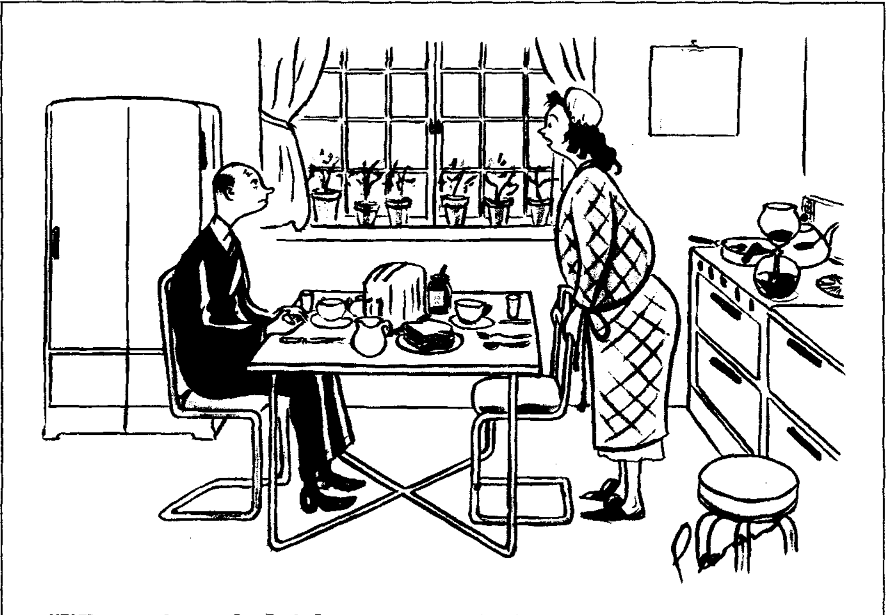
"You do not know what was in it?"

"Oh, yes, I do. The string broke. It was loosely done up in the way they do in the village. It was *candles*—they were scattered on the floor. I helped her to pick them up."

"Ah," said Poirot. "Candles."

Christine stared at him. She said, "You seem excited, M. Poirot."

(To be continued next week)



"Why can't you be bright and cheery in the morning like other men?"

CHARLES PEARSON

The Sweet-Talk Toby

Continued from page 21

yah. De fust time I got a man he didn't had a sou. Dat's Franch tawk for sayin' he didn't had a dime. But he had de sweet word, yas. De honey she drip off his tongue!"

Dawthy Dawn nodded ecstatically. "Yas'm, dat de way I'd like to make Buldickie do."

The hoodoo woman studied her patient carefully.

"Gal," she decided, "you ain't got none er dat stuff what us Franch calls jenny-see-quaw." She frowned. "You ain't got no chick. You got to dress up, yah. Put on yo' Sunday dress and put de red ribbon in yo' hair, and put de flower behime yo' lef' year. And den, you take a Run-Johnny-Run sack full er soot, sand and salt and make you a toby. You wear dat toby hid under yo' clothes so's nobody don't see him."

"And dat'll make Buldickie say sweet love to me?" the young bride asked.

"Dat," stated Modom Aw-Bear, "will cost you fo' bits."

DAWTHY DAWN paid and left. Back at her own house, she followed Modom Aw-Bear's instructions, then sat down to wait for Buldickie to come home.

Usually, he said nothing when he came in from work. Tonight it was dark when he arrived and instead of waiting silently for his supper, Buldickie spoke at once.

"I'm draggin' out my tracks," he volunteered. "Giles put me on Newman Dykes' middle buster after Johnnie T burnt out. And ole Hawk and Eagle and Lightnin' might' nigh wore me down."

"Whar Newman Dykes at?" Dawthy Dawn wanted to know.

Buldickie laughed. "He at home in de bed," he told her. "Giles been pickin' buckshot outn his hide, like a crow pickin' out new-planted cawn." He sat down to the table and filled his plate. "Newman was frivilin' wid a lady over on Red Chute and her husband didn't like hit."

Dawthy Dawn beamed. Buldickie had never before been so talkative.

"I went to Modom Aw-Bear's and got me a toby today," she said hopefully.

Buldickie got up from the table, yawned, stretched and went to bed.

For a week, Dawthy Dawn clung faithfully to her toby, but after seven uneventful days, she admitted that Modom Aw-Bear's hoodoo was no good. She decided to try the Widow Duck, who was, she knew, no hoodoo woman but who was certainly the smartest somebody on Little Bee Bend plantation.

The Widow Duck heard her story with sympathy and understanding.

"Yo' man might not be like yuther mens." The Widow Duck leaned back in her chair and indulged in nostalgic memories: "Ah, Lawd, when I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm dat frail brown on Duke's Bend, I wored fancy clothes and strutted about somethin' scan'lous." She reached forward and chunked up the fire. "I was a sinner gal, den," she added, "and what I mean, I didn't keer who knowed hit."

"You was a sinner!" Dawthy Dawn exclaimed. "Why, Mis' Duck!"

"A sinner outn de world!" the old woman said. "But hit didn't git Big Jim away f'm dat frail brown."

"How'd you git him?"

"Ah, Lawd!" the Widow Duck recalled. "I used my haid. I figgered in my mind dat Big Jim didn't want me 'cause I wa'n't hard enough to git. So I jest made myse'f hard to git."

"How'd you do hit?"

"I got me another man, and dat made Big Jim want me, bad."

"I ain't got no yuther man," Dawthy Dawn complained. "Buldickie is de onlies' man ever paid me any mind. And he ain't paid me much."

The Widow Duck laughed. "Mens," she declared, "ain't hard to git. Name any man on de place which might make Buldickie jealous."

Dawthy Dawn shut her eyes and bid as high as her imagination would stretch. "Newman Dykes," she said.

"Dat boy makes 'em all jealous," the Widow Duck chuckled. "Now, you go home, whilst I makes some tawk wid Newman. He owe me a favor, anyway."

Dawthy Dawn pondered. "But you knows I ain't no sinner, Mis' Duck," she protested. "And I 'on't want Newman to fall me f'm grace."

"Newman ain't gonter do you nothin'," the Widow Duck promised. "You jest mind yo' own and keep yo' mouf shet. Newman jest gonter start 'pearin' out de puck-korn grove ontwell de tawk git about, and when Buldickie hyar 'bout dat he gonter figger jest like any yuther husband figgers when he hyars dat Newman Dykes has been around de house."

"But s'posin'," Dawthy Dawn insisted, "dat big ole scound'el come to my house and change my mind?"

"I swear, child," the Widow Duck told her, "maybe you ain't as smart as I figgered you was, or maybe you don't know Newman Dykes as good as me. And den agin, maybe you ain't stood up and looked in de lookin' glass in a long time. Now you go 'long home. Newman ain't gonter do you nothin'."

Dawthy Dawn went home and once more took up her unexciting domestic routine. At least once during each day, Newman Dykes would pass by her house and the Widow Duck took it upon herself to see to it that these journeys of the plantation's big lover did not escape notice and comment. Buldickie, however, said never a word.

"Maybe," Dawthy Dawn told the Widow Duck, "he don't keer efn I'm snake-in-de-grassin' wid Newman."

THE Widow Duck would not even consider such an unorthodox possibility. "Buldickie ain't what you call no rale prime smart man," she said. "But he a man, and ain't no man gonter like hit when he figger his woman is snake-in-de-grassin' him. You go 'long—I'm fixin' to speak wid Buldickie right now!"

When Buldickie and his team reached the turnrow, the Widow Duck was waiting for him.

"You ain't comed to git dat weddin' pig I promised you, son," she said reproachfully.

"No'm," Buldickie admitted. "I been fixin' to, but jest gittin' strung out bein' married and all, I ain't had de time hardly to build me a pen."

"I didn't know," the Widow Duck said slyly. "I figgered maybe you and Dawthy Dawn wa'n't gittin' on so good. I figgered maybe you wouldn't want dat pig efn you was fixin' to divo'ce her off befo' spring sot in."

"Naw'm," Buldickie said. "I ain't fixin' to divo'ce her off. She do all right."

"But what about all dis tawk goin' on?" the Widow Duck said. "Hit ain't for me to pack a tale, but I reckon hit ain't no news to you dat Newman Dykes been gittin' 'round de puck-korn grove since he got well enough f'm dat load er buckshot he picked up on Red Chute."

"Yas'm, I hyared de tawk."

"And you ain't jealous? You know good as me, Newman Dykes is de biggest snake-in-the-grasser in Bossier Parish."

"Naw'm, I ain't jealous," Buldickie

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OVALTINE
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told her. "Dawthy Dawn ain't no sinner gal."

"Big ole Newman Dykes is a dog!" the Widow Duck warned. "Now I ain't speakin' a word agin yo' wife, but Newman is jest de kind er man dat kin fall any gal f'm grace, efn he sot his mind to hit."

"Newman Dykes won't sot his mind to fall my woman f'm grace," Buldickie stated firmly. "I'm de onlies' man on de place ever give Dawthy Dawn any love. Dat's how come I married up wid her. I ain't always got to be watchin' my back do'."

The Widow Duck shrugged. "Son, yo' faith sho will move mustard seeds," she said, "but you mind out you don't find a mountain goin' out yo' back do' when you comes in de front. So say de Sperrit, son. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

She walked away disgusted. "Dat boy," she reported to Dawthy Dawn, "ain't got sense 'nough to pour *nothin'* outn a boot! Efn I didn't hate ole Satan so bad, I'd make Newman come hyar and fall you f'm grace."

Dawthy Dawn was interested. "I c'd git redeemed agin," she suggested.

"Nawp," the Widow Duck decided. "De Senior Usher at Ole Ship er Zion ain't fixin' to git mixed up in no kind er sin. Nor neither I ain't gonter let no member like you do dat. But you know what I'm fixin' to do?"

"Naw'm," Dawthy Dawn was dejected.

"I'm fixin' to make Newman Dykes come hyar and set in de kitchen ontwell Buldickie come in f'm work," the Widow Duck planned. "And when Buldickie come in de front do', Newman got to jump up and knock over a table and den run outn de back do'."

"Will dat do any good?"

"Efn hit don't, den I quits tryin'," the Widow Duck said. "And I most gen'ally don't quits tryin' ontwell I gets what I sot out to git."

COACHED by the Widow Duck, Newman Dykes put on a good show. When he heard Buldickie's footstep on the porch, he shoved Dawthy Dawn through the kitchen door and overturned the table. Then he ran through the cabin, almost colliding with the returning husband, and went dodging behind trees in the pecan grove.

Buldickie understood, almost immediately. He watched until Newman was out of sight, and turned to Dawthy Dawn, who was waiting expectantly in the middle of the big room.

"Dat," Buldickie accused, "was Newman Dykes!"

Dawthy Dawn looked surprised. "Who was Newman Dykes?"

"Dat man which might' nigh runned over me gittin' outn my house."

"Aw, dat man."

"Yeah."

An awkward silence fell. Buldickie seemed to be trying to get the visual facts straight and Dawthy Dawn was waiting to see what would happen when he did.

When she could stand the suspense no longer, she suggested meekly, "Yo' supper's all ready."

The words pulled Buldickie awake. "Aw, I ain't hongry, now," he said, and walked out of the cabin.

Dawthy Dawn was puzzled. She had done exactly as the Widow Duck advised but Buldickie had not acted as he had been due to do. She was glad when, a few minutes later, the Widow Duck appeared.

"Buldickie be back soon," the Widow Duck promised. "He jest stepped out to cool off inside his mind. He been plowin' too hard to stay off long widout no supper."

The Widow Duck and Dawthy Dawn sat down to wait. An hour passed and full darkness came. Another hour and the moon came up. They both jumped when they heard a scratching sound on the batten blind.

"Who dat?" Dawthy Dawn demanded.

"Hit's me, Modom Aw-Bear," a hoarse whisper answered. "You put a buzzard feather in de toby and den you put de toby onder yo' hosband pillow—"

"Cissy Ringgold!" the Widow Duck called angrily. "You git away f'm dat window. Come on in de house like you was somebody or git on back to yo' shanty. Don't stand at de window and screech like a ha'nt!"

"Duckie Meeler!" the hoodoo woman yelled. "You break de gree-gree!"

"You come in dis house, or I'll break yo' haid!" the Widow Duck threatened.

Modom Aw-Bear came inside, sucked through her teeth at the Widow Duck and then hunched down in the chimney corner. The Widow Duck was about to speak, when Buldickie returned.

He was not alone. On his arm was a strange young woman, not too good to look at, and none too certain of herself.

"Dis whar I live at, Eula," Buldickie said. "Yonder my kitchen, in yonder. See kin you whup me up some supper."

KEY TO SAFETY-

of all the Americas is oil-rich, strategically located Venezuela, the country that turned from dictatorship to democracy

W. B. Courtney reports on our most important Good Neighbor

In Next Week's Collier's

Eula glanced wall-eyed around the room but did not move.

"And de rest er y'all ladies," Buldickie continued, "kin step out er my house whilst my new wife gits lotbroke."

"Yo' new wife!" the Widow Duck demanded.

"You git dat 'oman outn my house!" Dawthy Dawn yelled.

"I tole you, Duckie Meeler, you break de gree-gree," Modom Aw-Bear put in.

EULA, evidently beginning to feel "lotbroke" and more at ease, spoke. "Y'all hyared what Buldickie say," she told them. "He say git out." She stepped aside as if to allow passage. "And I'm tellin' you de same! Dis my house, now, and I don't want no womens to hang about my house."

"You hold on, dar!" ordered the Widow Duck. "Buldickie, what de name er Satan you tawkin' 'bout? Who dis gal standin' up hyar?"

"Dat's Eula, Mis' Duck," Buldickie explained. "I married her offn Duke's Bend, dis evenin'."

"Fool!" the Widow Duck snorted. "You can't marry up wid two womens at de same time. Did you stand up befo' de preacher?"

"Naw'm, I ain't stood up befo' nobody, yit. I was fixin' to, when I wa'n't so hongry and tired like I is, now."

"And have two wives?" the Widow Duck asked.

"Naw'm. Jest only one. Dawthy Dawn done divo'ced me off."

"I ain't divo'ced you off no sich," Dawthy Dawn protested. "I still loves you good."

"Hunh?" Buldickie asked hopefully. "You mean, you ain't divo'ced me off, sho 'nuff?"

"Naw, darlin', I wouldn't divo'ce you for nothin'."

IT REQUIRED a few moments for that fact to soak in, and when it did Buldickie got mad.

"Den dat makes Newman Dykes snake-in-de-grassin' me!" he yelled. "I'm gonter git my pistol and shoot his gizzard out!"

"You ain't got no pistol, darlin'," Dawthy Dawn reminded him gently. "And anyway us was jest—"

"You ain't got no call to shoot Newman," the Widow Duck began to explain. "He ain't snake-in-de-grassed you, Buldickie. I put him up to dat foolishness."

"I bet dat's a big ole rusty lie," Eula said. "I hyared 'bout Newman Dykes, over on Duke's Bend. And f'm what I hyars, he'll snake-in-de-grass ev'y husband on de place, and dey womens will lie about hit."

Buldickie, peaceable by nature, found his quiet world no longer comprehensible.

"I wish," he begged plaintively, "dat y'all wouldn't do like dat. I'm tired and hongry and y'all womens is jibberin' and jabberin', and don't no sense come outn nobody's mouf. I'm hongry in my stummick and all messed up in my mind and I don't like hit to be like dat."

"Y'all git outn my house," Eula ordered. "My man don't like hit like dat." She gestured threateningly toward Dawthy Dawn.

"Who git outn whose house?" Dawthy Dawn asked tartly. "Ain't no Duke's Bend lady comin' hyar and put me outn my house."

"I *wisht* y'all ladies wouldn't fuss," Buldickie whimpered. He appealed to the Widow Duck: "Can't you make 'em stop?"

"I ain't fussin'!" Dawthy Dawn said, making a sudden dive for the kitchen. She emerged, waving a large knife. "I'm *cuttin'!*"

The Widow Duck grabbed her. "Don't do like dat, daughter," she urged. "Cuttin' ain't right. Now, Eula, dis all been a mess but you ain't in hit. So you jest better drag hit on back to Duke's Bend."

"Nawp," Eula refused. "Buldickie is de onliest man ever axed me to marry him up and I ain't fixin' to git on back to no whars!"

"Aw, Eula, whyn't you go on back?" Buldickie pleaded. "When I axed you to marry wid me, I didn't know I still had Dawthy Dawn. And you know good as me, hit ain't no good for a man to have two womens at de same time."

"You kin run Dawthy Dawn off and keep me," Eula suggested.

"Ain't nobody runnin' me off," Dawthy Dawn put in. "Buldickie is my husband befo' de preacher."

"He kin div'oce you off," Eula retorted. "Efn I was a man and my 'oman snake-in-de-grassed me—"

"Ain't nobody snake-in-de-grassed nobody," the Widow Duck said with difficulty, as she held Dawthy Dawn tightly. "I put Newman Dykes in hyar, my ownse'f."

"I'm stayin'," Eula announced.

"Git dat gal outn hyar!" Dawthy Dawn yelled.

"Div'oce her, Buldickie," Eula urged, "befo' I gits mad and takes dat knife away f'm her and cuts her gizzard out!"

"I *wisht* y'all wouldn't fuss and go on like dat," Buldickie begged. He looked prayerfully toward the Widow Duck.

"Hit's too big a mess for me to study 'bout whilst I'm holdin' dis gal, hyar," the Widow Duck said. "Seem like you got to make up yo' own mind. Seem like you kin git shut er Eula or div'oce off Dawthy Dawn."

Buldickie considered as a welcome silence descended.

"I wouldn't div'oce off Dawthy Dawn for a gal like Eula," Buldickie decided.

"You means," Dawthy Dawn prompted, "you'd druther stay married up wid me den wid a gal like Eula?"

"Sho," Buldickie nodded with enthusiasm.

"You means you love me mo' gooder den you loves her?" Dawthy Dawn was entranced with Buldickie's ardor.

"Sho, fool," Buldickie told her. "Didn't you hyar me stand up and tell de preacher I didn't love no yuther woman but you? And you knows I wouldn't stand up and lie to de preacher."

Dawthy Dawn sighed happily, and dropped the knife. "Darlin'," she said, "when you makes sweet love-tawk to me like dat, de words drip offn yo' tongue like honey in de comb."

The Widow Duck beamed. "Dat's mo' like hit," she told them.

BUT the hapless Eula had still to be reckoned with. Her proprietary air had dissolved into tears of disappointment.

"Now I ain't got me no husband," she wailed. "He de onliest man ever axed me and now I ain't got him no mo'!"

"No mind, child," the Widow Duck soothed. "Hit's a heap mo' good mens jest waitin' for some gal to git 'em."

"Not no gal like me," Eula said bitterly. "Dey all gives me de go-by."

"Hit ain't hard to git a man," the Widow Duck declared with authority, "efn you goes huntin' for 'em right. You jest git on back home and put on yo' Sunday dress and a red ribbon in yo' hair. And den you strut about a little."

Modom Aw-Bear stepped in. "And you put de flower behime yo' lef' year," she said, "and wear de toby hid under yo' clothes."

"I ain't got me no toby," Eula sobbed.

The old witch woman put her arm around the weeping girl's waist. "You come wid me to my house," Modom Aw-Bear said. "I feex you a Man-Come-Git-Me toby, and I don't charge you but fo' bits!"

"Will de man come?" Eula asked hopefully.

"F'm ev'ywhars," the Widow Duck laughed. "You'll have to fight 'em off."

After Modom Aw-Bear and Eula had gone, the Widow Duck turned to Buldickie.

"Son," she explained, "all er dis mess comed about on account er Dawthy Dawn is a young gal, and she like to be sweet-tawked. F'm now on you sweet-tawk her."

"Yas'm," Buldickie agreed. "I was fixin' to, but I been sort er busy gittin' my winter plowin' done, and bein' used to bein' a married man, and all, I jest ain't got around to hit, yit."

"Well, you better git around to hit, right now," the Widow Duck said firmly.

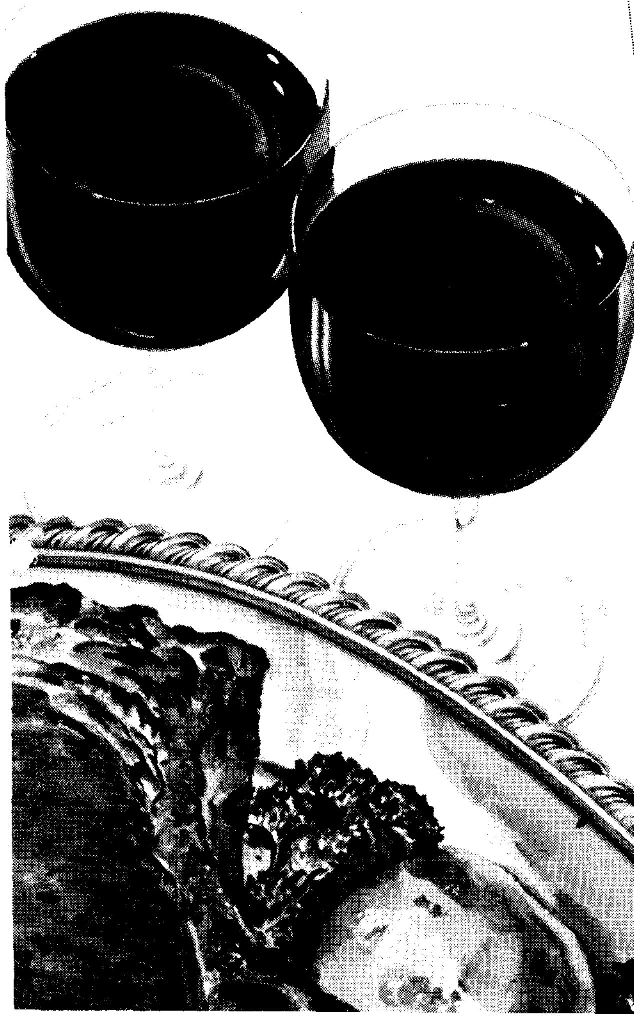
"Yas'm," Buldickie promised. "Jest quick as I gits my supper, and gits sort er rested up, and all."

Having done what she could for the young couple, the Widow Duck left. As she stepped from the porch into the moonlight, the blast of a shotgun split the silence of the night. The noise, she calculated, was down toward the Windmill cut, about where Nud and Shine lived.

"I swear," the Widow Duck chuckled, "dat Newman Dykes is a case outn dis world! He might 'a' knowed Nud wa'n't gonter stay in town de rest er his life."

"More and more often," *reports* Lynn Fontanne "our guests today choose Wine"

Lynn Fontanne has co-starred with her husband, Alfred Lunt, in such popular stage successes as "Idiot's Delight," "Taming of the Shrew," "The Guardsman," and, currently, "There Shall Be No Night." She entertains frequently, in New York and at the Lunt farm at Genesee Depot, Wis.



Notes
ON SERVING WINE

Simplicity is the keynote to wine-serving today. You are smartly correct when you serve wine very informally.

Try the "table wines" at dinner — they are purposely made "dry" (not sweet) to complement main course foods. Red, hearty, *Burgundy* is grand with steak. And delicate, pale-gold *Chablis* or *Rhine* wine lends a special goodness when served with lighter meats like roast chicken. The usual serving is half water goblet size.

With refreshments, in the afternoon or evening, try the rich, full-bodied "sweet" wines. Golden *Muscatel* with cookies or cakes. Or red *Port* with cheese, nuts or after-dinner coffee. Serve these wines in small glasses.

Before dinner — alone or with appetizers — bring on cocktail-size glasses of amber Sherry. Nutlike in flavor, Sherry is considered by connoisseurs the perfect invitation to a good meal.

"Times are such that people need to relax and enjoy themselves occasionally. Yet almost everyone wants to be moderate about it"

"EVEN AT INFORMAL DINNERS nowadays I usually serve a good wine with the main course," writes Lynn Fontanne. "Afternoons, too, I find more and more people are choosing wine — because they prefer to stay on the moderate side."

Not only in smart social circles. Not just in certain parts of the country. Everywhere today hosts and hostesses are doing as charming Lynn Fontanne does.

They're setting out a dry table wine with the main dinner course. At cocktail time, or when drinks are served in the evening, they give each guest an opportunity to say "make mine wine." It's an *extra touch* of hospitality!

We have printed here some wine-serving suggestions. When next you have guests, try one of these simple ideas. You'll find wine makes easy the duties of host or hostess. You'll notice wine compliments your most particular guests.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In discriminating households the wines of our own country are usually served today. More than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

Be Considerate — Serve Wine

Elsie
MOOVIE

"Don't be silly, Elmer—I'm still a home girl at heart!"

ELMER, THE BULL, was not in a pleasant mood. He clutched a movie fan magazine grimly, and his eyes flashed as he questioned Elsie, the Borden Cow.

"Home girl!" he growled; "how could anyone go traipsing off to Hollywood at the drop of a contract—and still be a *home* girl?"

"Goodness, it was only so I could make *one* movie," answered Elsie, going right on with her unpacking. "A very nice movie, too."

"I doubt if I shall see it," stated Elmer stuffily. "I am more interested in finding out just how much the giddy life of Hollywood has changed you."

"Not one bit," asserted Elsie positively. "To me, the brown derby is still just a hat. There's nothing more important in my life than the wonderfully pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* that Borden care and Borden experts help me to produce. And I'd much rather be back home here feeling proud of all the wonderfully pure, wholesome foods that milk helps to make than seeing my name up in lights."

BORDEN'S MILK—PURE AS IT IS GOOD!
Borden's

"Well, your name is being mentioned in connection with more than milk or lights," rumbled Elmer, glancing angrily at his fan magazine.

"Naturally," agreed Elsie. "People are bound to talk—so, no wonder it's all over town that one reason why *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* makes marvelous cake frostings, cookies, and candies like magic is because it's made from my milk."

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND IS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
MAGIC RECIPES

"And that, I presume," muttered Elmer, with heavy sarcasm, "is the total extent to which rumor has touched your fair name?"

"Oh, I suppose word also has gotten around about the *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* I help to make," reflected Elsie. "How it not only gets an approving nod from physicians for infant feeding because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D—but is grand, too, for creating lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. Yes, it's only natural I should be the toast of many a jolly dinner table . . ."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

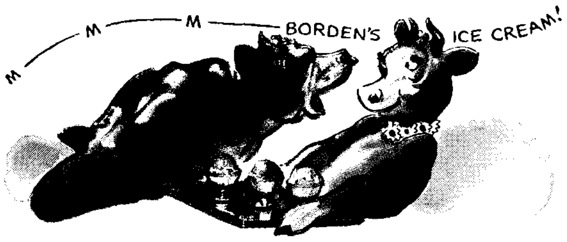
"A-ha, *now* we're getting somewhere," snorted Elmer: "And you a *mother!*"

". . . Especially when you think," rambled on Elsie, "how delightfully a good dinner can be topped off with one of the score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Take, for instance, *Military Brand Camembert*—the famous dessert cheese with the creamy, soul-satisfying heart."

DEELICIOUS, THIS MILITARY BRAND CAMEMBERT!
BORDEN'S MILITARY BRAND

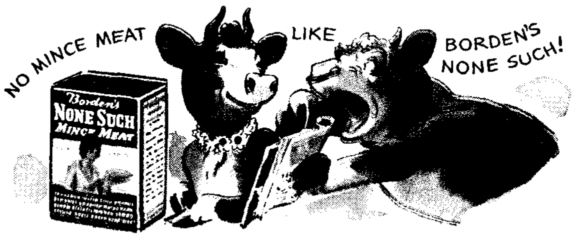
"You talk," interrupted the exasperated Elmer, "as though butter wouldn't melt in your mouth!"

"One of life's pleasantest experiences," replied Elsie, "is the way *Borden's Ice Cream* melts in your mouth—it's so cool, creamy, utterly delightful. Of course my pure milk and cream take a good deal of the credit."


M—M—M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Movies, soups, ice cream!" grunted Elmer. "I suppose there's *nothing* you won't take credit for!"

"That's not true, Elmer, and you know it!" retorted Elsie. "My milk doesn't happen to go into *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* for one thing. But *None Such* gets its spicy flavor and wholesomeness from the same kind of Borden care that makes *my* products so good . . . What on earth is making you so quarrelsome?"


NO MINCE MEAT LIKE BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"This!" bellowed Elmer, at last flourishing the movie fan magazine under Elsie's nose. "How do you explain this headline, 'Elsie Loves Little Men'?"

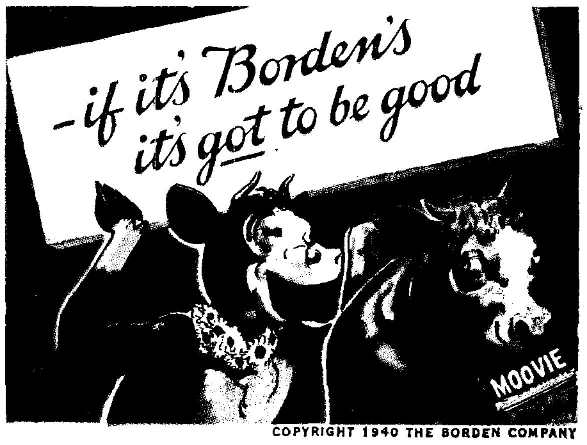
"Silly!" giggled Elsie. "Why, 'Little Men' is the name of the movie I made. I'm surprised at you, Elmer—imagining I'd turn out to be a playgirl. Whenever you thought of me while I was away, you should have remembered just one thing!"

"What's that, Elsie?" puzzled Elmer.

Elsie smiled and tweaked his ear: *"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

• • •

See Elsie herself in RKO's delightful new movie, "Little Men," as soon as it comes to your theater. You'll enjoy seeing Elsie perform with such famous stars as Kay Francis, George Bancroft, Jack Oakie.



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Comes the Revolution

Continued from page 18

here, one is told a lot of things." I kept a blank face and this seemed to loosen her up some. "We were going to fly in," she said, "right to the city of San Luis, but we couldn't get a plane. The big companies wouldn't rent us one and the workers down here haven't any."

"You could have gone in by car, like I did," I said, "or on horseback."

"The horseback would be too long," she said. "I heard the road in there isn't more than a burro trail."

"But you can do it in a car if you go in first gear over the real bad roads."

"And you went in that way?" It seemed to make her thoughtful. "If you'd do that for a mere newspaper story—well, you ought to be interested in the same work we are."

I didn't follow her way of thinking, but I nodded. "I am, or used to be, more or less." It was the way her looks affected you. After a while you were trying to please her.

"Will you go back in now that we've told you there will be a revolt?"

"Naturally . . . if you're sure of it."

"Would you mind if we came along? You know the way."

"Sure, come ahead. If you have any idea what's going to happen, I'd really like to know. It's the most mixed-up thing I've ever seen."

"Peloaz will be in on it," she said.

"Naturally. He'd be in on any trouble in central Mexico. Has been for the last twenty years. He rode with Villa, you know."

SHE didn't know and she didn't like my telling her, but she let it pass. "He's the one behind the governor of San Luis," she said. "The governor, Ochoa, is just a figurehead and it's Peloaz and his ideas we're fighting against. He's really a Fascist. Practically everything the peons make goes to the state. Of course, the federal government down here is on the side of the workers but Peloaz has built up such a following in San Luis that the government isn't quite ready to crush him yet. The workers can't wait, though; their children are starving and they're going to revolt."

"That's the setup, then, you think?" I said.

"I know it is. Don't you think so?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "Who's going to lead the peasants?"

"A peasant himself. A man named Juan Sanchez."

"Have you met any of them?" I said.

"No, but I know about them. I hope we can get in in time for it. I can speak a little Spanish and Keith speaks it well. It might help them to know that the American workers are behind them."

A faint color had come to her while she spoke and the food before her was almost untouched. She looked very beautiful. "You think, then, that the revolt can—accomplish something?" I said.

"I know it can!" she said. Her eyes changed in quality. Her hand was a fist on the edge of the table. Before her eyes, my own dropped.

Outside on the street there were runners trying to drag tourists into liquor stores. In the plaza near the cathedral, the young men and women of Monterrey were walking, the men moving one way in the outer circle, the girls moving the opposite way in the inner circle. Every so often a man would drop out of his circle and join a girl walking with her in the girls' circle.

"Why don't you two walk in the plaza a while?" I said. "It's the custom here on Saturday nights."

Markham looked at her; his face was bright and pleased, like a kid's, and you could see that he loved her very much, loved her as much as though it were the first time, which it may have been.

She shook her head once. "Let's not bother with that sort of thing." Later, you could be annoyed by her saying it, but at the moment she made me feel childish for having made the suggestion. "Why wait?" she went on. "There's no point in waiting for morning. Why can't we go now? How far is it?"

"It's about a day's drive," I told her. "If we leave now we'll all be dead tired tomorrow and there isn't even a half-decent hotel once you leave the main road."

"That won't bother me," she said. "I don't see why it should you."

So we left inside an hour. The road is good and pretty straight below Monterrey.

We didn't talk much. Markham, next to me, drowsed off now and then, and some sort of vague antagonism lay between the girl and myself. When we got gas in Ciudad Victoria he was awake again but she had gone into a deep sleep across the rear seat of the small sedan I had brought into Mexico with me.

"Fourteen years ago I remarked in a joke, 'Darling, I'll dry'"

SIDNEY HOFF

"I'm glad she's asleep," he said. "She's so intense, she never gets any rest."

"She manages to look good," I said. The tiredness had made me sullen. "How did you get mixed up in this business? Your father is a working, practicing capitalist, and the last I heard you were, too."

"I'd been thinking about things," he said, "and then I met Alice and she's the one who really got me interested in this in more than an academic way. She's so selfless. Her family is like my own and naturally she's had to give up a lot."

"WHY don't you two marry?" I said. If I hadn't been so tired I mightn't have said it. But it didn't seem to bother him.

"For one thing, she's not sure she loves me. For another thing marriage might interfere with our work."

We stopped talking and after a while Alice Calhoun woke and asked where we were. "We're about an hour's ride outside Villa Juarez. We're going to stop there until daylight and get something to eat and a little sleep."

"Why can't we push on?" she said.

"Because the place we turn is only a little way on, a collection of huts called Antigua Morelos. From there on it's bad enough by daylight without driving it by night and in a time of unrest."

Her silence gave and was intended to give her opinion of my courage. But after a while she offered to drive. I told her I was all right.

THE Hotel Monte in Villa Juarez is a good hotel even if they do overcharge for the food. We woke the night clerk and he went to wake one of the kitchen boys. I fell asleep in a chair in the lobby and when I woke it was starting to get gray outside. Markham was asleep in a chair across the lobby and Alice Calhoun was sitting in a chair near mine, smoking.

"I thought you'd rather sleep than eat," she said, "so I didn't wake you. They can make more coffee."

It was more thoughtful of her than I would have expected. "Thanks," I said. She looked fresh and lovely again, even in that light. "Can we go now?" she said.

"Right away."

While I drank black coffee she sat near me, smoking and looking at Markham, still asleep. "He looks like a kid asleep, doesn't he?" she said.

"He is a kid."

This time, when she looked at me, she didn't seem to dislike me any more and there was even a little humor in her face. "You're not such a bad sort," she said. "We may be able to make a good revolutionary out of you yet."

"It'll take a lot of doing," I said.

Markham woke and we left him drinking coffee and walked outside. The gray light barely showed things, their outlines but not the details.

"The world seems to be weeping," she said, "although there's no rain." It was raw and cold and I offered her my topcoat. When I was helping her on with it, my hand touched the skin of her neck and, even in the cold, I knew it and my voice changed when I spoke, saying it was an old coat.

She turned and was facing me, her face misty and perhaps spiritual in that light. "You're rather nice, Bannon," she said. "Kiss me." I have never liked women who called men by their last names, but I kissed her. It came as a shock to discover how soft that firm-looking mouth could go. When I broke from her, I turned away, suddenly embarrassed. "What's the matter, Bannon?"

"That kid inside loves you and I don't."

Her voice implied a shrugged shoulder: "The kind of love you speak of is a convention—and fidelity to one person is one of the more outmoded of its adornments."

I turned to her: "Boy, you pick up some honeys in the social-science classes at the schools these days."

She smiled. "Don't be so grave, Bannon. Here, you're not more than five or six years older than us and you're talking like one of the older generation."

Markham came out of the hotel. "I feel swell," he said. "Want me to drive?"

At Antigua Morelos we turned to the west, and the road was two ruts in the ground except where the rocks cropped through. I took the shotgun case off the floor and put the gun together. "Why did they let you take that in?" Alice Calhoun said, "they wouldn't let us take pistols in?"

"Not even friends of the people?" I said. "It's illegal to take a pistol in, but one is permitted to take shotguns in, for the hunting of birds." I broke open two boxes of shells, one loaded with No. 6 bird shot, the other loaded with ball.

"But you can't shoot birds with ball cartridge," she said.

"That's right," I said.

IN FIRST gear, at five miles an hour, we went down a rocky burro path, just wide enough; it went down the mountain on a long diagonal. We crossed a flat valley on a red clay wagon trail and we hit a spot of road where they'd laid a base of crushed stone for a modern road. The sun was up and the air already warm. Jungle lay on either side of us and chachalacas, a kind of black wood chicken, had started to scream in the trees. Markham stopped the car and I shot one out of a treetop. The noise made others fly across the road and I shot at one on the wing and missed.

"Fiddling while Rome burns," she said. "You're some shot."

"You try it."

She took the clumsy, double-barreled, twelve-gauge and swung with the flight of a bird across the road. The chachalaca broke in its flight and dropped. I picked up the two birds and we went along. We had to go so slowly that we made no coolness for ourselves and the heat came into the windows in waves. An Indian in dirty white pants and shirt came loping down the road. He raised a hand and we stopped. He had an old rifle in his hand and a fine, handmade knife at his belt.

"Today, *señores*, there will be much trouble," he said. "It is not good for *turistas* to come this way."

"We are not *turistas*," Markham said. His inflection was perfect.

"Even so, the chief would not like it," the Indian said.

"Look at his forearm!" Markham said in English to us. There was a tattooed hammer and sickle on it. "Who is the chief?" Markham said in Spanish. "Jose Sanchez?"

"Sanchez is now our *Coronel*," the Indian said. "Peloaz is our chief. You admire Peloaz, *el Jefe?*"

"We think he is a great man," I said quickly in my broken Spanish. "We would like to see him."

"In *Ciudad del Maiz* you will see him," the Indian said.

"I don't understand this at all," Alice

Breakfast 25¢
Luncheon 30¢
Dinner 35¢
Total 90¢

ON THE UNION PACIFIC

Challengers To CALIFORNIA and the ALL-WINTER Sun Festival

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Calhoun said when we were moving again. "Here the revolt was to be against Peloaz and the things he stood for and the Indian said Peloaz and Sanchez were together now and Peloaz was the chief."

"At some time or other in his life," I said, "Peloaz has been bandit, agrarian, capitalist, crooked politician, fascist and professional 'friend of the people.' It looks as if he's decided the comrades are going to get in and so he's going to be one, too."

"I don't believe it," she said. She was almost angry. "Your attitude is cheaply cynical."

"All right," I said. "Let's see what we have in *Ciudad del Maiz*."

It was a town all faded pastel colors in the white sunlight. The streets were cobbled and not made for automobiles although there were plenty on it now. An awfully young kid at the head of a detail of five or six men stopped us and asked our business. We told him we were American friends of the people and that we would like to see Sanchez.

"Sanchez is in the field," the boy said, "preparing to repel the enemy. The chief, Peloaz, will see you though. It is best that you see him. He is a great man."

"We know that," I said.

"We have taken the city," the boy said proudly, "and hardly anyone has been killed." He pointed to a flag flying from the town hall. The flag was bright red.

"Where is there a telephone?" I said.

"Why do you want a telephone?"

"I would like to call the United States and tell a newspaper what a great man Peloaz is."

He was pleased again, but still a little suspicious. "You will wait here, in this restaurant," he said. "I will see if the chief, Peloaz, will see you. There is only one phone. One of my men will wait here with you."

"What of the friend of Peloaz," I said, "Ochoa, the governor?"

The boy shrugged elaborately. "He is no longer a friend of Peloaz's. Peloaz is now a friend of the people. It is against the tyranny of Ochoa that we are revolting. We have tried to kill Ochoa, but he is in the city of San Luis and we have not yet taken that city. Look, we have cannon, even." He pointed to a near-by rooftop. Two early-model antiaircraft guns pointed skyward.

IN THE restaurant we ate and tried to find out something from the Swiss woman who ran it. She talked less Spanish than we did and was frightened and wouldn't say much. Markham talked to her in German and she brightened up a little.

"Keith is a fine linguist," Alice Calhoun said to me. "He can talk any of the principal Continental languages."

"What does she say?" I asked Markham.

"Peloaz is a great man," Markham said. "That seems to be the burden of her song. She's afraid to say anything else."

I watched Alice Calhoun as we ate, waiting for her to look or speak her surprise. But she remained calm and ate with appetite. "What do you think of finding Peloaz on your side?" I finally said.

"He's probably seen the light," she said. "We've converted people just as reactionary as he is."

"You mean you accept his change as a sincere one?"

"And why not?" she said. Her eyes were clear and innocent.

"Up to an hour ago he represented everything you hated. Why do you accept him now?"

For the first time her eyes dropped. Keith Markham looked ill at ease. "I believe he may be a brave and sincere man who has undergone a change of heart," she said.

"And I'm telling you he's nothing but a cheap chiseler and bandit dressed up in store clothes. It couldn't be that your change of heart is due to the fact that he's the boy who's in the saddle now on your side?" I was angry but it was an anger of the mind; with the rest of me I felt differently toward her. So that with these two things in me I had to get up and turn away. I moved toward the door and the peon left to guard us said that it would be better if I did not go outside, yes?

In a little while the kid came back with his detail. The chief, Peloaz, would see us now. It might be, even, the boy said, that I would be permitted to use the telephone.

PELOAZ sat behind a big desk in what had been the alcalde's office. He was big for a Mexican, almost all Indian, with a broad face, black eyes and a large, cruel mouth, which smiled slowly when he saw the girl with us. He was dressed in some sort of khaki officer's uniform with a good deal of loops and gold braid around the shoulders. It was fortunate, he said, that American newspaper people should come here at the moment of his triumph. He was glad to see us. Alice Calhoun explained that she and Markham weren't with a newspaper.

"We're down here representing the American Intercollegiate League for Aid to the Working Class," she went on. "We want the peons of Mexico and their fine leaders to know that the American workers are behind them. We're at your service."

"That is fine," Peloaz said. "Tomorrow we can talk over many things. Today, though, we will crush the last of those who oppose us in this area. Perhaps you would like to see it? My men are already in the field."

So we went with him. He seemed to be in a hurry and I couldn't take a chance on phoning then and perhaps missing the fight. We drove out of town and stopped when his big car stopped, on a little ridge that bounded one side of a shallow valley. There were trees on the ridge across the valley but in between was almost a flat plain.

If a thing can be at once pathetic and sinister the scene before us was that. Two groups of Indians opposed each other in the valley; the rough white coats and pants they wore were very bright against the sunburned green and brown of the plain. Below us were Peloaz's fighters, a few men in rough officer's uniforms moving among them. They shouted and moved restlessly from time to time, brandishing their weapons, but no shots were fired. The officers kept trying to spread them out in some sort of military formation but they always managed to get back together in a bunch. The others, across the valley, stayed bunched and did not move. They apparently had no officers.

"I suppose the others are Fascist," Alice Calhoun said. We walked to Peloaz's open touring car. He was standing in it. The men below us were so close that we needed no field glasses. We were protected by thick mesquite and a little hump in the ground.

"They do not understand," Peloaz began to explain to us. "Those ignorant Huasteca Indians across the valley. You know, of course, as do my own men, that before we can equably divide the land or provide for its being run by a commune, as the case may be, all the land must be gathered together and there must be a dictatorship. Only for a while, of course. These ignorant Huastecas do not understand that. They do not want to give up their land for the common good. So we must take it from them. It is unfortunate but that is the way it is. Sanchez is

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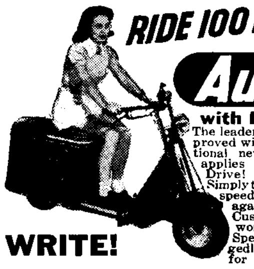

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leading a flanking party through those trees below us on the right. As soon as they are in position we will attack."

"But hasn't anybody tried to explain it to them?" Markham said.

"A while ago—" Peloaz began.

"Hell," Markham said in English, "I'll go down and tell them myself." I noticed that he had taken my shotgun and some of the shells loaded with ball. He had probably intended to lend a hand in repelling the Fascist invasion.

There was, literally, no chance to stop him. He turned from us and began to run. I remember his face, though, that of a man who has been suddenly lifted up, who has found his calling. He loped down the gentle falling of the land. One of the officers below called to him but Markham kept going, running across the open space between the two groups. It was only a hundred and fifty yards or so and he was still carrying the shotgun. Rifle barrels being raised glinted obliquely in the sun and we could see Markham's head come up as he shouted. He raised a hand and slowed almost to a walk. Smoke jetted from the old-fashioned rifles of the Huastecas and Markham fell, sprawling on his face.

I felt cold and it was as though I were waiting for Alice Calhoun to scream, but it was Peloaz and his chauffeur who said something sudden which I don't remember. The firing was general now and the Huastecas were falling rapidly. I kept trying to watch the battle and to talk to the others. "Keith," I heard her say, almost in my ear. "It was such a brave, futile thing for him to do, to try to convert those innocent minds that had been perverted by Fascism. He's truly a martyr."

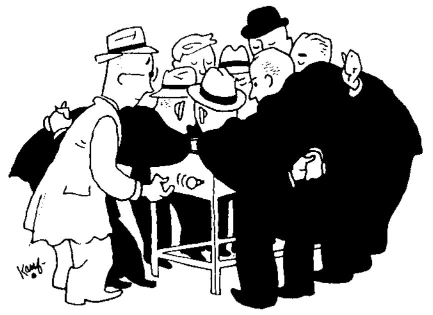
"Couldn't the Huastecas understand that Markham was trying to be their friend?" I said to Peloaz. "It was like shooting him down in cold blood."

"It was unfortunate," Peloaz said, his eyes on the fight. "I should have told him but he left too quickly. The Huastecas do not speak Spanish. They have their own language and it is very difficult. It is unfortunate. It is one reason we have had so much trouble with them. There was only one man in the state who spoke their language and he has been killed. It is most unfortunate."

IT WAS all over very quickly. When it was finished I went down on the battlefield, not because I wanted to but because it was the job. There were no dead officers; there rarely are in a Mexican fight. And there were more dead than wounded, which is another characteristic of a Mexican fight. Don't ask me why. I don't know. The Huastecas looked a little like Chinamen. They were all very thin, and in death their features were quite composed.

There was no looting, which may have been due to the fact that there was so little to loot. Peloaz's men didn't look so unlike the Huastecas themselves, especially in death. They moved almost mournfully among the dead bodies, arranging them in rows.

Markham was quite dead. His head was unmarked and his face almost grave. He was hit in only two or three places. I got two peons to carry him toward the town on a stretcher. I went up the slope to the cars, but Peloaz's was gone and Alice Calhoun was not there. I drove back to town and went to the alcalde's office. They were both there, Alice sitting quite near Peloaz's desk, smoking a cigarette.



"In case you're interested," I said, "Markham is dead." I was tired again and feeling nasty.

She didn't look at me. "He was very brave. He'll become one of the great American martyrs to the Cause, like John Reed. He'll serve us in death as in life. We can raise a fund in his name in the States to spread the Cause down here."

"You must have loved him very much," I said.

"I never said I loved him," she said.

WE HAD been speaking in English but when I turned to Peloaz I saw that he had been watching me steadily and was, for some reason, jealous. I asked him if I could use the phone now.

He was overelaborate, so that I knew he was lying. It was so unfortunate, he said, but the enemies of the Cause had cut the wires. They would not be repaired before the next day and perhaps not then. If I wanted to return to the main road where there were phones he would send a guard with me, although that was really unnecessary since he had once more restored peace and order. When I did get to the main road, he would advise my not coming back for a while. There would be no new developments for some time, he said.

So that was it, but I went through the motions of what we call the conventions. "I'll have to go," I said to her. "You'll probably want to come with me. Markham will probably have to be buried here. You can't do much for him."

"I don't think I'll go back to the road with you, Bannon," she said, too casually. "I'll want to stay around here a while and see at firsthand how order emerges after a revolution. And I really think I can do something toward helping the general here get Marx straight in his head and apply it consistently."

"I imagine you'll be able to," I said, "for whole hours at a time."

She flushed a little. "You're just jealous, Bannon," she said. "I do like you, though. I like you a lot. I ought to be out of here in two or three weeks. What I'd like you to do is feature poor Keith in your story, telling how he was killed leading a charge against the Fascists. It's a little thing . . . and it'll be for the good of the Cause."

"I'm old-fashioned that way," I said. "I write them as I see them, not the way they'll fit into the party line."

"Oh, you're very righteous, Bannon," she said. "Listen, you do what I've asked you to and I'll meet you in Laredo or San Antone as soon as I get out of here."

"Don't bother."

"You're very moral, too, aren't you, Bannon?"

"No," I said, and I looked at Peloaz for a second. "It's purely a question of esthetics."

So I went away from that place. Before going I told Peloaz that since he had achieved order so admirably I was sure I would not need a guard. Driving back alone, trying to make the main road before dark, thinking of my story, thinking of all that had happened and that you couldn't put in a newspaper, I still wanted her. And finally I had the story written out pretty well in my head, the way I had seen it, which may have been the wrong way, but after all the truth is the way you see the thing. Only one thing I couldn't straighten out then and I never have since. Just what in hell could you write about Keith Markham?

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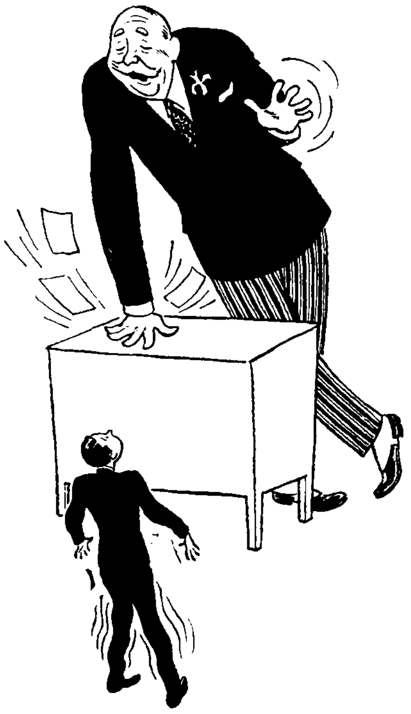
Yet when Jack asked his boss for an extra five or so,
The boss yawned and growled, "No."



"Come, come," you say. "People who use the product in ads always get raises from their bosses."
And we say, "Hold your hosses!"
For Jack's boss continued in this vein:
"I'd be insane
To raise a man who dresses as well as you do!
You must have an outside income from bonds, or a racing stable, or some under-cover voo-doo.
Why, your shirts are finer
Than mine're."

Jack then launched into a discussion
About the shirts he looked so flush in:

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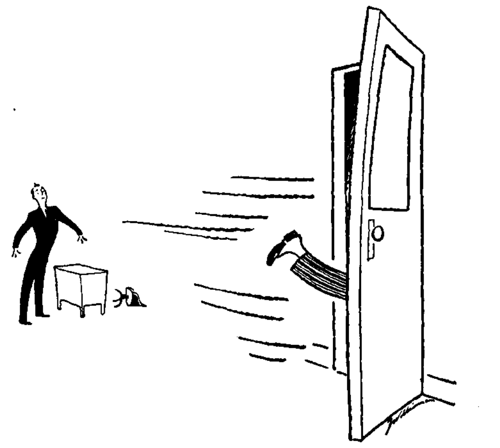
"Well," said the sleepy V. P.,
"You have a sense of value I like to see among my men;
And so I'm going to give you not an extra five, but an extra *ten*."

Before Jack could say "Golly!"
Jack's boss dashed out and got some Arrow Shirts at an Arrow dealer's that he noticed on his way to work in the trolley.



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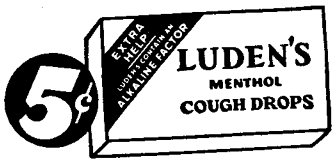

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To South America with the Birds

Continued from page 22

the 4,500 miles of the length of South America there is not a national law prohibiting any man from killing them in as large numbers as he may wish. The only restriction on such shooting is a local one in the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Of migratory waterfowl, there are seven species of geese and twenty-one varieties of ducks that contribute to the feathered hosts which annually leave the United States in quest of food and security in lands below our borders. Waterfowl do not take such long journeys as do the yellowlegs and plovers. Many pass the winter in Mexico and Central America and a few species enter those South American countries washed by the waters of the Caribbean Sea. Only the blue-winged teal has been found as far as central Chile. The chief danger to the ducks that leave the United States lurks in Mexico, where game protection is young and game wardens are few, and in Central America, where the term "game warden," or its equivalent, is as yet unknown.

Many of our nongame birds are found in Central and South American countries during our northern winter. More than sixty North American warblers teem in the tropical jungles. The black-poll warbler even ranges to Chile. Scarlet and summer tanagers flash in thickets in the lands beneath the equator. Bobolinks go to Bolivia, Brazil and Paraguay; and barn swallows circle and dip over the plains of Venezuela. I have seen ospreys catching fish in the rivers of Brazil and Argentina; and duck hawks chasing their prey about the lagoons and savannas of Paraguay.

The sight of North American birds, at such vast distances from their haunts in which we are accustomed to see them, brings strongly to mind the fact that bird preservation is an international problem. No nation without the co-operation of other countries can adequately care for its feathered inhabitants. We in the United States usually speak of the wild birds we see as "our birds," but this implied claim to exclusive ownership becomes weak when we face the fact that many of them spend more of the year in tropical countries than they do in our own fair land. Such birds belong to the Americas, and it is to the interest of Canada and all the twenty-one republics to preserve them for our common good.

Traffic in Bird Skins

Small birds from North America are not singled out for killing. As a matter of fact few native hunters have any special knowledge about bird migration. They are skilled in the use of slingshots, and where pebbles are not available, small round pellets of sun-dried mud are used as missiles.

For long years there was extensive killing for the millinery-feather trade of England, France and the United States, but comparatively little demand now exists for such products. A steady traffic in bird skins for some years has been carried on in South America. At Posadas, in northern Argentina, a shipment of 4,000 was sent to central Europe a few weeks before my arrival. At Asunción, Paraguay, a German sought me out and complained that the war had destroyed his business in bird skins. His market had been museums and natural-history dealers in Germany and Switzerland. He asked me to put him in touch with institutions in the United States where he could sell the product of his skill with gun and scalpel.

In Misiones, Argentina, a woman told me, with evident pleasure, that a man visits the schools of the region and lectures on birds. When I inquired as to the nature of his lectures, she said that when he reaches a school he shoots a number of birds and teaches the older boys how to skin them. While visiting a prominent gentleman, his son shot a little green bird and brought it to me. It was a new species for me and I began to skin it for later identification. The lad watched me a few minutes, then seized his gun and shot a scissor-tailed flycatcher. By signs, I let him know I did not want the birds killed, but he shot twice at a hummingbird on a wire before I could stop him.

Deadly Hazards for Birds

In Brazil and parts of Argentina, I found a widespread interest in birds, but this interest, to a North American, seemed to be of a peculiar form. A great many people have native birds in stick cages in their yards or attached to the outside walls of their homes. In these cages you may see robins, mockingbirds, blackbirds, troupials, parakeets, and, in fact, any small bird of the region that can be kept alive with food that can easily be procured.

Birds in cages, or held in the hand, were offered to me for small cost along country roads, at houses where we stopped, and at river landings where steamboats docked. Across the street from my hotel in Buenos Aires, there was a bird store where, besides canaries, strawberry finches and Java sparrows shipped from Europe and Japan, there were many native birds, of which I counted 24 species one day and 27 on another. The last time I passed, I noted four young South American robins in one of a dozen cages hanging in front of the store. Some of these birds are caught in homemade traps. I examined such traps hanging to trees in private yards and gardens. Each contained a decoy bird and slices of guavas used for bait.

By far the most popular way to take birds is by means of gum. In a home where I visited, an English lady told me that men and boys from the near-by city came every Sunday to smear gum on twigs and wire fences in the neighborhood. Birds, alighting on these perches, could not escape, and the bird catchers usually returned to town with a considerable supply. And the gummed wires continued to be deadly hazards for birds long after the raiders had departed.

At Buenos Aires I heard glowing references to "The Day of the Birds," which is celebrated in the great Palermo Park of the city. Each year, a day is set aside for liberating large numbers of birds in Palermo Park, and the public is invited to take part in the ceremonies. One day in 1937, 1,500 birds were liberated. In 1938, 2,500 were set free; and on September 8, 1939, 4,000 were given freedom.

I asked the director of the "Paseos Publicos," whom I visited, where he got his birds. He told me that he secured them by sending six of his employees to the delta of the Paraná River, above the city, where birds are very plentiful. These men use the birdcatcher's gum, and place it on limbs and twigs. The captured birds are placed in receptacles and brought to the city. Here they are kept until the great day arrives. My informant said his men usually catch from two to three hundred a day, and that the work is carried on through the month of August, which is just before the mating season. He gave me photographs which show great numbers of birds in cages, and the eager, upturned faces of thousands of interested spectators. Some birds are liberated from the top of a large, wire enclosure, but small cages containing others are passed here and there to people in the assemblage who thereby are given the pleasure of personally freeing some of the captives. News reporters are always present and the daily papers give prominence to the occasion.

South America has three species of rheas, known as ostriches. Some ranchers find them a nuisance, because of the grass they eat. These birds are occasionally killed for rifle practice, but mostly they are shot for the plumes growing on their wings. The birds are becoming very scarce over large regions of their former range.

In city markets of South America I found for sale the bodies of doves, tinamus and *chingolos,* which are native sparrows about the size of our northern whitethroat. In December, 1939, Argentinean papers stated that the ministry of agriculture had advertised that the republic would consider bids for the killing of 250,000 penguins for their skins, at a royalty to the government of 15 *centavos* (3 or 4 cents) for each penguin killed. Many South Americans are willing to decimate their wild life for money, which has been the case in our own country for three hundred years.

An International Job

Recently, scientific men and other prominent citizens in South America have been forming national groups to stimulate a better sentiment for wildlife protection. These, with similar groups in Canada, Mexico and the United States, today compose the Pan-American Committee for Bird Preservation.

This is an integral part of the International Committee for Bird Preservation which, in April, 1922, the writer was able to found in London, with the aid of Lord Edward Grey of Fallodon, Dr. Peter G. van Tienhoven of Holland, Jean Delacour of France and others. Since that date, national groups of this movement have been organized in twenty-eight countries of Europe, North and South America, Australia, South Africa, Japan and New Zealand.

The work of these national organizations have amply justified their existence. One striking example is the Italian group. When that committee was formed in 1925, strings of small birds were sold in the markets of many cities, and in Rome I saw caged birds whose eyes had been burned out with red-hot needles. Blinded, they didn't know when night arrived, and would call in the darkness, thus attracting passing migrants to "limed" sticks to which their feet would adhere until liberated and killed by the birdcatchers.

On more recent trips to Italy I found it impossible to buy dead skylarks and other small species, as I formerly had done and bird-blinding had become much less common. A great deal of this improvement is due to that committee's work, under the leadership of Professor Alessandro Ghigi of Bologna University, and Prince Francesco Chigi of Castel Fusano.

Many years ago I began lecturing and writing in behalf of the birds in North Carolina. At that time almost any bird in the state could legally be killed or caged at any time. There was not a state game warden between the Potomac River and the Gulf of Mexico, and my efforts were regarded by many as the vaporings of a fanatic. But I lived to see my bill for bird protection and for the establishment of a game-warden system become a law on March 6, 1903.

Years later, when working at the New York legislature, endeavoring to secure a law to put an end to the legal traffic in "aigrettes" and the feathers of other native birds, I was told this could not be done. The idea was scathingly ridiculed in the New York Times on March 26, 1910; and the Outlook put in an oar for the feather milliners. But the Audubon bill was passed by the legislature and signed by Governor Charles Evans Hughes on May 6, 1910.

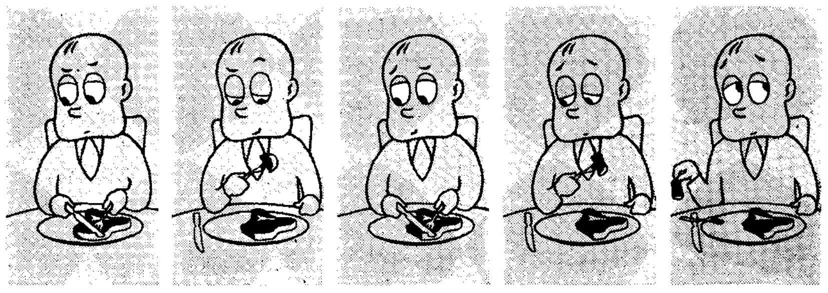
There is an innate love for birds in the hearts of men and women in all lands. It is only necessary to stimulate that feeling and provide practical suggestions of procedure in order to draw them into organized effort.

No republic in South America has a handbook on birds in the Spanish language. No lecturers on bird life go from city to city; and there are no classes in bird study in the schools. There is but one magazine on birds south of the United States, and it is largely a technical publication and reaches only a few hundred people. We could be very helpful to our friends in Central and South America by making available to them, in their own language, some of the rich stores of knowledge our army of bird students have accumulated on the feeding habits of birds and on their economic, educational and inspirational values.

The National Committees for Bird Preservation in South America could use such material to great advantage in educating political leaders to the need for bird laws, the preserving of an adequate breeding stock of game birds and game mammals and in teaching the general public the names and value of the birds of their neighborhoods. They could show the benefits to be gained by providing food and drinking places, and by the erection of nesting boxes for certain species that are natural guardians of the gardens, parks and groves.

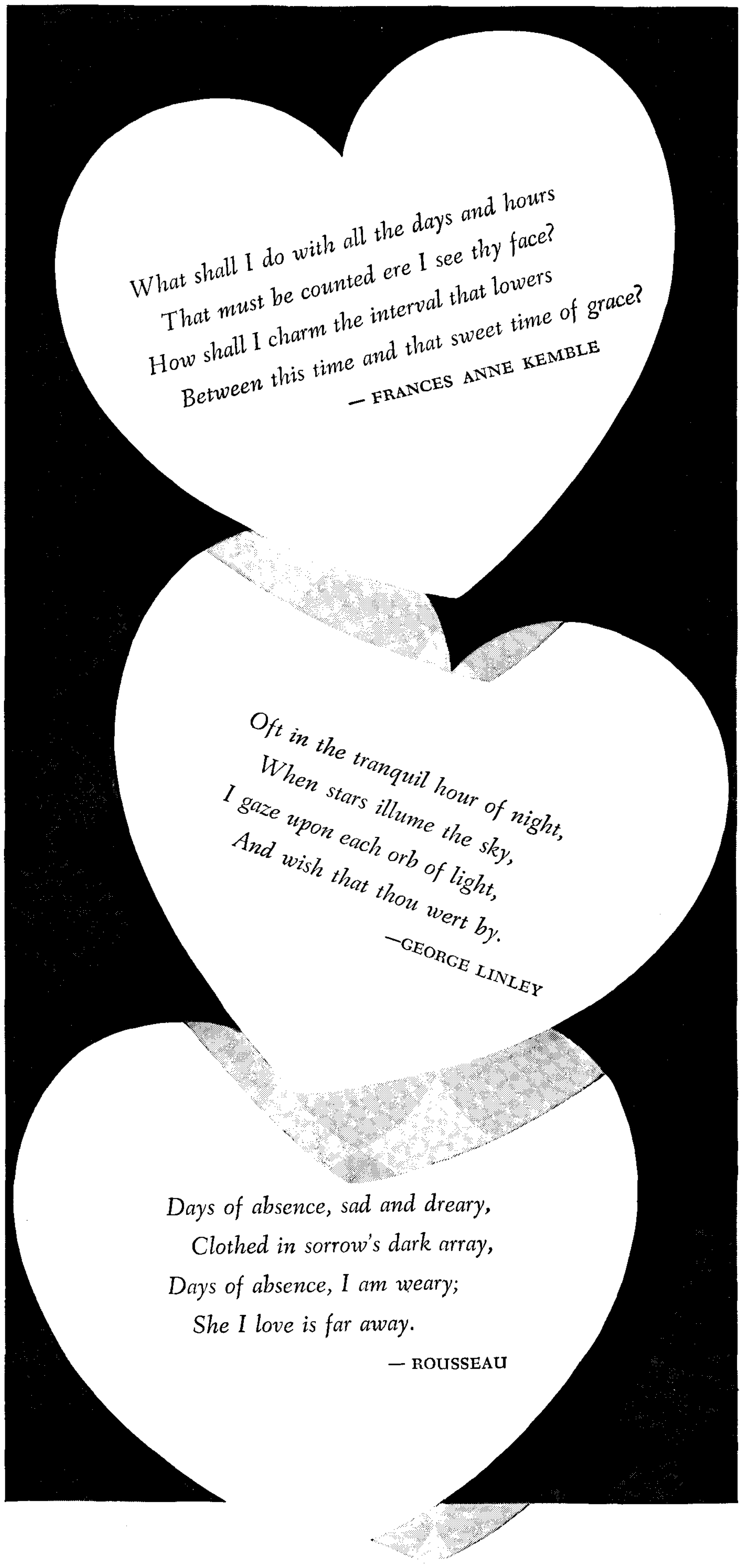
The efforts of the Pan-American Committee for Bird Preservation are made possible by individual contributions, and so far as its means will permit the committee will extend every aid to our South American colaborers in their pioneer undertakings in behalf of the birds.

Adequate protection for the birds that annually migrate from North America will come only when a better understanding of the subject is developed in all the countries of the Americas.



Begging Dog

CROCKETT JOHNSON



What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?
— FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illume the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.
—GEORGE LINLEY

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
Clothed in sorrow's dark array,
Days of absence, I am weary;
She I love is far away.
— ROUSSEAU

Aside to Poets

Any Long Distance operator knows the answer! For Long Distance is a short distance by telephone. And rates are low—especially after seven during the evening and all day Sunday.

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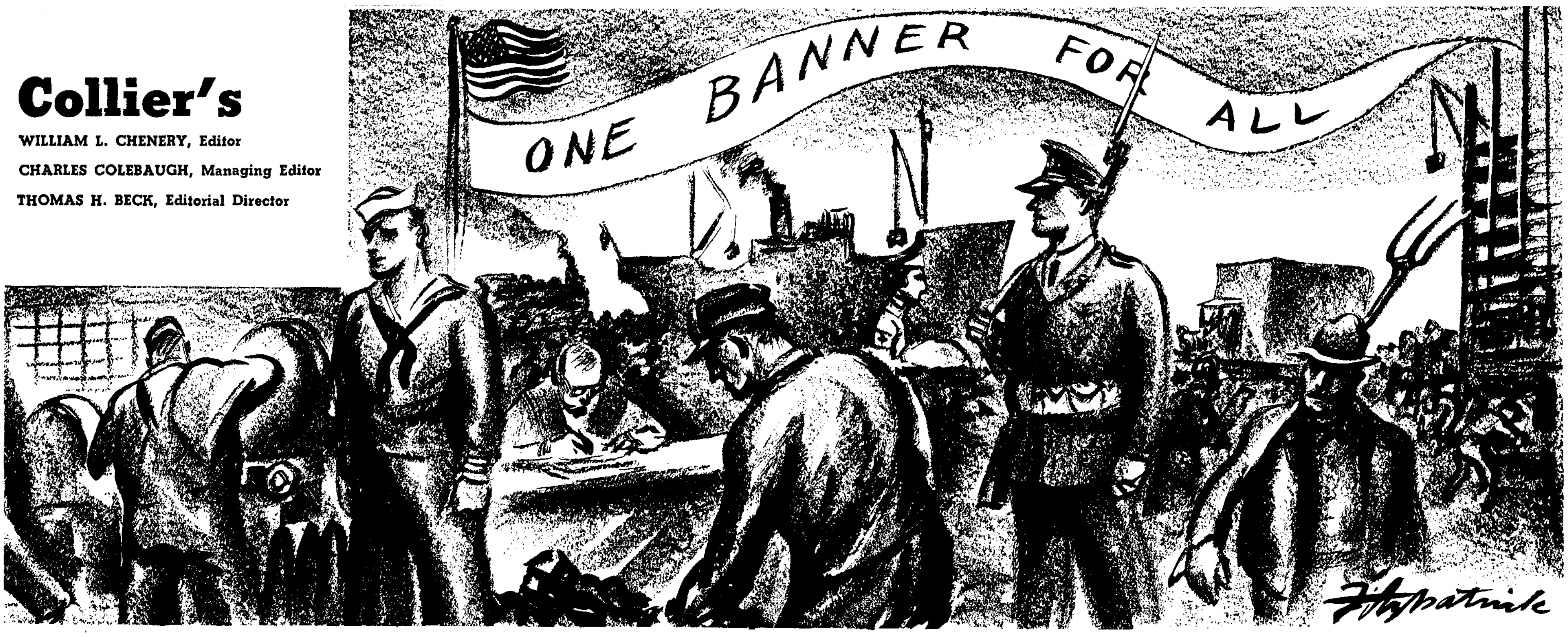

Dykstra and the Draft

WE HAVE yet to detect any fleas on the job Clarence A. Dykstra is turning in as general manager of the draft. Or, if there have been any fleas on Mr. Dykstra's performance, his latest ruling as we go to press kills them.

We refer to the Dykstra decree that there are going to be no special flags, emblems or other insignia to be sported by families of drafted men, like the "service flags" of the World War.

Right-ho. These men are only doing what their age, fitness, brains, and so on qualify them to do for their country at this time. Give their families flags to hang in their windows, aces to stick in their hats or medals to pin on their togas and we may as well pass out decorations all around. Every worker who stays on the job would rate honors; so would every farmer who keeps on producing, every businessman who refrains or is restrained from profiteering, every taxpayer who goes on paying his taxes and, for that matter, every editorial writer who writes patriotic editorials like this one.

Marksmanship and other decorations for the draftees, certainly—as and when they earn them. Ribbons and gewgaws simply because they obey the law, certainly not; and we're delighted to see Mr. Dykstra step on this proposal so promptly and so hard.

Which leads us around to the thought that the draft law ought to be made permanent, instead of dying off in five years as now planned.

We can't hold with optimists who think we'll be able to go back to sleep militarily, navally and aerially five years or so from now. It looks to us as if the world moved in 1914 into a wild and woolly era which won't tame down appreciably within the lifetime of any of us.

In such a Napoleonic, Frederick the Great-ish, Attila-esque epoch, this nation will need four things above everything else. Those things will be a two-ocean navy, a large and efficient air force or forces, a powerful standing army and a big reservoir of trained young men.

Even if things do quiet down sooner than seems likely, a permanent system of compulsory selective military training will be of great benefit to the country. Benefits are showing up already, with the draft law only about three months old and the first levies just getting shaken down in raw and windy camps.

For one thing, the notion that the government owes the citizen everything while the citizen owes the government nothing is doing a rapid fade-out—none too soon for the safety of the country, if you ask us.

For another, new hope has come into the lives of numerous young men, especially those recently out of college or nearing graduation. To many a young man of this huge group, the defense drive means that instead of sitting around waiting for some job to turn up, meanwhile living off the old man and hating it, he can head for the armed services. The services offer a year to three years of sure employment, some pay, a chance to get around and learn things and meet a lot of people.

What more does a young man of spirit want; and what can anybody do for a young man without spirit?

The draft looks healthier to us every day in every way. Let's have some fact-facing discussion of the proposals to make it a permanent part of our social and economic system.

What's Wrong with Peace?

LORD HALIFAX succeeds the lamented Lord Lothian as British ambassador to the United States; and we're already fed up with the talk about how Halifax is a bad choice because he took part in the Munich backdown of September, 1938. He tried once to avoid war. Now it is argued that he cannot represent his country well in time of war.

The argument strikes us as dangerous nonsense. The most vigorous Secretary of War we have yet had was Newton D. Baker—who was a pacifist of frightful mien until Woodrow Wilson told him we had to lick Germany and Baker had to boss the job.

Nor was there anything unique about this. It's axiomatic that nobody makes a fiercer fighter than the man slow to anger.

As a matter of fact, Halifax has been known as one of the bitter-end war-party men in the Churchill cabinet. It worked out that way with Lothian, himself, who also hoped for peace at Munich.

By the same token, we believe that if we get into this war officially it is a safe bet that some of our present-day "appeasers" will prove themselves to be much fiercer fighters than some of our current interventionists.

Nova's Novel Notion

IT WAS a pleasure a while ago for Collier's to print Lou Nova's detailed brag, allowing as how he is going to take the heavyweight tiara off Joe Louis' forehead when and if he manages to get into a ring with Joe.

As to that, we're not laying any bets. But we were and are much interested by Nova's suggestion that the thumb be taken off the boxing glove. He advocates, you remember, a rounded fingerless and thumbless glove, and says such a glove would clean up the fight game no end.

We think there may be something in that. After all, the glove now in use, with that free-wheeling thumb attached, must present quite a temptation to some of the less high-minded of the prize-ring gentlemen to try some eye-gouging and lip-, throat- or ear-clawing during the clinches and the infighting.

Whether Nova makes good on his promise to massacre Joe Louis or is scuttled by Joe, we hope Nova's thumbless boxing glove suggestion may be thoroughly and fairly considered by the gentlemen who run boxing and by the fans who go to the fights. Nova may have something.

Do you know why OLD TAYLOR *is signed with this name?*

You'll find many bourbon whiskies on the market —but only one Old Taylor. For down through the years, this famous brand has been acclaimed Kentucky bourbon at its glorious best. Few, if any, whiskies have so distinguished a heritage, and none can match the distinctive flavor of this prized bourbon of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., who proudly signed the label with his name.

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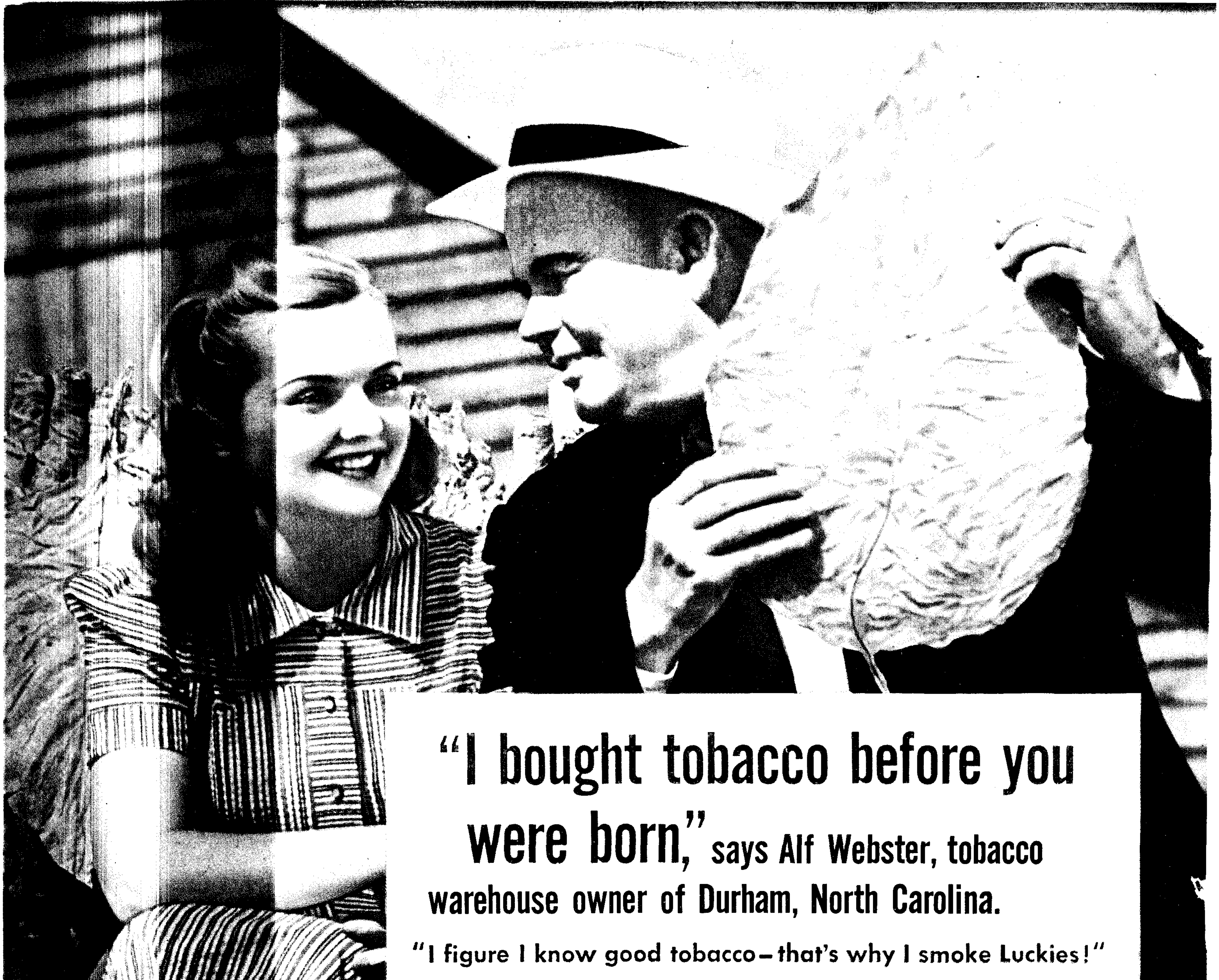

"I bought tobacco before you were born," says Alf Webster, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, North Carolina.

"I figure I know good tobacco—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

INDEPENDENT tobacco experts like Alf Webster will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for. They'll also tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer leaf.

Luckies' tobaccos are worth the money because they're *milder.*

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Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

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